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THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

XXI.

On one of the first days of May, some six months after old Mr. Touchett's death, a picturesque little group was gathered in one of the many rooms of an ancient villa which stood on the summit of an olive-muffled hill, outside of the Roman gate of Florence. The villa was a long, rather blank-looking structure, with the far-projecting roof which Tuscany loves, and which, on the hills that encircle Florence, when looked at from a distance, makes so harmonious a rectangle with the straight, dark, definite cypresses that usually [illegible], in groups of three or four, beside it. The house had a front upon a little grassy, empty, rural piazza which occupied a part of the hill-top; and this front, pierced with a few windows in irregular relations, and furnished with a stone bench which ran along the base of the structure and usually afforded a lounging-place to one or two persons wearing more or less of that air of undervalued merit which in Italy, for some reason or other, always gracefully invests any one who confidently assumes a perfectly passive attitude, — this ancient, solid, weather-worn, yet imposing front had a somewhat incommunicative character. It was the mask of the house; it was not its face. It had heavy lids, but no eyes; the house in reality looked another way, — looked off behind, into splendid openness and the range of the afternoon light. In that quarter the villa overlooked the slope of its hill and the long valley of the Arno, hazy with Italian color. It had a narrow garden, in the manner of a terrace, productive chiefly of tangles of wild roses and old stone benches, mossy and sun-warmed. The parapet of the terrace was just the height to lean upon, and beneath it the ground declined into the vagueness of olive crops and vineyards. It is not, however, with the outside of the place that we are concerned; on this bright morning of ripened spring its tenants had reason to prefer the shady side of the wall. The windows of the ground-floor, as you saw them from the piazza, were, in their noble proportions, extremely architectural; but their function seemed to be less to offer communication with the world than to defy the world to look in. They were massively cross-barred and placed at such a height that curiosity, even on tip-toe, expired before it reached them. In an apartment lighted by a row of three of these obstructive apertures — one of the several distinct apartments into which the villa was divided, and which were mainly occupied by foreigners of conflicting nationality long resident in Florence —

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a gentleman was seated, in company with a young girl and two good sisters from a religious house. The room was, however, much less gloomy than my indications may have represented, for it had a wide, high door, which now stood open into the tangled garden behind; and the tall iron lattices admitted on occasion more than enough of the Italian sunshine. The place, moreover, was almost luxuriously comfortable; it told of habitation being practiced as a fine art. It contained a variety of those faded hangings of damask and tapestry, those chests and cabinets of carved and time-polished oak, those primitive specimens of pictorial art in frames pedantically rusty, those perverse-looking relics of mediæval brass and pottery, of which Italy has long been the not quite exhausted store-house. These things were intermingled with articles of modern furniture, in which liberal concession had been made to cultivated sensibilities. It was to be noticed that all the chairs were deep and well padded, and that much space was occupied by a writing-table, of which the ingenious perfection bore the stamp of London and the nineteenth century. There were books in profusion, and magazines and newspapers, and a few small modern pictures, chiefly in water-color. One of these productions stood on a drawing-room easel, before which, at the moment when we begin to be concerned with her, the young girl I have mentioned had placed herself. She was looking at the picture in silence.

Silence — absolute silence — had not fallen upon her companions; but their conversation had an appearance of embarrassed continuity. The two good sisters had not settled themselves in their respective chairs; their attitude was noticeably provisional, and they evidently wished to emphasize the transitory character of their presence. They were plain, comfortable, mild-faced women, with a kind of business-like modesty, to which the impersonal aspect of their stiffened linen and inexpressive serge gave an advantage. One of them, a person of a certain age, in spectacles, with a fresh complexion and a full cheek, had a more discriminating manner than her companion, and had evidently the responsibility of their errand, which apparently related to the young girl. This young lady wore her hat, a coiffure of extreme simplicity, which was not at variance with a plain muslin gown, too short for the wearer, and denoting that she was at the so-called "growing" age. The gentleman, who might have been supposed to be entertaining the two nuns, was perhaps conscious of the difficulties of his function; to entertain a nun is, in fact, a sufficiently delicate operation. At the same time he was plainly much interested in his youthful companion, and while she turned her back to him his eyes rested gravely upon her slim, small figure. He was a man of forty, with a well-shaped head, upon which the hair, still dense, but prematurely grizzled, had been cropped close. It had a thin, delicate, sharply-cut face, of which the only fault was that it looked too pointed; an appearance to which the shape of his beard contributed not a little. This beard, cut in the manner of the portraits of the sixteenth century, and surmounted by a fair mustache, of which the ends had a picturesque upward flourish, gave its wearer a somewhat foreign, traditionary look, and suggested that he was a gentleman who studied effect. His luminous, intelligent eye, an eye which expressed both softness and keenness, — the nature of the observer as well as of the dreamer, — would have assured you, however, that he studied it only within well-chosen limits, and that in so far as he sought it he found it. You would have been much at a loss to determine his nationality. He had none of the superficial signs that usually render the answer to this question an insipidly easy

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one. If he had English blood in his veins, it had probably received some French or Italian commixture; he was one of those persons who, in the matter of race, may, as the phrase is, pass for anything. He had a light, lean, lazy-looking figure, and was apparently neither tall nor short. He was dressed as a man dresses who takes little trouble about it.

"Well, my dear, what do you think of it?" he asked of the young girl. He used the Italian tongue, and used it with perfect ease; but this would not have convinced you that he was an Italian.

The girl turned her head a little to one side and the other.

"It is very pretty, papa. Did you make it yourself?"

"Yes, my child; I made it. Don't you think I am clever?"

"Yes, papa, very clever; I also have learned to make pictures." And she turned round, and showed a small, fair face, of which the natural and usual expression seemed to be a smile of perfect sweetness.

"You should have brought me a specimen of your powers."

"I have brought a great many; they are in my trunk," said the child.

"She draws very — very carefully," the elder of the nuns remarked, speaking in French.

"I am glad to hear it. Is it you who have instructed her?"

"Happily, no," said the good sister, blushing a little. "*Ce n'est pas ma partie.* I teach nothing; I leave that to those who are wiser. We have an excellent drawing-master. Mr. — Mr. — What is his name?" she asked of her companion.

Her companion looked about at the carpet.

"It's a German name," she said in Italian, as if it needed to be translated.

"Yes," the other went on, "he is a German, and we have had him for many years."

The young girl, who was not heeding the conversation, had wandered away to the open door of the large room, and stood looking into the garden.

"And you, my sister, are French," said the gentleman.

"Yes, sir," the woman replied, gently. "I speak to the pupils in my own language. I know no other. But we have sisters of other countries, — English, German, Irish. They all speak their own tongue."

The gentleman gave a smile.

"Has my daughter been under the care of one of the Irish ladies?" And then, as he saw that his visitors suspected a joke, but failed to understand it, "You are very complete," he said, instantly.

"Oh, yes, we are complete. We have everything, and everything is of the best."

"We have gymnastics," the Italian sister ventured to remark. "But not dangerous."

"I hope not. Is that your branch?" — a question which provoked much candid hilarity on the part of the two ladies; on the subsidence of which their entertainer, glancing at his daughter, remarked that she had grown.

"Yes, but I think she has finished. She will remain little," said the French sister.

"I am not sorry. I like little women," the gentleman declared, frankly. "But I know no particular reason why my child should be short."

The nun gave a temperate shrug, as if to intimate that such things might be beyond our knowledge.

"She is in very good health; that is the best thing."

"Yes, she looks well." And the young girl's father watched her a moment. "What do you see in the garden?" he asked, in French.

"I see many flowers," she replied, in a little soft, clear, penetrating voice, and with a French accent as good as his own.

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"Yes, but not many good ones. However, such as they are, go out and gather some for *ces dames.*"

The child turned to him, with her smile brightened by pleasure. "May I, truly?" she asked.

"Ah, when I tell you," said her father.

The girl glanced at the elder of the nuns.

"May I, truly, *ma mère?*"

"Obey monsieur your father, my child," said the sister, blushing again.

The child, satisfied with this authorization, descended from the threshold, and was presently lost to sight.

"You don't spoil them," said her father, smiling.

"For everything they must ask leave. That is our system. Leave is freely granted, but they must ask it."

"Oh, I don't quarrel with your system; I have no doubt it is a very good one. I sent you my daughter to see what you would make of her. I had faith."

"One must have faith," the sister blandly rejoined, gazing through her spectacles.

"Well, has my faith been rewarded? What have you made of her?"

The sister dropped her eyes a moment.

"A good Christian, monsieur."

Her host dropped his eyes as well; but it was probable that the movement had in each case a different spring.

"Yes," he said in a moment, "and what else?"

He watched the lady from the convent, probably thinking that she would say that a good Christian was everything. But for all her simplicity, she was not so crude as that.

"A charming young lady, a real little woman, a daughter in whom you will have nothing but contentment."

"She seems to me very nice," said the father. "She is very pretty."

"She is perfect. She has no faults."

"She never had any as a child, and I am glad you have given her none."

"We love her too much," said the spectacled sister, with dignity. "And as for faults, how can we give what we have not? *Le convent n'est pas comme le monde, monsieur.* She is our child, as you may say. We have had her since she was so small."

"Of all those we shall lose this year, she is the one we shall miss most," the younger woman murmured, deferentially.

"Ah, yes, we shall talk long of her," said the other. "We shall hold her up to the new ones."

And at this the good sister appeared to find her spectacles dim; while her companion, after fumbling a moment, presently drew forth a pocket handkerchief of durable texture.

"It is not certain that you will lose her; nothing is settled yet," the host rejoined, quickly; not as if to anticipate their tears, but in the tone of a man saying what was most agreeable to himself.

"We should be very happy to believe that. Fifteen is very young to leave us."

"Oh," exclaimed the gentleman, with more vivacity than he had yet used, "it is not I who wish to take her away! I wish you could keep her always!"

"Ah, monsieur," said the elder sister, smiling and getting up, "good as she is, she is made for the world. *Le monde y gagnera.*"

"If all the good people were hidden away in convents, how would the world get on?" her companion softly inquired, rising also.

This was a question of a wider bearing than the good woman apparently supposed; and the lady in spectacles took a harmonizing view by saying comfortably, —

"Fortunately, there are good people everywhere."

"If you are going, there will be two less here," her host remarked, gallantly.

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For this extravagant sally his simple visitors had no answer, and they simply looked at each other in decent deprecation; but their confusion was speedily covered by the return of the young girl, with two large bunches of roses, — one of them all white, the other red.

"I give you your choice, mamman Catherine," said the child. "It is only the color that is different, mamman Justine; there are just as many roses in one bunch as another."

The two sisters turned to each other, smiling and hesitating, with, "Which will you take?" and "No, it's for you to choose."

"I will take the red," said mother Catherine, in the spectacles. "I am so red myself. They will comfort us on our way back to Rome."

"Ah, they won't last!" cried the young girl. "I wish I could give you something that would last!"

"You have given us a good memory of yourself, my daughter. That will last."

"I wish nuns could wear pretty things. I would give you my blue beads," the child went on.

"And do you go back to Rome to-night?" her father asked.

"Yes, we take the train again. We have so much to do *là-bas*."

"Are you not tired?"

"We are never tired."

"Ah, my sister, sometimes," murmured the junior votaress.

"Not to-day, at any rate. We have rested too well here. *Que Dieu vous garde, ma fille.*"

Their host, while they exchanged kisses with his daughter, went forward to open the door through which they were to pass; but as he did so he gave a slight exclamation, and stood looking beyond. The door opened into a vaulted antechamber, as high as a chapel, and paved with red tiles; and into this antechamber a lady had just been admitted by a servant, a lad in shabby livery, who was now ushering her toward the apartment in which our friends were grouped. The gentleman at the door, after dropping his exclamation, remained silent; in silence, too, the lady advanced. He gave her no further audible greeting, and offered her no hand, but stood aside to let her pass into the drawing-room. At the threshold she hesitated.

"Is there any one?" she asked.

"Some one you may see."

She went in, and found herself confronted with the two nuns and their pupil, who was coming forward between them, with a hand in the arm of each. At the sight of the new visitor they all paused, and the lady, who had stopped too, stood looking at them. The young girl gave a little soft cry:—

"Ah, Madame Merle!"

The visitor had been slightly startled; but her manner the next instant was none the less gracious.

"Yes, it's Madame Merle, come to welcome you home."

And she held out two hands to the girl, who immediately came up to her, presenting her forehead to be kissed. Madame Merle saluted this portion of her charming little person, and then stood smiling at the two nuns. They acknowledged her smile with a decent obeisance, but permitted themselves no direct scrutiny of this imposing, brilliant woman, who seemed to bring in with her something of the radiance of the outer world.

"These ladies have brought my daughter home, and now they return to the convent," the gentleman explained.

"Ah, you go back to Rome? I have lately come from there. It was very lovely there," said Madame Merle.

The good sisters, standing with their hands folded into their sleeves, accepted this statement uncritically; and the master of the house asked Madame Merle how long it was since she had left Rome.

"She came to see me at the convent,"

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said the young girl, before her father's visitors had time to reply.

"I have been more than once, Pansy," Madame Merle answered. "Am I not your great friend in Rome?"

"I remember the last time best," said Pansy, "because you told me I should leave the place."

"Did you tell her that?" the child's father asked.

"I hardly remember. I told her what I thought would please her. I have been in Florence a week. I hoped you would come and see me."

"I should have done so if I had known you were here. One does n't know such things by inspiration, — though I suppose one ought. You had better sit down."

These two speeches were made in a peculiar tone of voice, — a tone half lowered and carefully quiet, but as from habit rather than from any definite heed.

Madame Merle looked about her, choosing her seat.

"You are going to the door with these women? Let me of course not interrupt the ceremony. *Je vous salue, mesdames,*" she added, in French, to the nuns, as if to dismiss them.

"This lady is a great friend of ours; you will have seen her at the convent," said the host. "We have much faith in her judgment, and she will help me to decide whether my daughter shall return to you at the end of the holidays."

"I hope you will decide in our favor, madame," the sister in spectacles ventured to remark.

"That is Mr. Osmond's pleasantry; I decide nothing," said Madame Merle, smiling still. "I believe you have a very good school, but Miss Osmond's friends must remember that she is meant for the world."

"That is what I have told monsieur," Sister Catherine answered. "It is precisely to fit her for the world," she murmured, glancing at Pansy, who stood at a little distance, looking at Madame Merle's elegant apparel.

"Do you hear that, Pansy? You are meant for the world," said Pansy's father.

The child gazed at him an instant with her pure young eyes.

"Am I not meant for you, papa?" she asked.

Papa gave a quick, light laugh.

"That does n't prevent it! I am of the world, Pansy."

"Kindly permit us to retire," said Sister Catherine. "Be good, in any case, my daughter."

"I shall certainly come back and see you," Pansy declared, recommencing her embraces, which were presently interrupted by Madame Merle.

"Stay with me, my child," she said, "while your father takes the good ladies to the door."

Pansy stared, disappointed, but not protesting. She was evidently impregnated with the idea of submission, which was due to any one who took the tone of authority; and she was a passive spectator of the operation of her fate.

"May I not see mamman Catherine get into the carriage?" she asked, very gently.

"It would please me better if you would remain with me," said Madame Merle, while Mr. Osmond and his companions, who had bowed low again to the other visitor, passed into the antechamber.

"Oh, yes, I will stay," Pansy answered; and she stood near Madame Merle, surrendering her little hand, which this lady took. She stared out of the window; her eyes had filled with tears.

"I am glad they have taught you to obey," said Madame Merle. "That is what little girls should do."

"Oh, yes, I obey very well," said Pansy, with soft eagerness, almost with boastfulness, as if she had been speak-

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ing of her piano-playing. And then she gave a faint, just audible sigh.

Madame Merle, holding her hand, drew it across her own fine palm, and looked at it. The gaze was critical, but it found nothing to deprecate; the child's small hand was delicate and fair.

"I hope they always see that you wear gloves," she said, in a moment. "Little girls usually dislike them."

"I used to dislike them, but I like them now," the child answered.

"Very good, I will make you a present of a dozen."

"I thank you very much. What colors will they be?" Pansy demanded, with interest.

Madame Merle meditated a moment.

"Useful colors."

"But will they be pretty?"

"Are you fond of pretty things?"

"Yes; but — but not too fond," said Pansy, with a trace of asceticism.

"Well, they shall not be too pretty," Madame Merle answered, with a laugh. She took the child's other hand, and drew her nearer; and then, looking at her a moment, "Shall you miss mother Catherine?"

"Yes, when I think of her."

"Try, then, not to think of her. Perhaps, some day," added Madame Merle, "you will have another mother."

"I don't think that is necessary," Pansy said, repeating her little soft, conciliatory sigh. "I had more than thirty mothers at the convent."

Her father's step sounded again in the antechamber, and Madame Merle got up, releasing the child. Mr. Osmond came in and closed the door; then, without looking at Madame Merle, he pushed one or two chairs back into their places.

His visitor waited a moment for him to speak, watching him as he moved about. Then, at last, she said, "I hoped you would have come to Rome. I thought it possible you would have come to fetch Pansy away."

"That was a natural supposition; but I am afraid it is not the first time I have acted in defiance of your calculations."

"Yes," said Madame Merle, "I think you are very perverse."

Mr. Osmond busied himself for a moment in the room, — there was plenty of space in it to move about, — in the fashion of a man mechanically seeking pretexts for not giving an attention which may be embarrassing. Presently, however, he had exhausted his pretexts; there was nothing left for him — unless he took up a book — but to stand with his hands behind him, looking at Pansy. "Why did n't you come and see the last of mamman Catherine?" he asked of her abruptly, in French.

Pansy hesitated a moment, glancing at Madame Merle. "I asked her to stay with me," said this lady, who had seated herself again in another place.

"Ah, that was better," said Osmond. Then, at last, he dropped into a chair, and sat looking at Madame Merle; leaning forward a little, with his elbows on the edge of the arms and his hands interlocked.

"She is going to give me some gloves," said Pansy.

"You need n't tell that to every one, my dear," Madame Merle observed.

"You are very kind to her," said Osmond. "She is supposed to have everything she needs."

"I should think she had had enough of the nuns."

"If we are going to discuss that matter, she had better go out of the room."

"Let her stay," said Madame Merle. "We will talk of something else."

"If you like, I won't listen," Pansy suggested, with an appearance of candor which imposed conviction.

"You may listen, charming child, because you won't understand," her father replied. The child sat down deferentially, near the open door, within sight of the garden, into which she directed

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her innocent, wistful eyes; and Mr. Osmond went on, irrelevantly, addressing himself to his other companion. "You are looking particularly well."

"I think I always look the same," said Madame Merle.

"You always *are* the same; you don't vary. You are a wonderful woman."

"Yes, I think I am."

"You sometimes change your mind, however. You told me, on your return from England, that you would not leave Rome again for the present."

"I am pleased that you remember so well what I say. That was my intention. But I have come to Florence to meet some friends who have lately arrived, and as to whose movements I was at that time uncertain."

"That reason is characteristic. You are always doing something for your friends."

Madame Merle looked straight at her interlocutor, smiling. "It is less characteristic than your comment upon it, — which is perfectly insincere. I don't, however, make a crime of that," she added, "because if you don't believe what you say, there is no reason why you should. I don't ruin myself for my friends; I don't deserve your praise. I care greatly for myself."

"Exactly; but yourself includes so many other selves, — so much of everything. I never knew a person whose life touched so many other lives."

"What do you call one's life?" asked Madame Merle. "One's appearance, one's movements, one's engagements, one's society?"

"I call your life — your ambitions," said Osmond.

Madame Merle looked a moment at Pansy. "I wonder whether she understands that," she murmured.

"You see she can't stay with us!" And Pansy's father gave a rather joyless smile. "Go into the garden, *ma bonne*, and pluck a flower or two for Madame Merle," he went on, in French.

"That 's just what I wanted to do!" Pansy exclaimed, rising with promptness and noiselessly departing. Her father followed her to the open door, stood a moment watching her, and then came back, but remained standing, or rather strolling to and fro, as if to cultivate a sense of freedom which in another attitude might be wanting.

"My ambitions are principally for you," said Madame Merle, looking up at him with a certain nobleness of expression.

"That comes back to what I say. I am part of your life, — I and a thousand others. You are not selfish, — I can't admit that. If you were selfish, what should I be? What epithet would properly describe me?"

"You are indolent. For me that is your worst fault."

"I am afraid it is really my best."

"You don't care," said Madame Merle, gravely.

"No; I don't think I care much. What sort of a fault do you call that? My indolence, at any rate, was one of the reasons I did n't go to Rome. But it was only one of them."

"It is not of importance — to me, at least — that you did n't go; though I should have been glad to see you. I am glad that you are not in Rome now, — which you might be, would probably be, if you had gone there a month ago. There is something I should like you to do at present in Florence."

"Please remember my indolence," said Osmond.

"I will remember it; but I beg you to forget it. In that way you will have both the virtue and the reward. This is not a great labor, and it may prove a great pleasure. How long is it since you made a new acquaintance?"

"I don't think I have made any since I made yours."

"It is time you should make another, then. There is a friend of mine I want you to know."

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Mr. Osmond, in his walk, had gone back to the open door again, and was looking at his daughter, as she moved about in the intense sunshine.

"What good will it do me?" he asked, with a sort of genial crudity.

Madame Merle reflected a moment. "It will amuse you." There was nothing crude in this rejoinder; it had been thoroughly well considered.

"If you say that, I believe it," said Osmond, coming toward her. "There are some points in which my confidence in you is complete. I am perfectly aware, for instance, that you know good society from bad."

"Society is all bad."

"Excuse me. It is a common sort of wisdom. You have gained it in the right way, — experimentally; you have compared an immense number of people with one another."

"Well, I invite you to profit by my knowledge."

"To profit? Are you very sure that I shall?"

"It's what I hope. It will depend upon yourself. If I could only induce you to make an effort!"

"Ah, there you are! I knew something tiresome was coming. What in the world — that is likely to turn up here — is worth an effort?"

Madame Merle flushed a little, and her eye betrayed vexation. "Don't be foolish, Osmond. There is no one knows better than you that there are many things worth an effort."

"Many things, I admit. But they are none of them probable things."

"It is the effort that makes them probable," said Madame Merle.

"There's something in that. Who is your friend?"

"The person I came to Florence to see. She is a niece of Mrs. Touchett, whom you will not have forgotten."

"A niece? The word niece suggests youth. I see what you are coming to."

"Yes, she is young, — twenty-three years old. She is a great friend of mine. I met her for the first time in England, several months ago, and we took a great fancy to each other. I like her immensely, and I do what I don't do every day, — I admire her. You will do the same."

"Not if I can help it."

"Precisely. But you won't be able to help it."

"Is she beautiful, clever, rich, splendid, universally intelligent and unprecedentedly virtuous? It is only on those conditions that I care to make her acquaintance. You know I asked you, some time ago, never to speak to me of any one who should not correspond to that description. I know plenty of dingy people; I don't want to know any more."

"Miss Archer is not dingy; she's as bright as the morning. She corresponds to your description; it is for that I wish you to know her. She fills all your requirements."

"More or less, of course."

"No; quite literally. She is beautiful, accomplished, generous, and, for an American, well born. She is also very clever and very amiable, and she has a handsome fortune."

Mr. Osmond listened to this in silence, appearing to turn it over in his mind, with his eyes on his informant. "What do you want to do with her?" he asked, at last.

"What you see. Put her in your way."

"Is n't she meant for something better than that?"

"I don't pretend to know what people are meant for," said Madame Merle. "I only know what I can do with them."

"I am sorry for Miss Archer!" Osmond declared.

Madame Merle got up. "If that is a beginning of interest in her, I take note of it."

The two stood there, face to face;

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she settled her mantilla, looking down at it as she did so.

"You are looking very well," Osmond repeated, still more irrelevantly than before. "You have got some idea. You are never as well as when you have got an idea; they are always becoming to you."

In the manner of these two persons, on first meeting on any occasion, and especially when they met in the presence of others, there was something indirect and circumspect, which showed itself in glance and tone. They approached each other obliquely, as it were, and they addressed each other by implication. The effect of each appeared to be to intensify to an embarrassing degree the self-consciousness of the other. Madame Merle of course carried off all such awkwardness better than her friend; but even Madame Merle had not on this occasion the manner she would have liked to have, — the perfect self-possession she would have wished to exhibit to her friend. The point I wish to make is, however, that at a certain moment the obstruction, whatever it was, always leveled itself, and left them more closely face to face than either of them ever was with any one else. This was what had happened now. They stood there, knowing each other well, and each of them, on the whole, willing to accept the satisfaction of knowing as a compensation for the inconvenience — whatever it might be — of being known.

"I wish very much you were not so heartless," said Madame Merle, quietly. "It has always been against you, and it will be against you now."

"I am not so heartless as you think. Every now and then something touches me; as, for instance, your saying just now that your ambitions are for me. I don't understand it; I don't see how or why they should be. But it touches me, all the same."

"You will probably understand it even less, as time goes on. There are some things you will never understand. There is no particular need that you should."

"You, after all, are the most remarkable woman," said Osmond. "You have more in you than almost any one. I don't see why you think Mrs. Touchett's niece should matter very much to me, when — when" — and he paused a moment.

"When I myself have mattered so little?"

"That of course is not what I meant to say. When I have known and appreciated such a woman as you."

"Isabel Archer is better than I," said Madame Merle.

Her companion gave a laugh. "How little you must think of her, to say that!"

"Do you suppose I am capable of jealousy? Please answer me that."

"With regard to me? No; on the whole, I don't."

"Come and see me, then, two days hence. I am staying at Mrs. Touchett's, — the Palazzo Crescentini, — and the girl will be there."

"Why didn't you ask me that at first, simply, without speaking of the girl?" said Osmond. "You could have had her there, at any rate."

Madame Merle looked at him in the manner of a woman whom no question that he could ask would find unprepared. "Do you wish to know why? Because I have spoken of you to her."

Osmond frowned and turned away. "I would rather not know that." Then, in a moment, he pointed out the easel supporting the little water-color drawing. "Have you seen that, — my last?"

Madame Merle drew near and looked at it a moment.

"Is it the Venetian Alps, — one of your last year's sketches?"

"Yes; but how you guess everything!"

Madame Merle looked for a moment

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longer; then she turned away. "You know I don't care for your drawings."

"I know it, yet I am always surprised at it. They are really so much better than most people's."

"That may very well be. But as the only thing you do, it 's so little. I should have liked you to do so many other things: those were my ambitions."

"Yes; you have told me many times, — things that were impossible."

"Things that were impossible!" said Madame Merle. And then, in quite a different tone, "In itself your little picture is very good." She looked about the room, — at the old cabinets, the pictures, the tapestries, the surface of faded silk. "Your rooms, at least, are perfect," she went on. "I am struck with that afresh, whenever I come back; I know none better anywhere. You understand this sort of thing as no one else does."

"I am very sick of it," said Osmond.

"You must let Miss Archer come and see all this. I have told her about it."

"I don't object to showing my things, when people are not idiots."

"You do it delightfully. As a cicerone in your own museum you appear to particular advantage."

Mr. Osmond, in return for this compliment, simply turned upon his companion an eye expressive of perfect clairvoyance.

"Did you say she was rich?" he asked, in a moment.

"She has seventy thousand pounds."

"*En écus bien comptés?*"

"There is no doubt whatever about her fortune. I have seen it, as I may say."

"Satisfactory woman! — I mean you. And if I go to see her shall I see the mother?"

"The mother? She has none, — nor father, either."

"The aunt, then, — whom did you say? — Mrs. Touchett."

"I can easily keep her out of the way."

"I don't object to her," said Osmond; "I rather like Mrs. Touchett. She has a sort of old-fashioned character that is passing away, — a vivid identity. But that long jackanapes, the son, — is he about the place?"

"He is there, but he won't trouble you."

"He 's an awful ass."

"I think you are mistaken. He is a very clever man. But he is not fond of being about when I am there, because he does n't like me."

"What could be more asinine than that? Did you say that she was pretty?" Osmond went on.

"Yes; but I won't say it again, lest you should be disappointed. Come and make a beginning; that is all I ask of you."

"A beginning of what?"

Madame Merle was silent a moment. "I want you, of course, to marry her."

"The beginning of the end! Well, I will see for myself. Have you told her that?"

"For what do you take me? She is a very delicate piece of machinery."

"Really," said Osmond, after some meditation, "I don't understand your ambitions."

"I think you will understand this one after you have seen Miss Archer. Suspend your judgment till then." Madame Merle, as she spoke, had drawn near the open door of the garden, and stood a moment, looking out. "Pansy has grown pretty," she presently added.

"So it seemed to me."

"But she has had enough of the convent."

"I don't know," said Osmond. "I like what they have made of her. It 's very charming."

"That 's not the convent. It 's the child's nature."

"It 's the combination, I think. She 's as pure as a pearl."

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"Why does n't she come back with my flowers, then?" Madame Merle asked. "She is not in a hurry."

"We will go and get them," said her companion.

"She does n't like me," murmured Madame Merle, as she raised her parasol, and they passed into the garden.

XXII.

Madame Merle, who had come to Florence, on Mrs. Touchett's arrival, at the invitation of this lady, — Mrs. Touchett offering her for a month the hospitality of the Palazzo Crescentini, — the judicious Madame Merle spoke to Isabel afresh about Gilbert Osmond, and expressed the wish that she should know him; but made no such point of the matter as we have seen her do in recommending the girl herself to Mr. Osmond's attention. The reason of this was, perhaps, that Isabel offered no resistance whatever to Madame Merle's proposal. In Italy, as in England, the lady had a multitude of friends, both among the natives of the country and its heterogeneous visitors. She had mentioned to Isabel most of the people the girl would find it well to know, — of course, she said, Isabel could know whomever she would, — and she had placed Mr. Osmond near the top of the list. He was an old friend of her own; she had known him these ten years; he was one of the cleverest and most agreeable men it was possible to meet. He was altogether above the respectable average; quite another affair! He was not perfect, — far from it; the effect he produced depended a good deal on the state of his nerves and his spirits. If he were not in the right mood, he could be very unsatisfactory, — like most people, after all; but when he chose to exert himself no man could do it to better purpose. He had his peculiarities, — which, indeed, Isabel would find to be the case with all the men really worth knowing, — and he did not cause his light to shine equally for all persons. Madame Merle, however, thought she could undertake that for Isabel he would be brilliant. He was easily bored, — too easily, — and dull people always put him out; but a quick and cultivated girl like Isabel would give him a stimulus which was too absent from his life. At any rate, he was a person to know. One should not attempt to live in Italy without making a friend of Gilbert Osmond, who knew more about the country than any one, except two or three German professors. And if they had more knowledge than he, he had infinitely more taste; he had a taste which was quite by itself. Isabel remembered that her friend had spoken of him during their multifarious colloquies at Gardencourt, and wondered a little what was the nature of the tie that united them. She was inclined to imagine that Madame Merle's ties were peculiar, and such a possibility was a part of the interest created by this suggestive woman. As regards her relations with Mr. Osmond, however, Madame Merle hinted at nothing but a long-established and tranquil friendship. Isabel said that she should be happy to know a person who had enjoyed her friend's confidence for so many years. "You ought to see a great many men," Madame Merle remarked; "you ought to see as many as possible, so as to get used to them."

"Used to them?" Isabel repeated, with that exceedingly serious gaze which sometimes seemed to proclaim that she was deficient in a sense of humor, — an intimation which at other moments she effectively refuted. "I am not afraid of them!"

"Used to them, I mean, so as to despise them. That 's what one comes to, with most of them. You will pick out, for your society, the few whom you don't despise."

This remark had a bitterness which

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Madame Merle did not often allow herself to betray; but Isabel was not alarmed by it, for she had never supposed that, as one saw more of the world, the sentiment of respect became the most active of one's emotions. This sentiment was excited, however, by the beautiful city of Florence, which pleased her not less than Madame Merle had promised; and if her unassisted perception had not been able to gauge its charms she had clever companions to call attention to latent merits. She was in no want, indeed, of æsthetic illumination, for Ralph found it a pleasure, which renewed his own earlier sensations, to act as cicerone to his eager young kinswoman. Madame Merle remained at home; she had seen the treasures of Florence so often, and she had always something to do. But she talked of all things with remarkable vividness of memory: she remembered the right-hand angel in the large Perugino, and the position of the hands of the St. Elizabeth in the Titian; and had her own opinions as to the character of many famous works of art, differing often with Ralph with great sharpness, and defending her interpretations with as much ingenuity as good-humor. Isabel listened to the discussions which took place between the two with a sense that she might derive much benefit from them, and that they were among the advantages which, for instance, she could not have enjoyed in Albany. In the clear May mornings, before the formal breakfast, — this repast at Mrs. Touchett's was served at twelve o'clock, — Isabel wandered about with her cousin through the narrow and sombre Florentine streets, resting a while in the thicker dusk of some historic church, or the vaulted chambers of some dispeopled convent. She went to the galleries and palaces; she looked at the pictures and statues which had hitherto been great names to her, and exchanged for a knowledge which was sometimes a limitation a presentiment which proved usually to have been a blank. She performed all those acts of mental prostration in which, on a first visit to Italy, youth and enthusiasm so freely indulge; she felt her heart beat in the presence of immortal genius, and knew the sweetness of rising tears in eyes to which faded fresco and darkened marble grew dim. But the return, every day, was even pleasanter than the going forth, — the return into the wide, monumental court of the great house in which Mrs. Touchett, many years before, had established herself, and into the high, cool rooms, where carven rafters and pompous frescos of the sixteenth century looked down upon the prosaic minuteness of modern comfort. Mrs. Touchett inhabited an historic building in a narrow street whose very name recalled the strife of mediæval factions; and found compensation for the darkness of her frontage in the modicity of her rent and the brightness of a garden in which nature itself looked as archaic as the rugged architecture of the palace, and which illumined the rooms that were in regular use. Isabel found that to live in such a place might be a source of happiness, — almost of excitement. At first it had struck her as a sort of prison; but very soon its prison-like quality became a merit, for she discovered that it contained other prisoners than the members of her aunt's household. The spirit of the past was shut up there, like a refugee from the outer world; it lurked in lonely corners, and, at night, haunted even the rooms in which Mrs. Touchett diffused her matter-of-fact influence. Isabel used to hear vague echoes and strange reverberations; she had a sense of the hovering of unseen figures, of the flitting of ghosts. Often she paused, listening, half startled, half disappointed, on the great cold stone staircase.

Gilbert Osmond came to see Madame Merle, who presented him to the young lady seated almost out of sight at the

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other end of the room. Isabel, on this occasion, took little share in the conversation; she scarcely even smiled when the others turned to her appealingly, but sat there as an impartial auditor of the brilliant discourse of her companions. Mrs. Touchett was not present, and these two had it, as the phrase is, their own way. They talked extremely well; it struck Isabel almost as a dramatic entertainment, rehearsed in advance. Madame Merle referred everything to her, but the girl answered nothing, though she knew that this attitude would make Mr. Osmond think she was one of those dull people who bored him. It was the worse, too, that Madame Merle should have told him that she was almost as much above the merely respectable average as he himself, and that she was putting her friend dreadfully in the wrong. But this was no matter for once; even if more had depended on it, Isabel could not have made an attempt to shine. There was something in Mr. Osmond that arrested her and held her in suspense, — made it seem more important that she should get an impression of him than that she should produce one herself. Besides, Isabel had little skill in producing an impression which she knew to be expected; nothing could be more charming, in general, than to seem dazzling; but she had a perverse unwillingness to perform on a fixed occasion. Mr. Osmond, to do him justice, had a well-bred air of expecting nothing; he was a quiet gentleman, with a colorless manner, who said elaborate things with a great deal of simplicity. Isabel, however, privately perceived that if he did not expect he observed; she was very sure he was sensitive. His face, his head, were sensitive; he was not handsome, but he was fine, — as fine as one of the drawings in the long gallery above the bridge at the Uffizzi. Mr. Osmond was very delicate; the tone of his voice alone would have proved it. It was the visitor's delicacy that made her abstain from interference. His talk was like the tinkling of glass, and if she had put out her finger she might have changed the pitch and spoiled the concert. Before he went he made an appeal to her.

"Madame Merle says she will come up to my hill-top, some day next week, and drink tea in my garden. It would give me much pleasure if you would come with her. It 's thought rather pretty; there 's what they call a general view. My daughter, too, would be so glad; or rather, for she is too young to have strong emotions, I should be so glad, — so very glad!" And Mr. Osmond paused a moment, with a slight air of embarrassment, leaving his sentence unfinished. "I should be so happy if you could know my daughter," he went on, a moment afterwards.

Isabel answered that she should be delighted to see Miss Osmond, and that if Madame Merle would show her the way to the hill-top she should be very grateful.

Upon this assurance the visitor took his leave; after which Isabel fully expected that her friend would scold her for having been so stupid. But, to her surprise, Madame Merle, who indeed never fell into the matter-of-course, said to her in a few moments, —

"You were charming, my dear; you were just as one would have wished you. You are never disappointing."

A rebuke might possibly have been irritating, though it is much more probable that Isabel would have taken it in good part; but, strange to say, the words that Madame Merle actually used caused her the first feeling of displeasure she had known this lady to excite. "That is more than I intended," she answered, coldly. "I am under no obligation, that I know of, to charm Mr. Osmond."

Madame Merle colored a moment; but we know it was not her habit to retract. "My dear child, I did n't speak

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for him, poor man; I spoke for yourself. It is not, of course, a question as to his liking you; it matters little whether he likes you or not! But I thought you liked him."

"I did," said Isabel, honestly. "But I don't see what that matters, either."

"Everything that concerns you matters to me," Madame Merle returned, with a sort of noble gentleness, "especially when at the same time another old friend is concerned."

Whatever Isabel's obligations may have been to Mr. Osmond, it must be admitted that she found them sufficient to lead her to ask Ralph a few questions about him. She thought Ralph's judgments cynical, but she flattered herself that she had learned to make allowance for that.

"Do I know him?" said her cousin. "Oh, yes, I know him; not well, but on the whole enough. I have never cultivated his society, and he apparently has never found mine indispensable to his happiness. Who is he, — what is he? He is a mysterious American, who has been living these twenty years, or more, in Italy. Why do I call him mysterious? Only as a cover for my ignorance. I don't know his antecedents, his family, his origin. For all I know, he may be a prince in disguise; he rather looks like one, by the way, — like a prince who has abdicated in a fit of magnanimity, and has been in a state of disgust ever since. He used to live in Rome, but of late years he has taken up his abode in Florence; I remember hearing him say once that Rome has grown vulgar. He has a great dread of vulgarity; that's his special line; he has n't any other that I know of. He lives on his income, which I suspect of not being vulgarly large. He 's a poor gentleman, — that 's what he calls himself. He married young, and lost his wife, and I believe he has a daughter. He also has a sister who is married to some little count or other of these parts; I remember meeting her of old. She is nicer than he, I should think, but rather wicked. I remember there used to be some stories about her. I don't think I recommend you to know her. But why don't you ask Madame Merle about these people? She knows them all much better than I."

"I ask you because I want your opinion as well as hers," said Isabel.

"A fig for my opinion! If you fall in love with Mr. Osmond, what will you care for that?"

"Not much, probably. But meanwhile it has a certain importance. The more information one has about a person the better."

"I don't agree to that. We know too much about people in these days; we hear too much. Our ears, our minds, our mouths, are stuffed with personalities. Don't mind anything that any one tells you about any one else. Judge every one and everything for yourself."

"That 's what I try to do," said Isabel; "but when you do that people call you conceited."

"You are not to mind them, — that 's precisely my argument; not to mind what they say about yourself any more than what they say about your friend or your enemy."

Isabel was silent a moment. "I think you are right; but there are some things I can't help minding; for instance, when my friend is attacked, or when I myself am praised."

"Of course you are always at liberty to judge the critic. Judge people as critics, however," Ralph added, "and you will condemn them all!"

"I shall see Mr. Osmond for myself," said Isabel. "I have promised to pay him a visit."

"To pay him a visit?"

"To go and see his view, his pictures, his daughter, — I don't know exactly what. Madame Merle is to take me;

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she tells me a great many ladies call upon him."

"Ah, with Madame Merle you may go anywhere, *de confiance*," said Ralph. "She knows none but the best people."

Isabel said no more about Mr. Osmond, but she presently remarked to her cousin that she was not satisfied with his tone about Madame Merle. "It seems to me that you insinuate things about her. I don't know what you mean, but if you have any grounds for disliking her, I think you should either mention them frankly, or else say nothing at all."

Ralph, however, resented this charge with more apparent earnestness than he commonly used. "I speak of Madame Merle exactly as I speak to her, with an even exaggerated respect."

"Exaggerated, precisely. That is what I complain of."

"I do so because Madame Merle's merits are exaggerated."

"By whom, pray? By me? If so, I do her a poor service."

"No, no; by herself."

"Ah, I *protest*!" Isabel cried, with fervor. "If ever there was a woman who made small claims" —

"You put your finger on it," Ralph interrupted. "Her modesty is exaggerated. She has no business with small claims; she has a perfect right to make large ones."

"Her merits are large, then. You contradict yourself."

"Her merits are immense," said Ralph. "She is perfect; she is the only woman I know who has but that one little fault."

Isabel turned away with impatience. "I don't understand you; you are too paradoxical for my plain mind."

"Let me explain. When I say she exaggerates, I don't mean it in the vulgar sense, — that she boasts, overstates, gives too fine an account of herself. I mean literally that she pushes the search for perfection too far, — that her merits are in themselves overstrained. She is too good, too kind, too clever, too learned, too accomplished, too everything. She is too complete, in a word. I confess to you that she acts a little on my nerves, and that I feel about her a good deal as that intensely human Athenian felt about Aristides the Just."

Isabel looked hard at her cousin; but the mocking spirit, if it lurked in his words, failed on this occasion to peep from his eye. "Do you wish Madame Merle to be banished?" she inquired.

"By no means. She is much too good company. I delight in Madame Merle," said Ralph Touchett, simply.

"You are very odious, sir!" Isabel exclaimed. And then she asked him if he knew anything that was not to the honor of her brilliant friend.

"Nothing whatever. Don't you see that is just what I mean? Upon the character of every one else you may find some little black speck; if I were to take half an hour to it, some day, I have no doubt I should be able to find one on yours. For my own, of course, it is spotted like a leopard. But on Madame Merle's — nothing, nothing, nothing!"

"That is just what I think!" said Isabel, with a toss of her head. "That is why I like her so much."

"She is a capital person for you to know. Since you wish to see the world, you could n't have a better guide."

"I suppose you mean by that that she is worldly?"

"Worldly? No," said Ralph; "she is the world itself!"

It had certainly not, as Isabel for the moment took it into her head to believe, been a refinement of malice in him to say that he delighted in Madame Merle. Ralph Touchett took his entertainment wherever he could find it, and he would not have forgiven himself if he had not been able to find a great deal in the society of a woman in whom the social

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virtues existed in polished perfection. There are deep-lying sympathies and antipathies, and it may have been that, in spite of the intellectual justice he rendered her, her absence from his mother's house would not have made life seem barren; but Ralph Touchett had learned to appreciate, and there could be no better field for such a talent than the table-talk of Madame Merle. He talked with her largely, treated her with conspicuous civility, occupied himself with her, and let her alone, with an opportuneness which she herself could not have surpassed. There were moments when he felt almost sorry for her; and these, oddly enough, were the moments when his kindness was least demonstrative. He was sure that she had been richly ambitious, and that what she had visibly accomplished was far below her ambition. She had got herself into perfect training, but she had won none of the prizes. She was always plain Madame Merle, the widow of a Swiss *négociant*, with a small income and a large acquaintance, who stayed with people a great deal, and was universally liked. The contrast between this position and any one of some half dozen others which he vividly imagined her to have had her eyes upon at various moments had an element of the tragical. His mother thought he got on beautifully with their pliable guest; to Mrs. Touchett's sense two people who dealt so largely in factitious theories of conduct would have much in common. He had given a great deal of consideration to Isabel's intimacy with Madame Merle, having long since made up his mind that he could not, without opposition, keep his cousin to himself; and he regarded it, on the whole, with philosophic tolerance. He believed it would take care of itself; it would not last forever. Neither of these two superior persons knew the other as well as she supposed, and when each of them had made certain discoveries there would be, if not a rupture, at least a relaxation. Meanwhile, he was quite willing to admit that the conversation of the elder lady was an advantage to the younger, who had a great deal to learn, and would doubtless learn it better from Madame Merle than from some other instructors of the young. It was not probable that Isabel would be injured.

XXIII.

It would certainly have been hard to see what injury could arise to her from the visit she presently paid to Mr. Osmond's hill-top. Nothing could have been more charming than this occasion, — a soft afternoon in May, in the full maturity of the Italian spring. The two ladies drove out of the Roman Gate, beneath the enormous blank superstructure which crowns the fine clear arch of that portal and makes it nakedly impressive, and wound between high-walled lanes, into which the wealth of blossoming orchards overdrooped and flung a perfume, until they reached the small super-urban piazza, of crooked shape, of which the long brown wall of the villa, occupied in part by Mr. Osmond, formed the principal, or at least the most imposing side. Isabel went with her friend through a wide, high court, where a clear shadow rested below, and a pair of light-arched galleries, facing each other above, caught the upper sunshine upon their slim columns and the flowering plants in which they were dressed. There was something rather severe about the place; it looked, somehow, as if, once you were in, it would not be easy to get out. For Isabel, however, there was of course as yet no thought of getting out, but only of advancing. Mr. Osmond met her in the cold antechamber, — it was cold even in the month of May, — and ushered her, with her companion, into the apartment to which we have already been in-

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troduced. Madame Merle was in front, and while Isabel lingered a little, talking with Mr. Osmond, she went forward, familiarly, and greeted two persons who were seated in the drawing-room. One of these was little Pansy, on whom she bestowed a kiss; the other was a lady whom Mr. Osmond presented to Isabel as his sister, the Countess Gemini. "And that is my little girl," he said, "who has just come out of a convent."

Pansy had on a scanty white dress, and her fair hair was neatly arranged in a net; she wore a pair of slippers, tied, sandal-fashion, about her ankles. She made Isabel a little conventual courtesy, and then came to be kissed. The Countess Gemini simply nodded, without getting up. Isabel could see that she was a woman of fashion. She was thin and dark, and not at all pretty, having features that suggested some tropical bird, — a long, beak-like nose, a small, quickly-moving eye, and a mouth and chin that receded extremely. Her face, however, thanks to a very human and feminine expression, was by no means disagreeable; and as regards her appearance, it was evident that she understood herself and made the most of her points. The soft brilliancy of her toilet had the look of shimmering plumage, and her attitudes were light and sudden, like those of a creature that perched upon twigs. She had a great deal of manner; Isabel, who had never known any one with so much manner, immediately classified the Countess Gemini as the most affected of women. She remembered that Ralph had not recommended her as an acquaintance; but she was ready to acknowledge that on a casual view the countess presented no appearance of wickedness. Nothing could have been kinder or more innocent than her greeting to Isabel.

"You will believe that I am glad to see you when I tell you that it is only because I knew you were to be here that I came myself. I don't come and see my brother; I make him come and see me. This hill of his is impossible. I don't see what possesses him. Really, Osmond, you will be the ruin of my horses some day; and if they receive an injury you will have to give me another pair. I heard them panting to-day; I assure you I did. It is very disagreeable to hear one's horses panting when one is sitting in the carriage; it sounds, too, as if they were not what they should be. But I have always had good horses; whatever else I may have lacked, I have always managed that. My husband does n't know much, but I think he does know a horse. In general the Italians don't, but my husband has been a good deal in England. My horses are English, so it is all the greater pity they should be ruined. I must tell you," she went on, directly addressing Isabel, "that Osmond does n't often invite me; I don't think he likes to have me. It was quite my own idea, coming to-day. I like to see new people, and I am sure you are very new. But don't sit there; that chair is not what it looks. There are some very good seats here, but there are also some horrors."

These remarks were delivered with a variety of little jerks and glances, in a tone which, although it expressed a high degree of good-nature, was rather shrill than sweet.

"I don't like to have you, my dear?" said her brother. "I am sure you are invaluable."

"I don't see any horrors anywhere," Isabel declared, looking about her. "Everything here seems to me very beautiful."

"I have got a few good things," Mr. Osmond murmured; "indeed, I have nothing very bad. But I have not what I should have liked."

He stood there a little awkwardly, smiling and glancing about; his manner was an odd mixture of the indifferent and the expressive. He seemed to in-

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timate that nothing was of much consequence. Isabel made a rapid induction: perfect simplicity was not the badge of his family. Even the little girl from the convent, who, in her prim white dress, with her small submissive face and her hands locked before her, stood there as if she were about to partake of her first communion, — even Mr. Osmond's diminutive daughter had a kind of finish which was not entirely artless.

"You would have liked a few things from the Uffizzi and the Pitti, — that 's what you would have liked," said Madame Merle.

"Poor Osmond, with his old curtains and crucifixes!" the Countess Gemini exclaimed. She appeared to call her brother only by his family name. Her ejaculation had no particular object; she smiled at Isabel as she made it, and looked at her from head to foot.

Her brother had not heard her; he seemed to be thinking what he could say to Isabel. "Won't you have some tea? You must be very tired," he at last bethought himself of remarking.

"No, indeed, I am not tired; what have I done to tire me?" Isabel felt a certain need of being very direct, of pretending to nothing; there was something in the air, in her general impression of things, — she could hardly have said what it was, — that deprived her of all disposition to put herself forward. The place, the occasion, the combination of people, signified more than lay on the surface; she would try to understand; she would not simply utter graceful platitudes. Poor Isabel was perhaps not aware that many women would have uttered graceful platitudes to cover the working of their observation. It must be confessed that her pride was a trifle concerned. A man whom she had heard spoken of in terms that excited interest, and who was evidently capable of distinguishing himself, had invited her, a young lady not lavish of her favors, to come to his house. Now that she had done so, the burden of the entertainment rested naturally upon himself. Isabel was not rendered less observant, and for the moment, I am afraid, she was not rendered more indulgent, by perceiving that Mr. Osmond carried his burden less easily than might have been expected. "What a fool I was to have invited these women here!" she could fancy his exclaiming to himself.

"You will be tired when you go home, if he shows you all his *bibelots*, and gives you a lecture on each," said the Countess Gemini.

"I am not afraid of that; but if I am tired, I shall at least have learned something."

"Very little, I am afraid. But my sister is dreadfully afraid of learning anything," said Mr. Osmond.

"Oh, I confess to that. I don't want to know anything more; I know too much already. The more you know, the more unhappy you are."

"You should not undervalue knowledge before Pansy, who has not finished her education," Madame Merle interposed, with a smile.

"Pansy will never know any harm," said the child's father; "Pansy is a little convent-flower."

"Oh, the convents, the convents!" cried the countess, with a sharp laugh. "Speak to me of the convents. You may learn anything there; I am a convent-flower myself. I don't pretend to be good, but the nuns do. Don't you see what I mean?" she went on, appealing to Isabel.

Isabel was not sure that she saw, and she answered that she was very bad at following arguments. The countess then declared that she herself detested arguments, but that this was her brother's taste; he would always discuss. "For me," she said, "one should like a thing, or one should n't; one can't like everything, of course. But one should n't attempt to reason it out; you never know where it may lead you. There

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are some very good feelings that may have bad reasons; don't you know? And then there are very bad feelings, sometimes, that have good reasons. Don't you see what I mean? I don't care anything about reasons, but I know what I like."

"Ah, that's the great thing," said Isabel, smiling, but suspecting that her acquaintance with this lightly-flitting personage would not lead to intellectual repose. If the countess objected to argument, Isabel at this moment had as little taste for it, and she put out her hand to Pansy, with a pleasant sense that such a gesture committed her to nothing that would admit of a divergence of views.

Gilbert Osmond apparently took a rather hopeless view of his sister's tone, and he turned the conversation to another topic. He presently sat down on the other side of his daughter, who had taken Isabel's hand for a moment; but he ended by drawing her out of her chair, and making her stand between his knees, leaning against him while he passed his arm around her little waist. The child fixed her eyes on Isabel with a still, disinterested gaze, which seemed void of an intention, but conscious of an attraction. Mr. Osmond talked of many things; Madame Merle had said he could be agreeable when he chose, and to-day, after a little, he appeared not only to have chosen, but to have determined. Madame Merle and the Countess Gemini sat a little apart, conversing in the effortless manner of persons who knew each other well enough to take their ease; every now and then Isabel heard the countess say something extravagant. Mr. Osmond talked of Florence, of Italy, of the pleasure of living in that country, and of the abatements to such pleasure. There were both satisfactions and drawbacks; the drawbacks were pretty numerous; strangers were too apt to see Italy in rose-color. On the whole, it was better than other countries, if one was content to lead a quiet life and take things as they came. It was very dull sometimes, but there were advantages in living in the country which contained the most beauty. There were certain impressions that one could get only in Italy. There were others that one never got there, and one got some that were very bad. But from time to time one got a delightful one, which made up for everything. He was inclined to think that Italy had spoiled a great many people. He was even fatuous enough to believe at times that he himself might have been a better man if he had spent less of his life there. It made people idle and dilettantish and second-rate; there was nothing tonic in an Italian life. One was out of the current; one was not *dans le mouvement*, as the French said; one was too far from Paris and London. "We are gloriously provincial, I assure you," said Mr. Osmond, "and I am perfectly aware that I myself am as rusty as a key that has no lock to fit it. It polishes me up a little to talk with you; not that I venture to pretend I can turn that very complicated lock I suspect your intellect of being! But you will be going away before I have seen you three times, and I shall perhaps never see you after that. That's what it is to live in a country that people come to. When they are disagreeable it is bad enough; when they are agreeable it is still worse. As soon as you find you like them they are off again! I have been deceived too often; I have ceased to form attachments, to permit myself to feel attractions. You mean to stay, to settle? That would be really comfortable. Ah, yes, your aunt is a sort of guarantee; I believe she may be depended upon. Oh, she's an old Florentine — I mean, literally, an old one; not a modern outsider. She is a contemporary of the Medici; she must have been present at the burning of Savonarola, and I am not sure she didn't throw a handful of chips

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into the flame. Her face is very much like some faces in the early pictures; little, dry, definite faces, that must have had a good deal of expression, but almost always the same one. Indeed, I can show you her portrait in a fresco of Ghirlandaio's. I hope you don't object to my speaking that way of your aunt, eh? I have an idea you don't. Perhaps you think that's even worse. I assure you there is no want of respect in it, to either of you. You know I 'm a particular admirer of Mrs. Touchett."

While Isabel's host exerted himself to entertain her in this somewhat confidential fashion, she looked occasionally at Madame Merle, who met her eyes with an inattentive smile in which, on this occasion, there was no infelicitous intimation that our heroine appeared to advantage. Madame Merle eventually proposed to the Countess Gemini that they should go into the garden, and the countess, rising and shaking out her soft plumage, began to rustle toward the door.

"Poor Miss Archer!" she exclaimed, surveying the other group with expressive compassion. "She has been brought quite into the family."

"Miss Archer can certainly have nothing but sympathy for a family to which you belong," Mr. Osmond answered, with a laugh which, though it had something of a mocking ring, was not ill-natured.

"I don't know what you mean by that! I am sure she will see no harm in me but what you tell her. I am better than he says, Miss Archer," the countess went on. "I am only rather light. Is that all he has said? Ah, then, you keep him in good humor. Has he opened on one of his favorite subjects? I give you notice that there are two or three that he treats *à fond*. In that case you had better take off your bonnet."

"I don't think I know what Mr. Osmond's favorite subjects are," said Isabel, who had risen to her feet.

The countess assumed, for an instant, an attitude of intense meditation; pressing one of her hands, with the finger-tips gathered together, to her forehead.

"I 'll tell you in a moment," she answered. "One is Machiavelli, the other is Vittoria Colonna, the next is Metastasio."

"Ah, with me," said Madame Merle, passing her arm into the Countess Gemini's, as if to guide her course to the garden, "Mr. Osmond is never so historical."

"Oh, you," the countess answered, as they moved away, "you yourself are Machiavelli, — you yourself are Vittoria Colonna!"

"We shall hear next that poor Madame Merle is Metastasio!" Gilbert Osmond murmured, with a little melancholy smile.

Isabel had got up, on the assumption that they too were to go into the garden; but Mr. Osmond stood there, with no apparent inclination to leave the room, with his hands in the pockets of his jacket, and his daughter, who had now locked her arm into one of his own, clinging to him and looking up, while her eyes moved from his own face to Isabel's. Isabel waited, with a certain unuttered contentedness, to have her movements directed; she liked Mr. Osmond's talk, his company; she felt that she was being entertained. Through the open doors of the great room she saw Madame Merle and the countess stroll across the deep grass of the garden; then she turned, and her eyes wandered over the things that were scattered about her. The understanding had been that her host should show her his treasures; his pictures and cabinets all looked like treasures. Isabel, after a moment, went toward one of the pictures to see it better; but, just as she had done so, Mr. Osmond said to her, abruptly, —

"Miss Archer, what do you think of my sister?"

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Isabel turned, with a good deal of surprise: —

"Ah, don't ask me that; I have seen your sister too little."

"Yes, you have seen her very little; but you must have observed that there is not a great deal of her to see. What do you think of our family tone?" Osmond went on, smiling. "I should like to know how it strikes a fresh, unprejudiced mind. I know what you are going to say, — you have had too little observation of it. Of course this is only a glimpse. But just take notice, in future, if you have a chance. I sometimes think we have got into a rather bad way, living off here among things and people not our own, without responsibilities or attachments, with nothing to hold us together or keep us up; marrying foreigners, forming artificial tastes, playing tricks with our natural mission! Let me add, though, that I say that much more for myself than for my sister. She 's a very good woman, — better than she seems. She is rather unhappy, and as she is not of a very serious disposition, she does n't tend to show it tragically; she shows it comically instead. She has got a nasty husband, though I am not sure she makes the best of him. Of course, however, a nasty husband is an awkward thing. Madame Merle gives her excellent advice, but it 's a good deal like giving a child a dictionary to learn a language with. He can look out the words, but he can't put them together. My sister needs a grammar, but unfortunately she is not grammatical. Excuse my troubling you with these details; my sister was very right in saying that you have been taken into the family. Let me take down that picture; you want more light."

He took down the picture, carried it toward the window, related some curious facts about it. She looked at the other works of art, and he gave her such further information as might appear to be most acceptable to a young lady making a call on a summer's afternoon. His pictures, his carvings, and tapestries were interesting; but after a while Isabel became conscious that the owner was more interesting still. He resembled no one she had ever seen; most of the people she knew might be divided into groups of half-a-dozen specimens. There were one or two exceptions to this; she could think, for instance, of no group that would contain her aunt Lydia. There were other people who were, relatively speaking, original, — original, as one might say, by courtesy, — such as Mr. Goodwood, as her cousin Ralph, as Henrietta Stackpole, as Lord Warburton, as Madame Merle. But in essentials, when one came to look at them, these individuals belonged to types which were already present to her mind. Her mind contained no class which offered a natural place to Mr. Osmond; he was a specimen apart. Isabel did not say all these things to herself at the time; but she felt them, and afterwards they became distinct. For the moment she only said to herself that Mr. Osmond had the interest of rareness. It was not so much what he said and did, but rather what he withheld, that distinguished him; he indulged in no striking deflections from common usage; he was an original without being an eccentric. Isabel had never met a person of so fine a grain. The peculiarity was physical, to begin with, and it extended to his immaterial part. His dense, delicate hair, his overdrawn, retouched features, his clear complexion, ripe without being coarse, the very evenness of the growth of his beard, and that light, smooth slenderness of structure which made the movement of a single one of his fingers produce the effect of an expressive gesture, — these personal points struck our observant young lady as the signs of an unusual sensibility. He was certainly fastidious and critical; he was probably

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irritable. His sensibility had governed him, — possibly governed him too much; it had made him impatient of vulgar troubles and had led him to live by himself, in a serene, impersonal way thinking about art and beauty and history. He had consulted his taste in everything, — his taste alone, perhaps; that was what made him so different from every one else. Ralph had something of this same quality, this appearance of thinking that life was a matter of connoisseurship; but in Ralph it was an anomaly, a kind of humorous excrescence, whereas in Mr. Osmond it was the key-note, and everything was in harmony with it. Isabel was certainly far from understanding him completely; his meaning was not at all times obvious. It was hard to see what he meant, for instance, by saying that he was gloriously provincial, — which was so exactly the opposite of what she had supposed. Was it a harmless paradox, intended to puzzle her? or was it the last refinement of high culture? Isabel trusted that she should learn in time: it would be very interesting to learn. If Mr. Osmond were provincial, pray what were the characteristics of the capital? Isabel could ask herself this question, in spite of having perceived that her host was a shy personage; for such shyness as his — the shyness of ticklish nerves and fine perceptions — was perfectly consistent with the best breeding. Indeed, it was almost a proof of superior qualities. Mr. Osmond was not a man of easy assurance, who chatted and gossiped with the fluency of a superficial nature; he was critical of himself as well as of others, and exacting a good deal of others (to think them agreeable), he probably took a rather ironical view of what he himself offered: a proof, into the bargain, that he was not grossly conceited. If he had not been shy, he would not have made that gradual, subtle, successful effort to overcome his shyness to which Isabel felt that she owed both what pleased and what puzzled her in his conversation to-day. His suddenly asking her what she thought of the Countess of Gemini, — that was doubtless a proof that he was interested in her feelings; it could scarcely be as a help to knowledge of his own sister. That he should be so interested showed an inquiring mind; but it was a little singular that he should sacrifice his fraternal feeling to his curiosity. This was the most eccentric thing he had done.

There were two other rooms, beyond the one in which she had been received, equally full of picturesque objects, and in these apartments Isabel spent a quarter of an hour. Everything was very curious and valuable, and Mr. Osmond continued to be the kindest of ciceroni, as he led her from one fine piece to another, still holding his little girl by the hand. His kindness almost surprised our young lady, who wondered why he should take so much trouble for her; and she was oppressed at last with the accumulation of beauty and knowledge to which she found herself introduced. There was enough for the present; she had ceased to attend to what he said; she listened to him with attentive eyes, but she was not thinking of what he told her. He probably thought she was cleverer than she was; Madame Merle would have told him so; which was a pity, because in the end he would be sure to find out, and then perhaps even her real cleverness would not reconcile him to his mistake. A part of Isabel's fatigue came from the effort to appear as intelligent as she believed Madame Merle had described her, and from the fear (very unusual with her) of exposing — not her ignorance; for that she cared comparatively little — but her possible grossness of perception. It would have annoyed her to express a liking for something which her host, in his superior enlightenment, would think she ought not to like; or to pass

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by something at which the truly initiated mind would arrest itself. She was very careful, therefore, as to what she said, as to what she noticed or failed to notice, — more careful than she had ever been before.

They came back into the first of the rooms, where the tea had been served; but as the two other ladies were still on the terrace, and as Isabel had not yet been made acquainted with the view, which constituted the paramount distinction of the place, Mr. Osmond directed her steps into the garden, without more delay. Madame Merle and the countess had had chairs brought out, and as the afternoon was lovely the countess proposed they should take their tea in the open air. Pansy therefore was sent to bid the servant bring out the tray. The sun had got low, the golden light took a deeper tone, and on the mountains and the plain that stretched beneath them the masses of purple shadow seemed to glow as richly as the places that were still exposed. The scene had an extraordinary charm. The air was almost solemnly still, and the large expanse of the landscape, with its garden-like culture and nobleness of outline, its teeming valley and delicately-fretted hills, its peculiarly human-looking touches of habitation, lay there in splendid harmony and classic grace.

"You seem so well pleased that I think you can be trusted to come back," Mr. Osmond said, as he led his companion to one of the angles of the terrace.

"I shall certainly come back," Isabel answered, "in spite of what you say about its being bad to live in Italy. What was that you said about one's natural mission? I wonder if I should forsake my natural mission if I were to settle in Florence."

"A woman's natural mission is to be where she is most appreciated."

"The point is to find out where that is."

"Very true; a woman often wastes a great deal of time in the inquiry. People ought to make it very plain to her."

"Such a matter would have to be made very plain to me," said Isabel, smiling.

"I am glad, at any rate, to hear you talk of settling. Madame Merle had given me an idea that you were of a rather roving disposition. I thought she spoke of your having some plan of going round the world."

"I am rather ashamed of my plans; I make a new one every day."

"I don't see why you should be ashamed. It's the greatest of pleasures."

"It seems frivolous, I think," said Isabel. "One ought to choose something, very deliberately, and be faithful to that."

"By that rule, then, I have not been frivolous."

"Have you never made plans?"

"Yes, I made one years ago, and I am acting on it to-day."

"It must have been a very pleasant one," said Isabel.

"It was very simple. It was to be as quiet as possible."

"As quiet?" the girl repeated.

"Not to worry, — not to strive nor struggle. To resign myself. To be content with a little." He uttered these sentences slowly, with little pauses between, and his intelligent eyes were fixed upon Isabel's, with the conscious look of a man who has brought himself to confess something.

"Do you call that simple?" Isabel asked, with a gentle laugh.

"Yes, because it's negative."

"Has your life been negative?"

"Call it affirmative if you like. Only it has affirmed my indifference. Mind you, not my natural indifference, — I had none. But my studied, my willful renunciation."

Isabel scarcely understood him; it seemed a question whether he were joking or not. Why should a man who

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struck her as having a great fund of reserve suddenly bring himself to be so confidential? This was his affair, however, and his confidences were interesting. "I don't see why you should have renounced," she said in a moment.

"Because I could do nothing. I had no prospects, I was poor, and I was not a man of genius. I had no talents even; I took my measure early in life. I was simply the most fastidious young gentleman living. There were two or three people in the world I envied, — the Emperor of Russia, for instance, and the Sultan of Turkey! There were even moments when I envied the Pope of Rome, — for the consideration he enjoys. I should have been delighted to be considered to that extent; but since I could n't be, I did n't care for anything less, and I made up my mind not to go in for honors. A gentleman can always consider himself, and, fortunately, I was a gentleman. I could do nothing in Italy, — I could n't even be an Italian patriot. To do that I should have had to go out of the country; and I was too fond of it to leave it. So I have passed a great many years here, on that quiet plan I spoke of. I have not been at all unhappy. I don't mean to say I have cared for nothing; but the things I have cared for have been definite, — limited. The events of my life have been absolutely unperceived by any one save myself; getting an old silver crucifix at a bargain (I have never bought anything dear, of course), or discovering, as I once did, a sketch by Correggio on a panel daubed over by some inspired idiot!"

This would have been rather a dry account of Mr. Osmond's career if Isabel had fully believed it; but her imagination supplied the human element which she was sure had not been wanting. His life had been mingled with other lives more than he admitted; of course she could not expect him to enter into this. For the present she abstained from provoking further revelations; to intimate that he had not told her everything would be more familiar and less considerate than she now desired to be. He had certainly told her quite enough. It was her present inclination, however, to express considerable sympathy for the success with which he had preserved his independence. "That 's a very pleasant life," she said, "to renounce everything but Correggio!"

"Oh, I have been very happy; don't imagine me to suggest for a moment that I have not. It 's one's own fault if one is not happy."

"Have you lived here always?"

"No, not always. I lived a long time at Naples, and many years in Rome. But I have been here a good while. Perhaps I shall have to change, however; to do something else. I have no longer myself to think of. My daughter is growing up, and it is very possible she may not care so much for the Correggios and crucifixes as I. I shall have to do what is best for her."

"Yes, do that," said Isabel. "She is such a dear little girl."

"Ah," cried Gilbert Osmond, with feeling, "she is a little saint of heaven! She is my great happiness!"

XXIV.

While this sufficiently intimate colloquy (prolonged for some time after we cease to follow it) was going on, Madame Merle and her companion, breaking a silence of some duration, had begun to exchange remarks. They were sitting in an attitude of unexpressed expectancy; an attitude especially marked on the part of the Countess Gemini, who, being of a more nervous temperament than Madame Merle, practiced with less success the art of disguising impatience. What these ladies were waiting for would not have been appar-

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ent, and was perhaps not very definite to their own minds. Madame Merle waited for Osmond to release their young friend from her *tête-à-tête*, and the countess waited because Madame Merle did. The countess, moreover, by waiting, found the time ripe for saying something discordant; a necessity of which she had been conscious for the last twenty minutes. Her brother wandered with Isabel to the end of the garden, and she followed the pair for a while with her eyes.

"My dear," she then observed to Madame Merle, "you will excuse me if I don't congratulate you!"

"Very willingly; for I don't in the least know why you should."

"Have n't you a little plan that you think rather well of?" And the countess nodded towards the retreating couple.

Madame Merle's eyes took the same direction; then she looked serenely at her neighbor. "You know I never understand you very well," she answered, smiling.

"No one can understand better than you when you wish. I see that, just now, you don't wish to."

"You say things to me that no one else does," said Madame Merle, gravely, but without bitterness.

"You mean things you don't like? Does n't Osmond sometimes say such things?"

"What your brother says has a point."

"Yes, a very sharp one sometimes. If you mean that I am not so clever as he, you must not think I shall suffer from your saying it. But it will be much better that you should understand me."

"Why so?" asked Madame Merle; "what difference will it make?"

"If I don't approve of your plan, you ought to know it in order to appreciate the danger of my interfering with it."

Madame Merle looked as if she were ready to admit that there might be something in this; but in a moment she said quietly, "You think me more calculating than I am."

"It 's not your calculating that I think ill of; it 's your calculating wrong. You have done so in this case."

"You must have made extensive calculations yourself to discover it."

"No, I have not had time for that. I have seen the girl but this once," said the countess, "and the conviction has suddenly come to me. I like her very much."

"So do I," Madame Merle declared.

"You have a strange way of showing it."

"Surely — I have given her the advantage of making your acquaintance."

"That, indeed," cried the countess, with a laugh, "is perhaps the best thing that could happen to her!"

Madame Merle said nothing for some time. The countess's manner was impertinent, but she did not suffer this to discompose her; and with her eyes upon the violet slope of Monte Morello, she gave herself up to reflection.

"My dear lady," she said at last, "I advise you not to agitate yourself. The matter you allude to concerns three persons much stronger of purpose than yourself."

"Three persons? You and Osmond, of course. But is Miss Archer also very strong of purpose?"

"Quite as much so as we."

"Ah, then," said the countess radiantly, "if I convince her it 's her interest to resist you, she will do so successfully!"

"Resist us? Why do you express yourself so coarsely? She is not to be subjected to force."

"I am not sure of that. You are capable of anything, you and Osmond. I don't mean Osmond by himself, and I don't mean you by yourself. But together you are dangerous, — like some chemical combination."

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"You had better leave us alone, then," said Madame Merle, smiling.

"I don't mean to touch you; but I shall talk to that girl."

"My poor Amy," Madame Merle murmured, "I don't see what has got into your head."

"I take an interest in her, — that is what has got into my head. I like her."

Madame Merle hesitated a moment. "I don't think she likes you."

The countess's bright little eyes expanded, and her face was set in a grimace. "Ah, you *are* dangerous," she cried, "even by yourself!"

"If you want her to like you, don't abuse your brother to her," said Madame Merle.

"I don't suppose you pretend she has fallen in love with him, — in two interviews."

Madame Merle looked a moment at Isabel and at the master of the house. He was leaning against the parapet, facing her, with his arms folded; and she, at present, though she had her face turned to the opposite prospect, was evidently not scrutinizing it. As Madame Merle watched her, she lowered her eyes; she was listening, possibly with a certain embarrassment, while she pressed the point of her parasol into the path. Madame Merle rose from her chair. "Yes, I think so!" she said.

The shabby footboy, summoned by Pansy, had come out with a small table, which he placed upon the grass, and then had gone back and fetched the tea-tray; after which he again disappeared, to return with a couple of chairs. Pansy had watched these proceedings with the deepest interest, standing with her small hands folded together upon the front of her scanty frock; but she had not presumed to offer assistance to the servant. When the tea-table had been arranged, she gently approached her aunt. "Do you think papa would object to my making the tea?"

The countess looked at her with a deliberately critical gaze, and without answering her question. "My poor niece," she said, "is that your best frock?"

"Ah, no," Pansy answered, "it's just a little toilet for common occasions."

"Do you call it a common occasion when I come to see you? — to say nothing of Madame Merle and the pretty lady yonder."

Pansy reflected a moment, looking gravely from one of the persons mentioned to the other. Then her face broke into its perfect smile. "I have a pretty dress, but even that one is very simple. Why should I expose it beside your beautiful things?"

"Because it's the prettiest you have; for me you must always wear the prettiest. Please put it on the next time. It seems to me they don't dress you so well as they might."

The child stroked down her antiquated skirt, sparingly. "It's a good little dress to make tea, — don't you think? Do you not believe papa would allow me?"

"Impossible for me to say, my child," said the countess. "For me, your father's ideas are unfathomable. Madame Merle understands them better; ask her."

Madame Merle smiled with her usual geniality. "It's a weighty question, — let me think. It seems to me it would please your father to see a careful little daughter making his tea. It's the proper duty of the daughter of the house, — when she grows up."

"So it seems to me, Madame Merle!" Pansy cried. "You shall see how well I will make it. A spoonful for each." And she began to busy herself at the table.

"Two spoonfuls for me," said the countess, who, with Madame Merle, remained for some moments watching her. "Listen to me, Pansy," the countess re-

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sumed at last. "I should like to know what you think of your visitor."

"Ah, she is not mine, — she is papa's," said Pansy.

"Miss Archer came to see you as well," Madame Merle remarked.

"I am very happy to hear that. She has been very polite to me."

"Do you like her, then?" the countess asked.

"She is charming, — charming," said Pansy, in her little neat, conversational tone. "She pleases me exceedingly."

"And you think she pleases your father?"

"Ah, really, countess," murmured Madame Merle, dissuasively. "Go and call them to tea," she went on, to the child.

"You will see if they don't like it!" Pansy declared; and went off to summon the others, who were still lingering at the end of the terrace.

"If Miss Archer is to become her mother it is surely interesting to know whether the child likes her," said the countess.

"If your brother marries again, it won't be for Pansy's sake," Madame Merle replied. "She will soon be sixteen, and after that she will begin to need a husband rather than a step-mother."

"And will you provide the husband as well?"

"I shall certainly take an interest in her marrying well. I imagine you will do the same."

"Indeed I shan't!" cried the countess. "Why should I, of all women, set such a price on a husband?"

"You did n't marry well; that 's what I am speaking of. When I say a husband, I mean a good one."

"There are no good ones. Osmond won't be a good one."

Madame Merle closed her eyes a moment. "You are irritated just now, — I don't know why," she said, presently. "I don't think you will really object either to your brother or to your niece's marrying, when the time comes for them to do so; and as regards Pansy, I am confident that we shall some day have the pleasure of looking for a husband for her together. Your large acquaintance will be a great help."

"Yes, I am irritated," the countess answered. "You often irritate me. Your own coolness is extraordinary; you are a strange woman."

"It is much better that we should always act together," Madame Merle went on.

"Do you mean that as a threat?" asked the countess, rising.

Madame Merle shook her head, with a smile of sadness. "No indeed, you have not my coolness!"

Isabel and Mr. Osmond were now coming toward them, and Isabel had taken Pansy by the hand.

"Do you pretend to believe he would make her happy?" the countess demanded.

"If he should marry Miss Archer I suppose he would behave like a gentleman."

The countess jerked herself into a succession of attitudes. "Do you mean as most gentlemen behave? That would be much to be thankful for! Of course Osmond 's a gentleman; his own sister need n't be reminded of that. But does he think he can marry any girl he happens to pick out? Osmond 's a gentleman, of course; but I must say I have never, no never, seen any one of Osmond's pretentions! What they are all based upon is more than I can say. I am his own sister; I might be supposed to know. Who is he, if you please? What has he ever done? If there had been anything particularly grand in his origin — if he were made of some superior clay — I suppose I should have got some inkling of it. If there had been any great honors or splendors in the family, I should certainly have made the most of them; they would have been of good use to me. But there is nothing, nothing.

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nothing. His parents were charming people of course; but so were yours, I have no doubt. Every one is a charming person nowadays. Even I am a charming person; don't laugh, it has literally been said. As for Osmond, he has always appeared to believe that he is descended from the gods."

"You may say what you please," said Madame Merle, who had listened to this quick outbreak none the less attentively, we may believe, because her eye wandered away from the speaker, and her hands busied themselves with adjusting the knots of ribbon on her dress. "You Osmonds are a fine race, — your blood must flow from some very pure source. Your brother, like an intelligent man, has had the conviction of it, if he has not had the proofs. You are modest about it, but you yourself are extremely distinguished. What do you say about your niece? The child's a little duchess. Nevertheless," Madame Merle added, "it will not be an easy matter for Osmond to marry Miss Archer. But he can try."

"I hope she will refuse him. It will take him down a little."

"We must not forget that he is one of the cleverest of men."

"I have heard you say that before; but I have n't yet discovered what he has done!"

"What he has done? He has never done anything that has had to be undone. And he has known how to wait."

"To wait for Miss Archer's money? How much of it is there?"

"That's not what I mean," said Madame Merle. "Miss Archer has seventy thousand pounds."

"Well, it is a pity she is so nice," the countess declared. "To be sacrificed, any girl would do. She need n't be superior."

"If she were not superior, your brother would never look at her. He must have the best."

"Yes," rejoined the countess, as they went forward a little to meet the others, "he is very hard to please. That makes me fear for her happiness!"

Henry James, Jr.

CONCERNING DEAD LOVE.

When Love is dead, who writes his epitaph?
Who kisses his shut eyes, and says, "Sleep well"?
We do not ring for him a passing bell;
We cover him with flowers of jest and laugh,
The bitter funeral wine in silence quaff,
And with dull heart-beats toll his secret knell.
His grave is ours, and yet with life we strive,
Endure the years, and grind our daily task;
There is no heaven for Love that could not live,
Earth has but mocked us with this beauteous mask.
And when, in agony, our dry lips ask,
"If God deprive us, wherefore did he give?"
There comes some dreadful question from above,
And whispers by the grave, "Was this poor dead thing Love?"

Rose Terry Cooke.

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WHAT WE LEARN FROM OLD ARYAN WORDS.

THE discovery of the Aryan family of languages, as elucidated in the paper printed in The Atlantic for February, was the first and most conspicuous consequence of the zeal for Sanskrit studies which ensued upon the English conquest of India. Surely, this in itself was no small thing. It was in every way stimulating and suggestive to have detected a specific bond of relationship, in speech and in culture, between such different peoples as the English and the Hindus, who had not previously been suspected of possessing anything in common save their common humanity. It had indeed been long ago maintained that languages the most diverse in superficial aspect were descended from a common source, but such views were based merely on a languid assent to an ill-understood tradition, and no one had the least conception of the proper method of tracing linguistic affinity. Down to the beginning of the present century the labors of etymologists had all the crudeness of astrological speculations, or of barbarian theories of the universe. And no wonder, since attention had been chiefly directed toward Hebrew, a language entirely unrelated to those of Europe, so that any attempt to explain the latter by a reference to the former could end only in mental confusion. It was a very striking discovery that was made when it was proved that though no likeness whatever exists between the European tongues and Hebrew, yet the closest similarity is manifest between these tongues and a much more remote Asiatic language. The completion of this discovery was no less striking when it was shown that while linguistic relationship can be clearly traced, according to fixed rules of inference, among all the various members of the Indo-European group, yet the moment we step outside of this group we can neither detect relationships nor establish rules of inference, but have before us a new set of facts, quite incongruous with the old ones. Such a contrast was just what was needed in order to indicate what the true signs of linguistic relationship are, and thus our whole mental horizon was shifted, as far as concerns the study of language. In the act of establishing the existence of our own great family of speech, scientific methods of comparison were gradually worked out, and the results of this have been far-reaching enough.

In the present and following papers I propose briefly to notice three departments of study which have been actually created by the comparative investigation of Aryan languages. Under the first head I shall call attention to some characteristics of scientific etymology; under the second, we shall get a glimpse of the prehistoric culture of the Aryans; under the third, we shall make a beginning in the study of myths.

First, as regards etymology, we need consider only a few facts which show how systematic and orderly inference has been substituted for what once was mere random guess-work. In comparing different languages, similarity and dissimilarity are still, as formerly, the principal tests of relationship; but in applying these tests we are strictly limited by rules which formerly were ignored. Once a vague resemblance between the vocabularies of two languages was considered sufficient ground for assigning them to the same class; now even a close and sustained likeness in vocabulary is not enough, unless it be accompanied by likeness in grammatical forms. Thus, the possession of innumerable Latin words, such as *opinion*, *reflect*, *admire*, *umbrella*, *honor*, *color*,

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contemplate, *criminal*, etc., does not make English a language of the Italic class, nor does it even show any original kinship between English and Latin. Such words have simply been adopted from Latin, just as *ennui* and *naïveté* have been adopted from modern French, and such borrowing and lending as this can go on between any two languages. It is just as easy for us to use Arabic words like *alcohol* and *cipher* as if Arabic were a kindred language. Nearly half the vocabulary of modern Persian has in this way come to be made up of Arabic words, yet there is no kinship whatever between Persian and Arabic. But while mere vocabulary does not determine the place of a language, the peculiar style of making sentences does determine it. Though more than half the words we use are Latin, English is not an Italic language, because we cannot make a single sentence out of Latin materials alone. English, on the other hand, is a Teutonic language, because we cannot make a single sentence without introducing some Teutonic shibboleth. Suppose we say, "Atheism desecrates deity:" here we seem to have simply one Greek word followed by two Latin words; but the Teutonic shibboleth comes out in the terminal *s* of "desecrates," which is the peculiar shape in which English has retained the old Teutonic verb-ending *th*, as it would appear in "desecrateth." Again, if I say, "I can go to Boston," my phraseology is purely Teutonic; but if, like Dr. Johnson, I have a weakness for big words, and say, "It is possible for this individual to traverse the vast area intervening between this locality and Boston," I have not yet escaped the boundary of Teutonic speech; for although I have introduced seven Latin words of secondary importance, yet the little words which enable me to knit the sentence together are still Teutonic, as before. So when we say, "I have, thou havest or hast, he haveth, hath, or has," the Teutonic shibboleth comes out in this style of inflection. In short, it is easy enough for us to acquire new words, but we cannot abandon our habits of sentence-making without giving up our language altogether. Now the demonstrated community of the Aryan languages rests not merely on their possession of a common vocabulary, but on their retention, in various degrees, of grammatical forms originally common to all. We can hardly find a better instance than in the conjugation of the verb just alluded to:[1] —

"TO HAVE."

Gothic,	haba,	habai-*s*,	habai-th;	haba-m,	habai-th,	haba-nd.
Pers.	-m,		-d;	-m,	-d,	-nd.
Kelt.	-m,		-d;	-m,	-d,	-t.
Lith.	-mi,	-si,	-ti;	-me,	-te,	-ti.
Slav.	-mi,	-si,	-ti;	-mu,	-te,	-nti.
Lat.	habeo	habe-s	habe-t;	habe-mus,	habe-tis,	habe-nt
Gr.	-mi,	-si,	-ti;	-mes,	-te,	-nti.
Skr.	-mi,	-si,	-ti;	-masi,	-tha,	-nti.

Community of vocabulary is, however, a very important matter, when rightly considered. It is true that any language may borrow a large proportion of its words from an entirely alien source, as Persian has borrowed from Arabic. But in comparing the various forms of Aryan speech we have found a criterion which enables us to distinguish between words that are alike in two languages because one has borrowed them from the other, and words that are alike because they are simply modified forms of the same aboriginal word. This supremely important point can be here treated but roughly; yet I hope that, with a few illustrations, it may be rendered intelligible.

One of the chief reasons for the di-

[1] Whitney. Study of Language, page 199.

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vergence of a language, originally uniform, into two or more distinct dialects is to be found in those differences of pronunciation which arise, one hardly knows how, in different localities. The most curious feature of these differences is that they are often so extremely systematic. Every one has heard of the Englishman who inquired, "If a *haitch* and a *ho* and a *har* and a *hess* and a *he* don't spell *'orse*, what the deuce does it spell, you know?" The infallible accuracy with which the cockney omitted his *h* where it belonged, and supplied it where it did not belong, used to excite my wondering admiration when I was in London. Had there been any caprice in the usage, it would have seemed less marvelous. But so unerring is the instinct that when a friend of mine once purposely spelled his name out as U-t-t-o-n he was correctly announced by the waiter as Mr. HUTTON! Is not this what our High German friends, with equal felicity, and in illustration of the same point, would call a very *eggsdraortinary zirgumsdance?* Yet after all, so far from being extraordinary, such phenomena occur so regularly in a comparison of the Aryan languages that they have been reduced to a systematic form of expression in what is known as "Grimm's law." Take, for example, the word "father." This is the same in all the Aryan languages, save for the differences in pronunciation which make the German say *vater*, while in Latin, Greek and Sanskrit, we have *pater*. On the other hand, *brother*, in German *bruder*, appears in Latin and Sanskrit as *frater* or *bhratar*, in Greek as φρατηρ, the member of a brotherhood or fraternity. That is, where we pronounce an *f* the Greeks, Romans, and Hindus pronounced a *p*, but where we pronounce a *b* they pronounced an *f*, or something like it. Similarly, where we say *gard-en* the Greek said χόρτος and the Latin *hort-us;* and our *goose*, which appears more fully in the German *gans*, is found in Greek as χήν, in Sanskrit as *hansa*, in Bohemian as *hus*, the name of the celebrated martyr. But conversely, where we say *heart* the Greek said καρδ and the old Roman *cord*, and where the German says *haupt* the Roman said *caput*. That is, a Teutonic *g* answers to a Greek, Latin, Sanskrit, or Slavonic *h*, but a Teutonic *h* answers to a *k* in the latter languages. Now this group of facts is not precisely analogous to the cockney's transposition of his aspirates, but it is certainly very similar, and it is equally mysterious. Why this curious alteration of sounds should have occurred so systematically, and on so great a scale, no one has ever succeeded in explaining. It is none the less to the purpose, however, that it has occurred. Although an empirical rule, Grimm's law is nevertheless a well-established rule, and in the study of Aryan etymology it has to be taken into account at every step. It is easy to see what a revolution the establishment of this law has worked in our methods of comparing words. Formerly the etymologist looked, though in a vague, intermediate way, for mere resemblances; and this was natural enough. But now a too strict resemblance sometimes becomes a suspicious circumstance. The Greek word for "whole" is ὅλος, and what could be more plausible than to suppose it identical with the English word? But here Grimm's law makes us suspicious. We ought not to expect a Greek to pronounce "whole" like an Englishman, any more than we ought to expect to hear a cockney say "horse." What the cockney says is "orse," and what the Greek would naturally say is not ὅλος, but κόλος; and in point of fact it has been otherwise proved that our suspicion is here well grounded, — the resemblance between the English and Greek words is purely accidental. Mere resemblance is thus a very treacherous guide in etymology. In French we have *louer*, "to hire," and *louer*, "to praise."

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Some philological dreamer tried to show that these words might be connected, because you praise your lodgings or horses when you wish to induce some one to hire them! In fact, the one word has been clipped down from Latin *locare*, "to hire," and the other from Latin *laudare*, "to praise." In striking contrast to this, let us observe how two English words, *pen* and *feather*, are closely connected in origin, in spite of their entire dissimilarity. There was an Old Aryan verb *pat*, "to fly," which still appears in the Greek πέτομαι. There were also such suffixes as *tra* and *na*, denoting the instrument with which an act is accomplished. *Pat-tra* thus meant "a wing," and a Hindu might perhaps thus understand it; but in Gothic we find *fath-thra*, and in English *feather*, just as Grimm's law has taught us to expect. *Pat-na* had the same meaning, and passed into old Latin as *pes-na*, which later Latin clipped down to *penna*, a wing or feather, and finally the quill-feather with which you write. In these days we have applied the word to little implements of gold or steel which have nothing to do with flying, unless the soaring of Pegasus be supposed to keep up the association of ideas.

This example of *pen* and *feather* is a trite one, but I have cited it because it further illustrates a very important point, toward which my argument has been for some time tending. Looking at these two words, with reference to the whole extant Aryan vocabulary, we find that their very forms disclose their past history. We see that the word *feather*, which has undergone the change of pronunciation indicated in Grimm's law, in common with Teutonic words in general, is a genuine Teutonic word, and appears in the English language to-day because it has always belonged to English speech. But the word *pen*, which has not undergone this change, shows thus on its very face that it has not grown up in company with Teutonic words, but has been adopted at a recent date from another branch of the Aryan family. The changes formulated in Grimm's law took place in early times, long before people had begun to think critically about their pronunciation or their diction. When we adopt Latin words in modern times, we do not refashion them in accordance with the twisted pronunciation of our barbaric ancestors, but we take them as they are. From *pater* we take *paternal*, without trying to make it sound like its equivalent, *fatherly*. Thus we arrive at a safe criterion for distinguishing between words which have been passed about from one Aryan language to another, in the course of recent intercommunication of culture, and words which have descended, with divers modifications, from a common original. Words of the latter sort, where they exist in different classes of Aryan speech, have obviously been handed down from primeval times; they must have formed part of the vocabulary employed in Aryana Vaëjo, and the most convincing proof of their genuineness is to be found in the peculiar nature of the wear and tear they have undergone. To recur to an example previously cited, the existence of such English words as *color*, *opinion*, *admire*, etc., not only fails to prove kinship between English and Latin, but it does not even prove that English is an Aryan language, since these words are manifest importations, and the case of Persian and Arabic shows that nothing is easier than for one language to adopt half its current words from another that has no relationship with it. But on the other hand, when we compare such words as *corn* with Lat. *granum*; *horn* with Lat. *cornu*; *who* and *what* with Lat. *quis* and *quid*, Skr. *kas* and *kad*; *queen* with Gr. γονή; *beech* with Lat. *fagus*; *doom* with Gr. δέμις; *tear* with Skr. *dar*; *bear* with Skr. *bhar*, Gr. and Lat. *fero*; *tooth* (Goth. *tunthus*) with Zend and Skr. *dant*, Lat. *dens*, — when

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we find a thousand such cases of systematic divergence, we get clear proof of the original identity of the English vocabulary with the others brought into the comparison. For the divergences in themselves are incompatible with any theory of modern borrowing and lending, while the extreme regularity of their recurrence is explicable only as the result of common processes operating on common materials.

The symmetry of consonant-changes throughout the Aryan languages is at first sight a wonderful phenomenon, and the tracing of correlated words in accordance with such laws as Grimm's never ceases to be a fascinating study. The laws of vowel-change — whereby, for example, the Skr. *matar* corresponds to Lat. *mater*, Gr. μήτηρ, Gaelic *mathair*, Germ. *mutter*, and Eng. *mother* — are hardly less interesting. But to do justice to such a subject as etymology would require much more time than we have at our disposal. In the present paper I have not attempted to make anything like a full statement even of Grimm's law, but have given only such scanty illustrations as may serve to render the outline of my argument intelligible. That other sound generalizations have been made concerning phonetic change I must ask the reader to admit, while I go on to point out one of the largest of the results that have come from this minute study of consonants and vowels. From this minute study the laws of the permutation of words have been wrought into such a complete and harmonious system that it has become possible to reconstruct large portions of the common Aryan mother-tongue by comparing together the curiously modified forms of its modern descendants. The problem is quite similar to what it would be if classical Latin were extinct, and we were required to reproduce as much as possible of it from an elaborate comparison of the vocabularies and grammatical forms of French, Spanish, Italian, and their allied modern dialects. Such a task would no doubt be delicate and difficult; but there is also no doubt that a great deal of good Latin could be reconstructed in this way. The restoration of the Aryan mother-tongue seems at first sight a still more formidable task; but it is a task for which we have also more abundant materials in the wider variation among Aryan words as compared with Romanic words. Thus by a comparison of French *mois* with Span. *mes* and Ital. *mese*, knowing besides the general habits of the Romanic languages, we might probably infer the Lat. *mensis* as the common original of the three; but on looking over the whole Aryan field, and comparing Lat. *mensis* with English *month*, Gr. μήν, Lith. *menesis*, O. H. G. *manot*, and Skr. *masa*, we arrive with even stronger probability at the Old Aryan *mansa* as the only form which could have given rise to all these. This work of reconstructing the Old Aryan has gone on so vigorously of late years that we have now a dictionary of it in three stout octavos;[1] and one great philologist, August Schleicher, has gone so far as to write a short story in this prehistoric language. Very likely a primitive Aryan, if we could resuscitate him, would have some severe criticisms to make upon this attempt. In so bold an undertaking, frequent and extensive revision will no doubt be called for. But the mere possibility of making such an attempt shows forcibly how thoroughly scientific the study of etymology has become.

In no respect do these philological inquiries appear more interesting than in the light which they throw upon the prehistoric civilization of our Aryan-speaking forefathers. No historic record, not even a vague tradition, is preserved of the time when the ancestors of Kelt, Greek, Roman, and Teuton

[1] Fick, Vergl. Woerherb. d. Indog. Sprachen. Third edition, Goettingen. 1874-1876.

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dwelt in a single community with the ancestors of Persian and Hindu. We have no clue even to the date of this epoch of common Aryanism, though we may very fairly allow for it at least three or four thousand years before the Christian era. Even the oldest Aryan legends, as those of the Vendidad, preserve only a dim reference to a time when the Indo-Persian branch of the family had not yet become divided. Yet concerning the degree of culture reached in those remote times, so far antedating all conscious historic tradition, the unconscious record of language has given us some trustworthy information. From the seemingly dry study of consonants and vowels an easy process of inference opens up to us, as with a magician's wand, a fascinating picture of the life and pursuits and habits of thought of the people from whose long-perished form of speech our vowels and consonants are derived.

Wonderful as this may seem, what is simpler, when we have once ascertained that a certain word belonged to the Old Aryan language, than the inference that the word was used to describe some object or express some thought? And where the meaning of the word has remained uniform throughout all the vicissitudes of pronunciation and inflection to which it has been subjected, what better guarantee do we need that the word was used with the same meaning in the mother-tongue? It requires no extraordinary insight, when one has mastered the rules of comparative grammar, to see that the primitive Aryan called his nearest relatives by the names *patar*, *matar*, *bhratar*, *svasar*, *sunu*, and *dhugatar*; or that when he learned to count up to ten he said something like *aina*, *dva*, *tri*, *katvar*, *paukan*, *ksvaks*, *saptan*, *aktan*, *navan*, *dakan*.

Proceeding in this way, we find abundant evidence that the early Aryans had outgrown the nomad stage of civilization and acquired settled habitations, not merely in villages, but even in fortified towns. The Lat. *domus* reappears, with hardly any change, in Gr. δόμος, Skr. *dama*, Armen. *dohm*, Irish *daimh*, and Russ. *domu*, always with the meaning of "house." In the Teutonic class we do not find this word in precisely the same sense; but we have the Germ. *zimmer*, "a room," connected with Goth. *timrjan*, "to build," and Eng. *timber*, or "building material;" and these words, compared with Gr. δέμειν, carry us back to Old Aryan *dam*, "to build," so that the *domus* of our forefathers was not a mere hole in the rocks, but a dwelling-place put together by the arts of the carpenter.[1] In Greek the more common word for house is οἶκος, originally Fοῖκος, "a place that one goes into." This word runs through all the Aryan languages, but the original sense of "entering" is forgotten, and it only means "a place where one lives," — sometimes a house, but more generally a village. Thus we have Skr. *veça*, Zend *viç*, Russ. *vesi* and Polish *wies*, Lat. *vicus* (whence the diminutive *vicula*, *villa*, *village*), Irish *fich*, Kymric *gwic*, Goth. *weihs*, Eng. *wick*. The Old Norse language shows a curious deviation[2] from this general agreement in meaning; for whereas the word generally describes an abode on the land, to the sea-roving Norseman a *wick* was a creek or sheltered bay serving as a station for ships, and hence their famous name of *Vikings* or "men of the fjord." So, while the ending *wick* or *wich* is very common in Old English names of inland towns, it occurs frequently also on the British coasts in the Norse sense, as in *Sandwich* and *Berwick*, favorite stations for pirates. But with this characteristic divergence, the generally uniform significance of the word, in languages so widely scattered, points clearly to the existence of village communities among the prehistoric Aryans. The various forms

[1] See, however, Pictet and Fick.

[2] Taylor, Words and Places, page 61.

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of the English word *town* are equally instructive, though not quite so numerous. The Old English form *tun* has its counterpart in Old German *zun*, "an inclosed or fortified place," with which the modern German *zaun*, "a hedge," is connected. Now, in accordance with Grimm's law, we find Armenian *dun*, "a house," Kymric *din*, "a fortress," Irish *dun*, a "fortress" or "camp" or "walled town." This Keltic form appears in many geographical names, such as *Thun*, in Switzerland; *Lug-dun-um* on the Rhone, now *Lyons*; *Lug-dun-um* in Holland, *Leyden; Dun-Keld*, the "fort of the Kelts;" *Dum-barton*, the "fort of the Britons;" *Dundee*, *London*, *Clarendon*, etc. In the remote Himalayas the same word reoccurs in the names of hill fortresses, such as *Kjarda Dhun*, *Dehra Dhun*, etc.; and again it is a fair inference that where a word turns up in so many parts of the Aryan domain with the very same determinations of meaning, it must have belonged to the primitive vocabulary of the race. So that our forefathers would appear to have been acquainted not only with houses and villages, but also with some kind of walled towns.

The name of the rampart with which such fortified inclosures were surrounded was also contained in the Old Aryan vocabulary. From the old root *val* or *var*, to "protect" or "surround," we have Skr. *varana*, Old Germ. *wari*, Pol. *warownia*, Lat. *vallum*, Lith. *wolas*, Irish *fal*, Kymric *gwal*, Eng. *wall*. The partition wall of a house, on the other hand, is more properly described by a root which in Sanskrit seems to be applied to wicker-work, but which in the European tongues appears, with hardly any variation either in sound or sense, as Lat. *murus*, Lith. *muras*, Old Germ. *mura*, Modern Germ. *mauer*, Irish, Kymric, Anglo-Sax., and Pol. *mur*. The name for "roof" is similarly ubiquitous: in Skr. we have *sthag*, "to cover," in Lith. *stogas*, "a roof," in Gr. στέγος, a "roof" or "house," and στέγω, "to cover;" but the word appears about as often in Greek as τέγος, with the initial letter dropped; and so in Irish we find *teg*, "a house," in Lat. *tego* and *tectum*, in Old Eng. *thecan*, in Eng. *deck* and *thatch*. In *door* there has been even less variation than this: Skr. has *dvar*, and also *dur* in the Vedas; Zend *dvara*, Pers. *dar*, Gr. δύρα, O. H. G. *tura*, Goth. *daur*, Old Eng. *duru*, Irish and Welsh *dor;* the Lithuanian has lost the singular, but retains the plural *durrys* for folding-doors. The word meant originally "that which obstructs or keeps out." Another old name for the door, which appears in Skr. as *arara*, has been preserved in Europe only in the Irish *orair*, a "porch" or "vestibule," and Welsh *oriel*. This latter is one of the very few Keltic words to be found in English, where it has become the name of a kind of bay-window.

Among the Aryan words for "window" there is no such identity, though there is a most curious similarity in the metaphors by which they have been constructed. In Sanskrit the window is *grhaksha*, or "the eye of the house," and a big round window is called *gavaksha*, a compound of *gau*, "cow," and *aksha*, "eye," which is about equivalent to our expression "bull's-eye." The Slavonic languages have *okno*, from *oko*, "an eye," while Gothic has *augadauro* and O. H. G. *augatora*, or "eye-door." The meaning of our English word is not so immediately apparent, but in one of our nearest relatives, the Danish, it occurs as *vindue*, and in Old Norse this was *vindauga*, that is, "an eye or hole for the wind to blow through." These coincidences are interesting as showing how easily and naturally the same association of ideas may occur to different people, for these words have been independently formed. Whether we are entitled to infer from this that the Aryan mother-tongue had no word for window, and that therefore the people who

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spoke it lighted and aired their houses only through the door-way, it is not easy to decide. Such an inference might seem probable; but here, as elsewhere, it is very unsafe to rest a conclusion upon negative evidence. The Old Aryans certainly might have had a name for window which among various tribes came to be supplanted by various other expressions, and this possibility must prevent our holding a positive opinion. We can only say that, while we are perfectly sure that they had doors, it is quite uncertain, so far as philology goes, whether they had windows or not. And in general, while the occurrence of the same indigenous name for any object, throughout the different classes of Indo-European speech, is sufficient proof that the primitive Aryans knew and named the object, on the other hand, the non-existence of such a common name raises only a negative presumption, which we have seldom any further means for testing.

The ancient Aryan gained a livelihood chiefly from rearing cattle and tilling the ground. The names of our principal domestic animals are found in all parts of the Indo-European territory. The various Teutonic forms *cow*, *ku*, *chuo*, reappear with the proper change of guttural in Lettish *gôws*, Pers. *gâw*, Armen. *gov*, Zend *gao* and *gava*, Skr. *gaus*, *gava*, and *gu*. A peculiar twist, by which a labial was pronounced instead of an original guttural, may be observed quite frequently in the Græco-Roman and Keltic languages, and here we have Gr. βοῦς, Lat. *bos*, Irish *bo*, and Welsh *bu*. The meaning of the word has been variously explained, but, as we have beside it the Skr. *gu*, Gr. γοάω and βοάω, Lat. *boao*, to "bellow," it is most likely an imitative sound, like our *moo* and *mooley*. In the dialect of the Vedas a bull is called *vâksha*, in later Skr. and Zend *uksha;* in Gothic this appears as *auhsa*, and in Anglo-Sax. as *oxa*, whence our *ox*. *Sthira*, again, is a Skr. name for bull, meaning the "powerful" animal. In Zend *çtaora* means a strong beast of burden; in English we have kept the full word *steer*, but the initial *s* has generally been dropped, so that we have Dan. *tyr*, Gr. and Lat. *taurus*, Russ. *turu*, Irish *tor*. The word *bull* itself is descriptive of the strength of the animal, and appears in Skr. *balin*, Irish *bulan*, Lith. *bullus*, and in many other languages. There are a great many other Aryan names for these animals, but without spending time on them we may note that several of the words just cited have been borrowed by non-Aryan languages, such as those of the Finno-Tataric class, and even the Japanese and Chinese; from which it would seem probable either that the primitive Aryans were the first to domesticate cattle, or at least that they were very preëminent as a pastoral race, and furnished to their neighbors great numbers of these most useful animals. The prominence of the cow in early Aryan thought is shown both by the multitude of synonyms for the creature, and by the frequency of similes, metaphors, and myths in the Vedic hymns in which the cow plays a part. In those days, moreover, which were before the days of "soft" or "hard" money, wealth was reckoned in cows, and cows were the circulating medium, with sheep and pigs for small change. Every one knows that Lat. *pecunia* is derived from *pecus*, "a herd;" the same is true of *peculium*, "a man's private property," from which we have obtained *peculiarity*, or "that which especially pertains to an individual." *Pecus*, Lith. *pekus*, Skr. and Zend *paçu*, "the animal that is tied or penned up," reappears with the regular change in Goth. *faihu*, Old Eng. *feoh*, modern Germ. *Vieh;* in modern English the word has become *fee*, a "pecuniary reward." In Irish we have *bosluaiged*, "riches," from *bosluag*, "a herd of cows." When you go to a tavern to dine you pay your *shot* or *scot* before

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leaving; or you sometimes, perhaps, get into a very ticklish situation, and still escape *scot-free.* In Old Eng. *sceat* was "money," and the Old Norse *skattr* and Goth. *skatts* had the same meaning; but the Irish *scath* means "a herd," and Old Bulgarian *skotu* was one of the many Aryan words for cow. Another of these words, in Skr., is *rupa*, whence are derived *rûpya*, "money," and the modern *rupee* of Bengal.

More than a hundred different names for the horse have been counted in Sanskrit, but most of these are comparatively modern in origin. The only one we need notice is *açva*, from an Old Aryan *akva*, meaning "the swift." In Lith. the same word *aszwa* is the name of the mare only, but the Lat. *equus* preserves the old meaning. The classic Greek ἵππος does not sound so much like *equus* as one might expect, but we find the requisite transitions in the Aiolic ἴκκος and Old Aiolic ἴϝκος. In Irish nothing is left but the first syllable, *ech.* In Gothic the word reappears quite regularly as *aihva*, and in Old Eng. this is clipped down into *eoh.* Modern English, however, and the other modern Teutonic languages have lost this word and replaced it by another, which goes back to the times of Teutonic unity, but does not seem to have been known to the primitive Aryans. The Old High Germans and the Norsemen pronounced this word *hross*, but the Anglo-Saxons called it *horse*, and the modern Dutch, like the cockneys, call it *ors.* It appears to be a mimetic word, meaning the "animal which neighs." Modern High German, in turn, though it has not lost the word *ross*, has adopted a new name, *pferd*, which is in more frequent use, and the history of which is extremely curious.

One of the few Keltic words which the Roman conquerors adopted from their Gaulish subjects was the word *rheda*, used to describe a light four-wheeled carriage. Such carriages were used for posting, and the light, swift animal which drew them received a special name, made by compounding the root of *veho*, to "draw" or "carry," with the name of this kind of carriage. Thus arose the word *verēdus*, the "drawer of the *rheda*," the post-horse, or courier's horse; and so *veredarius* was a post-classic Latin word for "courier;" but the name *veredus* was not long in becoming generalized, for in Martial we find it used for a light, fleet hunting horse. At the same time there came into general use the curiously hybrid word *paraveredus*, made by prefixing the Greek preposition παρὰ, meaning "beyond," to *veredus*, to denote an extra post-horse for extraordinary occasions. This mongrel word *paraveredus*, thus oddly made up out of Greek, Latin, and Keltic elements, seems to have been a favorite name for the horse in the Middle Ages. In Ducange's great dictionary of mediæval Latin we find *parvaredus*, *parafredus*, and *palafredus*, along with many other forms. From *palafredus* came the French *palefroi* and the English *palfrey;* while the simple contraction and abbreviation of the older *paraveredus* resulted in the form *pferd* adopted by the modern German.

As the Teutonic languages have thus adopted new words to designate the horse, so the modern Romanic languages have generally forgotten *equus* and substituted for it the name which appears in French as *cheval* and in Italian as *caballo*, and from which we have obtained such words as *cavalry*, *chevalier*, and *chivalry.* Ancient Greek and Latin both had this word *caballus*, which, as *kobyla*, is the common name for a horse in the Slavonic languages, and appears also in Irish as *capall* and in Welsh as *ceffyl.* We do not find any such name in Sanskrit, but in the Kawi of the island of Java, which is a non-Aryan Malay language, as full of Sanskrit words as English is of Latin words, we find the horse called *capala*, and side by side with

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this we have in Sanskrit the adjective *çapala*, "swift." The Sanskrit quite generally corrupted Old Aryan *k*-sounds in this way, as we corrupt Latin sounds in English when we say *serebrum* and *Sisero* instead of *kerebrum* and *Kikero;* and I have no doubt that in this word for "swift" we have the explanation of *caballus*. Curiously enough, the modern Greek has also dropped the classical name for the fleet-footed beast, and substituted ἄλογον, which means "unreasoning," and in former times was applied to brutes in general. It is quite remarkable that there should have been such vicissitudes in the career of the words which describe so familiar an animal, and we need no better illustration to convince us of the danger, above pointed out, of relying too confidently upon negative evidence in such inquiries as we are here making. Looking at the contemporary names only, we find the principal Low German language saying *horse*, "the neigher," while High German, French, and Greek say *pferd*, "the extra drawer of a post-carriage," *cheval*, "the swift creature," and ἄλογον, "the brute," — names quite distinct both in sound and in meaning. If all the other forms had been lost and replaced by new words, — as might easily be the case where there are so many synonyms for the same object, — we might perhaps have inferred that there was no common Aryan name for the horse, and that hence the animal was not known until after the separation of Aryan tribes had begun; but this would have been very plainly a mistake.

Besides the horse and cow, the primitive Aryans had domesticated sheep, goats, and pigs, as well as dogs. With regard to the cat, the case is less clear. That wild species of the cat family were known seems probable, and the word *puss* has some claim to an Old Aryan pedigree, for we find *pushak* in modern Persian, *puizé* in Lithuanian, *pusag* and *puss* in Irish, whence we have adopted the word; but whether the primitive form of these names was applied to a wild or to a domesticated cat is uncertain. With this exception, the Indo-European names are all different. In Latin we have *felis*, in Greek αἴλουζος; but we know otherwise that the Greeks and Romans had no domestic cats, but kept a kind of weasel to destroy their rats and mice. In our own and most other modern European languages the principal name of the animal is borrowed from Latin; but the Latin *cattus* is itself an imported word from a non-Aryan source. It is the Syriac *Kato*, Arabic *Kitt*, indicating that the cat was introduced into Europe from the Levant, at a comparatively recent period.

But whether the Old Aryans had domestic cats or not, they certainly needed them, for the word *mouse* occurs, with hardly any variation, in nearly all the Indo-European languages. In Latin, Greek, Old Norse, Old German, and Old English it is *mus;* in Russian we have *myshi*, in Bohemian *mysh*, in Persian *mush*, in Sanskrit *musha*, the "pilfering creature," the "little thief."

Flies are also to be numbered among the household pests of Aryana Vaëjo; the old name was *makshi*, the "buzzing creature," and is preserved in Zend and the modern Indian languages. In Europe we have Lith. *musse*, Bohem. *mussa*, Lat. *musca*, O. H. G. *muccha*, Swed. and Old Eng. *mygge*, Eng. *midge*, of which the diminutive *midget*, or "little fly," has been applied as a caressing epithet to children. The meaning of the more common Teutonic name "fly" is too obvious to require mention.

The ordinary Aryan name for "bee" — Skr. *bha*, O. H. G. *pia*, Old Eng. *beo*, Eng. *bee* — refers to the bright color of the insect, but the Lat. *apis* is the "thrifty creature" and the Greek μελισσα is the "maker of honey." The Old Aryans not only kept bees for their honey, but out of the honey they made an intoxicating drink called *madhu*, from

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which we have the Zend *madhu* and Greek μέδυ, "wine," Russ. *mëdü*, Irish *meadh*, Old Eng. *medu*, Eng. *mead*. *Wine* and *must* are Old Aryan words, and the same is probably true of *ale;* but in this latter instance we cannot safely infer that what we call ale was brewed, for the meaning of the word has varied considerably. Lith. *alus*, Old Norse *öl*, Old Eng. *eala*, mean "beer," but the Skr. *ali* means a spirituous liquor, and the Irish *ol* is applied to any kind of drink. As for the word *beer* itself, it is doubtful if it can be traced outside of the Teutonic languages; for although it occurs in Irish, Welsh, and modern Persian, it does not conform to Grimm's law, and has thus most likely been borrowed from English or some other Teutonic source.

Whether our Aryan forefathers brewed ale or not, they certainly cultivated barley and probably wheat, and ground them into meal in mills. They were familiar with the plow, the yoke, and the spade. Their harvests were reaped with the sickle, and the grain was duly threshed and winnowed, and carried to mill in wagons fitted with wheels and axle-trees. The blacksmith's work with hammer and anvil, forge and bellows, was also carried on. Sewing and spinning were feminine occupations, and garments were woven out of sheep's wool. The art of tanning was also practiced, and leather shoes were worn. The entire career of the Aryans has been that of a warlike people. In the primitive times of which we are treating their principal weapons were the lance, the bow and arrow, the sword and dagger and mace, with helmet and buckler for defense.

That the early Aryans were acquainted with the sea seems unquestionable, for the name occurs, with very little change in sound and hardly any in meaning, in nearly all the Indo-European languages. The Lat. *mare*, whence our adjective *marine*, appears in Skr. *mira*, Russ. *moru*, Lith. *mares*, Irish *muir*, Welsh *mor*, Goth. *marei*, O. H. G. *mari*, Old Norse *mar*, Old Eng. *mere*. In English *meer* is an archaic word, still used in poetry in the sense of "lake," and it appears in many well-known names of English lakes, as *Grasmere* and *Windermere*. The original sense of the word has something poetic in it, for it means the barren, desolate waste, just as we find it commonly described in Homer. The Teutonic languages, however, have generally adopted another name. In Skr. *sava* means simply "water," but the more specific sense appears in Goth. *saivs*, O. H. G. *seo*, Old Eng. *sewe*, Eng. *sea*. It is noticeable that while modern English applies this name to great bodies of water, and keeps *meer* only in the sense of lake, in modern German the case is just the reverse, — in German *meer* is the sea, but *see* is a lake. The only other conspicuous deviation from the general Aryan usage is a very characteristic one. The Greeks, who were the most maritime of all peoples that have existed, save the English, had three names for the sea, of which the later θάλασσα and πέλαγος referred to the boisterous, white-crested waves, but the earlier πόντος meant a "pathway for travel." What large bodies of water the primitive Aryans could have known is perhaps not fully ascertained, but they were most likely the Caspian and the Sea of Aral. On these inland seas, or along the great rivers which flowed through their country, the Aryans would seem to have plied in boats rowed with oars; but whether they had advanced farther than this is uncertain. At all events, there is a singular lack of agreement among all the common words indicative of a higher acquaintance with the art of navigation.

With these illustrations we must bring our exposition too abruptly to a close. By the course of inquiry we have followed, something might be brought out concerning the political organization of

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the primitive Aryans, which appears to have been extremely simple. "The people was doubtless a congeries of petty tribes, under chiefs and leaders rather than kings, and with institutions of a patriarchal cast, among which the reduction to servitude of prisoners taken in war appears not to have been wanting."[1] This inquiry, however, would take us far beyond our limits, and might be more advantageously conducted in another connection, where we might avail ourselves of the harmonious results which Sir Henry Maine, Mr. Freeman, and others have elicited from a comparative survey of Indo-European politics and jurisprudence. But this most interesting and profitable study must be postponed to another occasion. In the present paper, confining myself chiefly to the material circumstances of the primitive Aryans, I have endeavored only to give some idea of the method by which sound conclusions are reached, through the study of words, concerning the civilization of an age of which the historic tradition has been utterly lost. More than this could not well be attempted in so brief an exposition. My examples have necessarily been scanty, and from the nature of the subject I fear they may have seemed rather dry. It is not in a moment that one can become fully possessed with the rare fascination which surrounds the study of the historic lessons conveyed in words. Yet possibly to some reader it may have come as a novel and striking thought that out of mere grammars and dictionaries a trustworthy picture of the long-forgotten past may be reconstructed. Inadequate as our illustrations have been, none can fail to perceive the historic interest and value of the information which has been gained in this way. Inquiries of this sort need, no doubt, much caution and sagacity to be conducted successfully; but when properly sifted there is no more unimpeachable testimony to the past than that which the aspect of words gives us. For the changes of vowel and consonant proceed according to general laws which observation may detect, but with which no individual will is able to tamper. And thus it is that in the winged word which seems to perish in its flight through the air we have nevertheless the most abiding record, though unwittingly preserved, of the knowledge and achievements of mankind.

John Fiske.

THE LONGING OF CIRCE.

THE rapid years drag by, and bring not here
The man for whom I wait;
All things pall on me; in my heart grows fear
Lest I may miss my fate.

I weary of the heavy wealth and ease
Which all my isle enfold,
The fountain's sleepy plash, the changeless breeze
That bears nor heat nor cold.

With dull, unvaried mien my maids and I
Glide through our household tasks;

[1] Whitney, Study of Language, page 207.

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Gather strange herbs, weave purple tapestry,
Distil, in magic flasks.

Most weary am I of these men who yield
So swiftly to my spell, —
The beastly rout now wandering afield
With grunt and snarl and yell.

Ah, when, in place of tigers and of swine,
Shall he confront me whom
My song cannot enslave, nor that bright wine
Where rank enchantments fume?

Then with what utter gladness will I cast
My sorceries away,
And kneel to him, my lord revealed at last,
And serve him night and day!

Cameron Mann.

FRIENDS: A DUET.

IX.

"The friend asks no return but that his friend will religiously accept and wear, and not disgrace, his apotheosis of him."

"Friendship is no respecter of sex."

THOREAU.

THEY met next time with instinctive gladness. Neither could explain what both experienced. He overtook her by chance on his own street in Salem. It was in the afternoon; and she was not alone.

She had with her that old school friend of whom mention has been made. She had invited Myrtle Snowe to spend a week with her. The two ladies were about to return some calls. Mrs. Strong had made calls latterly, and had accepted one or two dinner invitations for Myrtle's sake. She no longer wore that cruel crape veil. She looked young and cheerful. She took Myrtle's arm like a girl.

She was stepping from the carriage when he first saw her, with her long skirts clinging back. She put her foot to the ground with a spring. He was too late to offer her a hand.

Miss Snowe was a bland blonde (a very charming one), and Reliance beside her looked deeper and richer in color than usual. As he came up, standing with raised hat, she lifted her brown eyes. They had a timid light. But his brimmed with a radiance which seemed to overflow and encircle her, like an aureola. It was not the radiance of love, but finer, firmer, gentler. He was not dazzled, but he saw all that he could bear. The boyishness of his look, and the always slight reserve of his manner when among people, deepened this expression of freshly discovered and controlled happiness, as if he had a monopoly of all there was in Salem, that day.

It was nothing to stand and be presented to her friend. It was nothing to mention the pleasures of a drive and the personal peculiarities of the weather. It was little to express his gratification that she was able to make calls. It was

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not much to see her go sweeping up the Rollinstall steps, tall, slender, gracious and distant, nodding down to him like a lily on a cliff.

And yet it seemed to him that he had been very near her. He passed his hand over his happy eyes as he walked down the street alone, to keep an appointment with a man who was wise in bamboo and India ginger.

He felt as if he must look too happy; as if everybody would see it, and ask why. He met people whom he knew, and greeted them with rare good fellowship; they all were people he liked, or had not lately seen. He noticed bright colors on children, and the costumes of ladies. He observed that the sun had splendid character, and that the sky was of the solemnly happy September tint, — blue fire to its heart's core; not a dream of cloud to be found, high and far and deep as man could look.

It gave him the headache to look. He turned his eyes earthward; he was content with the earth. He had a friend in it. Oh, she *was* his friend! — *his friend*. The God of earth and heaven bless her!

The decorous pavements of Salem bounded beneath his feet that day; he trod on the blazing September air. He hurried to his appointment, and hurried away from it, stricken by the restlessness of his lightly-grounded content (poor fellow), as if itself had been made of air, and must stir and start at the unheard command of unseen powers, and so away with him.

The Bamboo and Ginger man looked after him with iron-gray, experienced eyebrows, keenly gathered; and to the junior Bamboo and Ginger (who had no eyebrows to speak of, and less experience, whether you spoke of it or not) said, —

"There 's a fellow has made a haul in stocks to-day. I 've heard he plays with Grand Smash and Electricity, — just called at 161§. He has the look."

The junior Ginger only answered, "Ah?" Although inexperienced, he had long since learned to agree with people who had eyebrows. He held, however, reserved rights to those private opinions which, it is plain, Providence never intended should be held subject to any superficial personal qualifications; one of these privileges was a stolid conviction that either rheumatism or a woman accounted for everything. He had never heard of Nordhall as a lady's man. It was undoubtedly his "off day" on rheumatism. To-morrow he would be in red flannel by the fire. At least he could have a bamboo chair and ginger tea. Life was not without its marked compensations.

Myrtle Snowe, on the Rollinstall steps, gazed critically down the street after the gentleman's retreating figure. She said, —

"Walks too fast. A fine-looking fellow, though. Who is he, Reliance?"

"You surely remember Charley Nordhall, my husband's friend. I thought you knew. He has been very kind since" —

"No," replied Miss Snowe. "*I did not know.*" She looked Reliance straight in the eyes as she spoke.

"And she never flinched," thought Miss Myrtle, while they were sending up their cards.

There were flowers which it was imperative should go to Madam Strong's the next day, for the quiet dinner she gave to Miss Snowe and her most intimate Rollinstall. They went; but they went in the form of a brutal florist's blunder, — all red carnations; and carnations, it is well known, even if of paler complexions, are thought to bespeak economical tendencies. What right-minded man would send the lilies of Paradise to a lady, if they could be had for five cents apiece? Besides, the more he thought of them, the redder they seemed to grow; they must have looked

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unpardonably red. The least he could do was to go over and take the tea roses on which they had stolen the march.

He found the ladies just about to go out. The carriage stood at the door. Miss Snowe was promised to be at those musical Rollinstalls, where Rubinstein's songs were sung. Mrs. Strong accompanied her as far as possible, on the way to the mission meeting at Cranby's Cut. Madam Strong remained at home with Kaiser and her bronchitis and the tea roses. Nordhall accepted the ladies' invitation to escort them without any definite perception of the situation on either side, perhaps; idly, as such things go.

It was a long ride to the Rollinstalls', and Miss Snowe was to be left first. The three chatted lightly.

Reliance had said: —

"Why don't you go with her? We don't sing Rubinstein at Cranby's Cut."

But Nordhall had pleaded his "store clothes" and a refused invitation. They were late, and wafts of music came out as he and Myrtle Snowe stood in the open door. Myrtle had on a long pearl-colored cloak that fell to her feet, with its silk cape drawn over her hair. Reliance, from the carriage, leaning out, watched her lovingly. Her imagination was quickened by this slight renewal of old ties, in the early, selfish absorptions of widowhood so long held loosely. She looked from Myrtle to Nordhall with a heightened perception of facts which she had almost forgotten. Youth, music, light hours, and natural hopes were in the world. She thought how little he sought them. She wondered if he needed them, — this homeless man. She remembered that his youth was passing.

Gusts of passionate songs poured out from the house. They were singing Der Azra just then, —

"*Welche sterben wenn sie lieben.*"

Nordhall came back and got into the carriage. He was insanely happy to be sitting there beside her. He could not have said why he took pains that she should not feel this. He was very quiet at first. Then he abruptly asked her how old she was.

"Twenty-eight," said Reliance, smiling. "I was twenty-four when I last took 'my evenings out' in that way."

"And you think this is a better way, — this one we are taking?"

"You shall judge for yourself. There *is* a difference in the quality of music, I admit. That translation of Der Azra is atrocious. If I were poetic I would improve it. Can't you?"

"Considering the absorbing nature of my literary occupations, so overrun as one is in State Street with the imaginative element, so studious a life as I am already forced to live! — Mrs. Strong! how thoughtless of you!"

They laughed merrily at their own simple wit. He hummed the melody, leaning back in the dark carriage.

"*Welche sterben wenn sie lieben.*"

"*I* will translate it!" cried Reliance, heroically. "Now listen. You can hear it following us away down this silent road."

"*Paler grew he, paler, paler.*"

She leaned to the carriage window with parted lips.

"Who die with love, and loving die."

Both listened to the dying sound; it died.

"*Who if they dare to love must die!*"

sang Reliance, then, almost inaudibly. "It makes better poetry than song, I know, but never mind! That is my terrible song. How people can sing it, in light gloves, with fans, and eat oysters afterwards!" —

Nordhall could not bear that there should be even a terrible song in the world that night. He began to talk of other things, — little, light things: roses and the sunset; the breakers and the horses; the story he heard on the cars to-day; the last Salem engagement; then of her, and he was glad she made calls and went to dinner now and then. Could her drunkards spare her? The

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less favored classes of society were to be congratulated on receiving whatever modicum of her philanthropic attention. Doubtless, if she went back to the Rollinstalls' now, some of them might take the pledge — not to take the name of Rubinstein in vain. And so on, and so on.

"Why, you are a tease!" said Reliance, suddenly looking up. She too felt happier than for a long time. Charley Nordhall was greatly changed. He no longer tormented himself and her. Good-by to moods and miseries and misunderstandings! It was fortunate that they had those disagreeable scenes, now they were well over. It *was* all over. How quiet and natural and pleasant it was! She yielded herself to that drive. She ran her long-gloved hand in the swaying satin rest, and lightly leaned her cheek against it, listening to him. He told a good many stories; he made her laugh; she had a thoroughly good time; she did not know when she had been so merry. He piqued her with that boyish audacity which never forgets itself, nor the reverences and distances withholding it, yet ventures to their edge, delicately enough. He teased her like a brother about all sorts of little things.

They were both laughing heartily when they came to the mission room in Cranby's Cut.

The coachman had "an evening," and Jacobs was driving that night. He turned the impassive face of a well-trained servant upon them as they got out of the carriage. She could not have told why, but Mrs. Strong stopped, hesitated, and gravely spoke to him. She asked if he had seen Janet on the way.

"She 's playin' on the pianner in there, already," said Jacobs, pointing with his whip towards the uncurtained window of the mission room. Jacobs usually knew where Janet was. He looked in eagerly. Janet wore a blue tissue veil crossed over a black straw hat behind, and brought round, and tied under her chin. It was a very becoming veil. The solemn, if consumptive, music sounded under her devout, hard-working fingers. Janet was a good girl.

"Put up the horses somehow, if there *is* a place, and come into the meeting," said Mrs. Strong kindly.

"There 's a sort of tavern opposite Cranby's," said Jacobs without unbecoming alacrity. "I might drive round and see if they can be kept out of draughts there. It *would* be easier for the hosses."

The lady and Nordhall passed on, and into the Mission. She dropped his arm leisurely in the brightly-lighted little entry. Mr. Griggs came out to welcome them, and one or two of the other men waited for her.

She and Nordhall were late, and "the meeting" had begun. They went in and sat down among the rest.

Nordhall had never been in such a place before. He observed everything with keen interest. He was in a low, small room, a place that had served as counting-room for some mills; it had been bought by what are called "the temperance people," among whom, alien as she was to them by social surroundings, by ecclesiastical connections, by instinctive and acquired tastes, by everything but a highly-cultivated conscience and an independent type of religion, Reliance Strong had found herself at home, and made herself of value. An open fire blazed in the place. Softly shaded lamps stood on a desk over which a red cloth was thrown. The walls of the room were hung with pictures and Scripture mottoes; both selected by a severe taste. He could not complain of them; he thought, if he were a drunkard, and had wandered in, — say, from Cranby's, — he should like the looks of the place. There was a smoking-room attached to the prayer-room, a reading-room, and a bowling-alley; but at this hour no disturbance came from these

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directions. The prayer-room was two thirds full of men; the rest of the audience were women, — their sisters, wives, and daughters; a few ladies of another sort, — from devout (if not exclusive) circles in Salem, — and Reliance.

Little Janet sat at the "organ." Jacobs came in and found a seat by the door. Mr. Griggs presided on the occasion at the red-covered table, or, in the phrase of the place, "took charge that night." He read a chapter from the Gospel of John, in a clear and modest voice. Then he "gave out" a hymn, which the audience "united in singing." It was evidently a popular thing with them. The men joined in with great heartiness, and Janet's really sweet voice rang above theirs. Mrs. Strong sang, too. Nordhall had never heard the hymn or song before. It had a refrain which pleased him: —

"Rescue the perishing, care for the dying."

Then there was more of it about —

"Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save."
"Rescue the perishing — Rescue the perishing!"

The face of Reliance, while this hymn was being sung, took on a strangely sweet and solemn light. He could see that she had forgotten him. That merry ride seemed a great way off. She had gone beyond reach of her grief, her loss, her loneliness, — even John, perhaps. He remembered something he had once read of Whitefield, that "he forgot everything about the men before him, except their immortality and their misery." So, he thought reverently, it was with her. He bowed his head with a sense of great distance from her when Mr. Griggs "led in prayer." It was some time before he remembered that the man was not praying to her.

He listened but dreamily to the "testimonies" of the "redeemed men," which followed Mr. Griggs's prayer. Nothing jarred upon his sense of reverence; he floated in it, as on a newly-discovered golden tide, in which she seemed, a practiced swimmer, to lead him on. Under it all he felt somewhere that these men were honest, and that this place was holy, and that he was not worthy to be in it.

After the short and earnest service was over, he waited for her, standing awkwardly, a stranger among those plain people. He noticed how pale many of these men were with the rigors of late and arduous self-control. He recognized one or two whom he had seen reeling about the streets of Salem for years, and passed them by like some one else's nightmares. These men wore a singularly intent and abstracted, though quiet, look. He could think of nothing to liken it to but the look of transfiguration. He wondered if they caught it from her, by a sort of reflection. After some thought, he remembered WHO it was, in the old story, that was "transfigured before them;" he remembered that there is no disciple without a master, no reflection without light.

He was still thinking of these things, solemnly enough, when she turned slightly towards him, — she was across the room, — and her look led him like a hand. She only said that it was time to go, and would he speak to Mr. Griggs before they left? And when he had done this, and when the men and women had stood in a little group to let them step by, and when Janet had locked the melodeon, and the hymn-books were put away, and the kerosene lamps screwed down, and reality settled on the unreal place, they passed on together through the deferent scrutiny of the people, and Jacobs drove them away.

They sat together in the carriage. Some of the men on the steps of the mission room were singing the choruses of the hymns in low voices.

"Rescue the perishing, care for the dying!"

Perhaps the disciples of Rubinstein would have stopped their finely-organ-

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ized ears before that music. But in the disciple of a Greater than Rubinstein, a higher sensitiveness replaced this lower.

Reliance leaned, listening, and Nordhall leaned and looked.

"They are such dear people!" She spoke first, in a grateful, girlish tone. She was still excited. She was not the least of a saint. She was a very human woman. She did a Christian deed like a woman, not like an angel.

"I suppose," he murmured, finishing aloud his unspoken thought, — "I suppose that is partly why Jesus Christ succeeded. I never thought of it before. If *he* had been an angel, what would a man like Griggs have cared?"

"One of the men — a violent fellow, who draws knives when he is drunk — told me once," she said, "that Jesus Christ was *too high-toned* for him. He was perfectly reverent about it, too."

"Yes," said Nordhall, without smiling, "I can understand that. Well. So this is a specimen of what is meant in the newspapers by the temperance work? I've never thought about it. I supposed it meant speeches and women with spectacles."

"Oh, no, this is no fair specimen!" cried Reliance. "I'm not *in* it."

"I don't understand."

"I'm not part of it. Don't take me for a specimen. I'm only one woman trying to help a few people in her own way. I am timid, inexperienced, uncertain of my own views, and I'm Mrs. Winthrop L. Strong's daughter-in-law. *I* could n't be *it*. Why, there are women all over the land, all over England and Scotland, the hem of whose overdresses I'm not worthy to touch!" She tried to laugh. "There are women banded together, twenty thousand strong in this State alone, and so all over the country, pledged to make the salvation of drunkards and the extermination of the drink-traffic the solemn object of their whole lives, — women who sacrifice, and hope, and bear, and do, and pray, and who don't dare to be alive unless they can 'rescue the perishing.' *They* are the *consecrated*. But I, — I did it, as you said, at the first because I was lonely. I am not worthy to be named beside these people who have given themselves to an ideal which has" — she hesitated; she did not often speak of herself in this way; did not perhaps think about herself in such long sentences — "which has given *itself* to me," she finished softly, "and has made me so glad, so content! Any woman can do it who will. Most, I think, who cared to do at all, would do more good than I."

"If this sort of work is what you think it, what these women you speak of think it," said Nordhall musingly, "what a future it has! What a book could be written about it, — a great appeal, a prophecy!"

"I have thought of that," she answered quickly. "But the time is not ripe. Some one will do for these poor slaves what Harriet Stowe did for the black ones, I think, — I am sure. And literature will be the richer by another superb moral idea. But not yet, not yet. We are not ready. I doubt if any order of genius could take the twang of the temperance lecture out of such an effort, now. We have not reached the literary stage. But it will come. If *I* were literary, I could explain to you what I mean and why I think so. But I don't know how. I seem to make it cloudier and cloudier. . . . Never mind! It 's only *you!*"

She laughed a trustful, happy laugh. She felt the value of this friend to the full just then.

"If ever I've been disrespectful to your work in that place," said Nordhall, "I beg its pardon and yours, too. I don't doubt I have, for I've never been that kind of a man, you know. Things come in one's way, — subscriptions and causes and what not, of course, — and one tries to do one's share, but *people* I don't deal with. Now I respected what

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I saw in that counting-room, to-night, with all my soul. If there 's any way, ever, that I can help you in this sort of thing, I wish to do it. I wish you to count upon my sympathy."

She thanked him, and said she should be glad to; this was all. Yet it seemed as if she said a great deal. And they did not talk much more till they got back to the Rollinstalls. The air was frosty, and they could hear the men singing the hymns for a long distance. Reliance looked at the stars, while she listened. Nordhall looked at her.

Some words of Moore's had got hold of him, and mingled oddly with the singing of the hymns back there upon the Mission steps.

> "Ah! did we take for Heaven above
> But half such pains as we
> Take day and night for woman's love,
> What angels we should be!"

Rubinstein was mute when they reached the house. Myrtle, in the doorway, at the top of the high steps, looked like a lovely, dim Bacchante in a fresco. She floated down and into the silent carriage. It seemed almost as if she had wandered into a church and were out of place. They all began to talk lightly, as if to break an unacknowledged spell. Myrtle (who had a pleasant soprano), hummed reckless and rapturous snatches of song.

> "*Love's own madness, Love's own madness, in your voice!*"

Nordhall would not come in, that night; it was late when they got home. As Reliance put her hand in his, to say good-night, he seemed to uphold her whole soul. She thought that this was friendship, — to laugh the lighter, to work the harder, to be gladder, to be graver. All her life intensified, as if old chords had been struck with a heavy pedal.

Myrtle Snowe came into her friend's room that night and talked a while; of Rubinstein, of the Rollinstalls, of this and that. Reliance looked at her dreamily. She knew she was not half taking in the meaning of Myrtle's words, yet she seemed unable to help it. She was conscious of being intensely preoccupied with thoughts which needed classification, though she was aware that Myrtle had got into a long, pale blue Watteau wrapper, and looked like a lovely tile. Suddenly sense struck her, and the blue tile throbbed with vivid life.

"Of course, Reliance dear, it 's none of their business — but you must know" —

"WHAT?" sharply.

"You must *expect* to be talked about. You must know, of course, that you are reported to be about to marry again — Why, Reliance! Why, Reliance Strong! Don't look like that! Why, what on earth" —

"*How dare they?*" . . .

She had got rid of Myrtle, at last. She had got rid of everybody, and lay sobbing, face down, choking in the pillows of her own bed. It had seemed to her at first too cruel to believe, and she had burst into a cry of lofty and beautiful anger, worthy of Penelope or Arria. Then her good sense (and Myrtle's perfectly irresponsive face turned up to her, as out of place as a Marcus Ward Christmas card at a surgical operation) had quickly recalled her to herself. This was not a matter to be discussed with people who had Myrtle's eyes. Nay, it was not a matter to be discussed with any. The young widow recovered her sweet reserve, and, simply expressing her surprise and sorrow at what her friend told her, and adding that there would be always talk in the world as long as people were born with ears and tongues, had kissed her good-night and locked her out of the room.

Now, suddenly, as she lay there on the bed, the faces of those people at the prayer-meeting came back to her. They stood in rows, and she and Nordhall passed through them. She recalled the

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deferent scrutiny, the vague sadness, the untranslatable something, in their dumb eyes.

They too, — *they too?* . . .

X.

"Neither is life long enough for friendship. That is a serious and majestic affair."— EMERSON.

Mrs. Strong's first thought, the next morning, was that she would write a note to Charley Nordhall. She would ask him to come and see her immediately. She would tell him — what? What could she tell him? At least, there would be time enough to think that out before he got there. The note could be written, and Jacobs should take it, and so much be secured.

Her mother was less well than usual, and Myrtle was to go home at noon. She found herself occupied with these things, but preoccupied about the note. She stole a few minutes while Myrtle was returning a last call at Amy Rollinstall's, and locked herself into her own room, and wrote rapidly, without hesitation or premeditation. She had that noble and fatal spontaneity by which high-minded (no less than weak-minded) women trust themselves on paper. But all the world might have read these simple lines: —

DEAR MR. NORDHALL, — I want to see you this evening a little while about a matter of importance. Very sincerely yours, RELIANCE STRONG.

After she had given the note to Jacobs, with instructions to put it into the hands of Mr. Nordhall's housekeeper before the business train was in, she experienced a slight relief from a tension of feeling which had been tighter than she knew how to bear. He would come. It would not be many hours to wait now. Something would be done, something said, invented, to lessen her trouble.

Her prevailing emotion was one of great withdrawal, almost of repulsion, from the man whose existence in the world could cause her what she was now enduring. Yet underneath this, as the calm of the sea lies below its roar, as the hush of the wind hides behind its cry, she was not without a singular sense of trust and rest in him, as if he would or could restore to her the ease of her lost unconsciousness and content. It was as if with one hand she dismissed, and with the other clung to him.

She suffered reactions, in which his image took on different hues to her; like the object on which the eyelid has just closed, and which strikes the retina first with its immediate, then with its spectral illusion. She saw the real and the complementary colors.

She dwelt upon the conversation which would take place between them; she thought that if he came in just then, she should be able to tell him all that was in her heart. She was impatient for his arrival. She counted the hours till she should hear his familiar ring. No one touched the bell just as he did; she always knew.

Myrtle went away at noon. She kissed Reliance twice more than usual; but she felt more keenly than usual the distance between their natures and their experiences. She did not understand Reliance, did not know what to say to her; did not know what the poor girl was thinking, with that look in her face, yet grieved a little more over their parting for this reason. Her blue eyes filled as she wrung Reliance's cold hand. Myrtle supposed it was because she had never been a widow that Reliance was not confidential.

When she had gone, Reliance went up-stairs and sat with her mother, who grew no better. Madam Strong seemed feverish, her breath shortened, and she asked for Dr. Bishop. An order was sent through Janet to Jacobs, who, as soon as he returned from town, was to

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go for the doctor. It being long past office hours, it would be late evening — nine or ten, perhaps — before Dr. Bishop could reach a patient the relativity of whose sufferings he could gauge by long experience, and with whose chronic inability to change her medical adviser he was sufficiently acquainted. We all have our pet convictions, of which life never defrauds us, but which rather every test contrives to enrich; Madam Strong's was the assurance that the ministrations of any substitute for Dr. Bishop would have, in her own case, a result of which the least that one could say were that it would be fatal.

This afternoon she was really so ill that Reliance timidly suggested, "We might call in the homœopathist, mother. I saw his carriage turning up the Rayburnes' Avenue. He is a good-natured man; he would come for a temporary prescription, and the doctor would never mind."

"I can die," gasped Madam Strong, pressing her withered hand to her heart not so much to express fidelity as pleurisy, — "I can die, but I cannot call an irregular practitioner!"

That afternoon Reliance long remembered. It began to rain, and the fog came up from the sea. The wind rose. She read Guy Mannering aloud, and devoted herself to the sufferer. She was not without anxiety, and by no means deficient in tenderness. Yet she was ashamed to find that her mind refused to be a prisoner in the sick-room of her husband's mother. She tried to chain it to the stately bed, to the cannel fire, to the brass-bound bureau, the faded gold-colored damask of the window curtains, the figures on the old English Brussels carpet, the engraved Sistine Madonna over the mantel, the real little Tintoretto above the pier-glass, the blue gymnastic knitting-work in the bag with the black ivory poles, that lay in the partly consoled work-basket, which had "gone into" purple ribbons.

Rebels, rebels, as wild as the rain, as blind as the fog, as fierce as the winds, her thoughts defied her. It was three o'clock. It was half past. It was after four. By seven she might look for him. By eight they should have had their talk. For he would come. He would not mind a storm. What should she say? She was frightened to perceive that she had not yet decided what to say; she should be taken unawares, and so at a disadvantage. She was ashamed to find herself wondering what effect her mother's illness would have upon this interview with Nordhall. Could she be spared long enough to say what must be said? How unfortunate if she must go down and dismiss him in all this storm, and defer a conversation which seemed to her more and more imperative and difficult! She grew feverish and restless. The storm increased. The fog thickened, and going to the window she heard, or fancied that she heard, the whistle of steamers in distress off Baker's Island Light. It darkened rapidly. Her mother tossed upon the dignified bed. It struck six o'clock.

Reliance left the window, and went and sat beside the bed, and held her mother's hands. She could not think of anything else in the world that she was perfectly sure it was right to do. There was no mistake about this. She stooped, in the dark, and kissed the old lady's forehead. Her sudden tears fell on it, and Madam Strong said: —

"Why, my dear daughter! Do not be so anxious about me! I do not regard my indisposition as serious." And then poor Reliance felt like a hypocrite of the first degree, and caught her in her arms, and kissed her again and again, — her good mother, John's mother, all she had in the world! Her sense of kinship to John's kin seized her like a strong hand. His were hers, and hers were his; she herself was his; and these were facts, and nothing could alter or disturb them. She grew calmer. She

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felt the eternal life of the marriage tie like a tangible presence in the dark room. She was elevated above her own mood; her worst weakness and her deadliest doubt looked far from her, like mists seen in valleys to a climber. She caressed her mother with unprecedented tenderness.

Yet when the door-bell pealed and throbbed through the house (a more nervous ring than usual) she trembled so that she had to slip off the bed and walk the floor to get her breath. It was seven o'clock. He had come, and she had not prepared one word of that important interview. She must say something, and what it were possible or wise — womanly — best —

"Ma'am, it's the doctor. Shall he come up without I light the candles?"

Thus Janet, standing peaceful and fair in the door-way, with an old brass candlestick and low candle in her hand. "And Jacobs says, ma'am, he forgot to tell you that Mr. Nordhall" —

"Did he not deliver the note to Mr. Nordhall, as I bade him?"

"But you know you sent him directly for the doctor, ma'am, before ever he was out of his wet things, or the hosses up; and he's *had* no chance to tell you up to this present opportunity," added Janet, with a touch of feeling, "that the housekeeper bid him say Mr. Nordhall was called away on sudden business, and would not get back for several days. She would keep the note till he returned. Did you say I was to light the doctor up?"

Assuredly. Yes. She was to call Dr. Bishop at once, and light those candles which could not shine in Madam Strong's eyes.

Dr. Bishop was a busy man. Madam Strong was not a dangerously sick patient. Even had she been, I think he would have found time to observe the daughter-in-law who ministered affectionately at the bedside, that night. He belonged to that class of physicians among whom George Eliot ranked her Lydgate, "a man who thought less of a case as a case than as John or Elizabeth, especially Elizabeth." Dr. Bishop summoned Mrs. John Strong below-stairs, when he left, and informed her abruptly that he wished her to take her mother to the mountains.

"This is sudden!" said Reliance, changing color.

"She must get away from the sea. I wish you to take her to Bethlehem, New Hampshire."

"When?"

"Next week Monday."

"Will she be able to travel?"

"Perfectly."

"It is October."

"I wish you to spend the month of October there with her. Go to the Sinclair House, and then select a place to suit you. You will inquire into the location of the well, wherever you go. You can have open wood fires, and be made quite comfortable. You will please to make your plans at once. The sooner the better for you."

"You talk as if I were the patient!" cried Reliance, almost angrily.

They were standing in the little library, by the high ebony desk. Reliance leaned upon the desk. Opposite them, across the drawing-room, the long mirror hung. It seemed to regard them. Their figures were reflected in it, — the physician's in part, the lady's in full. When Reliance said, "You talk as if I were the patient!" Dr. Bishop turned and looked over the empty room at the glass. Reliance, in her unornamented, close-fitting black dress, stood there like a sweet and sombre panel. Her cheeks were burning with a high light. She returned the physician's gaze with feverish eyes; she rebelled against it with all her being; yet some traitor in her seemed to spring and call to it for help or health, as if she *had* been ill.

"A patient, — yes, you are; but none of mine."

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The image of the physician to the image of the lady said, or seemed to say, this in the mirror's mist.

"Go to Bethlehem with your mother. It is the best thing you can do."

But when Reliance would have spoken, the glass was empty of him. She only saw herself standing in the gold-framed panel, quite alone.

A blight upon these highly-trained, observant faculties, which were the next thing to the clairvoyant, and far more dangerous to the peace of society, inasmuch as they were the more respectable! The business of these people was to cure bodies, not to meddle with souls. The doctor had dared to look at her as if she were a perplexed or hysterical girl. She could have hated him.

Little Janet stood at the head of the stairs when she went up, regarding her with her dog-like eyes.

"You seem so tired, Mrs. Strong, dear; let *me* sit with her a while."

Reliance wrung the housemaid's hand in silence; the sympathy came nearer to her than that of what we call "an equal," just then; she could have put her head on Janet's shoulder and cried.

"Kaiser is in your room, asleep on the rug," said Janet, with her quick feminine perception. She knew that nobody comforted her mistress like Kaiser. "I 'd go and see how nice he looks, if I was you. You 'll kind of rest a mite. I 'll give the medicines and look to the flannels till you come."

Mrs. Strong obeyed the girl in silence. She was not ashamed to have *Kaiser* see her cry. The only objection to Kaiser in the capacity of comforter was that he insisted on kissing away the tears. But all forms of created sympathy have their drawbacks. This is a fact intended, as the theologians may have suggested, to produce a dissatisfaction with the lower and craving for the higher types of consolation.

Dr. Bishop had that quality of command which elicits obedience, and the ladies went to the mountains on Monday. Madam Strong was distinctly convalescent, and feared the nature of the mattresses; but, unquestionably, the doctor understood her constitution. If he prescribed a husk bed on a mountain peak in October for pleurisy, husks and mountains alone could in all human probability save her life. It no more occurred to Madam Strong that Dr. Bishop could be mistaken in an opinion than it occurred to her to question whether the world was made between Monday morning and Saturday night, and finished off in season for the Lord to read the collects at the Sunday morning service. True, there were people, even in Salem, who disagreed with the book of Genesis and employed the homœopathist. Madam Strong was not ignorant. She treated these facts as an educated person should, with well-bred gratitude that Dr. Bishop's patients were better informed. She went to Bethlehem without a murmur.

Reliance, too, went not ungladly. She was tired with everything and everybody. Nordhall would be detained some days longer; he had written about it; it might be even a week or two. There was an oil-well in Pennsylvania on fire, and he had trusteed as well as private interests there. He had written a pleasant little note, which began, "My dear friend."

One would have time to think in Bethlehem. And nobody knew about one; nobody talked. She was not sure that she ever wanted to see Charley Nordhall again. She vibrated with gusts of feeling. She was no longer in a hurry to experience that necessary interview. At times she wished she had never seen him. She did not write to him.

Nordhall returned from Pennsylvania in the course of the week. His oil-well was out. He could have wished his feverish impatience to be at home were as calmly laid. He hurried to his house, intending to take a bath, a nap,

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a dinner, a smoke, perhaps, and after that a long, quick walk. He would be in that physical harmony which insures health of soul before he went to see her. He dreaded himself a little, after these separations; he might speak impulsively; he would rather guard himself and her with vigorous repose. He thought it all well over.

There was that admixture of impulse and prudence in Nordhall's nature which has been well called "the true reasonableness of manhood."

A colder or a calmer man would have been, in fact, more liable, in such a position, to be ambushed by his own feeling. Nordhall knew that he had auburn hair and the eyes that match it, and that he might any day make an outrageous blunder. He was learning to analyze a temperament which is either a man's first friend or deadliest foe. He pleased himself at times with his psychological successes.

He did not glance at his mail till he was dressed; in fact, not till dinner was past, and he went into the library, hesitating over a cigar. Then he looked the letters over idly: two from the Bamboo and Ginger man; one from the Boston cousin; a grocer's bill, the gas, the water; an invitation from Amy Rollinstall; tickets to church charity theatricals; three more invitations; two more October bills. At the bottom of the pile he found her note. It was dated ten days ago. He did not smoke that evening. He read the note three times, put on his hat, and went immediately out. He walked rapidly, and so gained ten minutes, perhaps, on the information which Jacobs and Kaiser had in reserve for him: The ladies were in Bethlehem for the mistress's health, and Janet was with 'em.

"*Which* mistress's health? Who was sick?"

"The old 'un, sir. But Janet thinks Mrs. John is peaked herself, sir. Janet is that fond of Mrs. John."

There was time; ten minutes saved would carry him into Boston by the last evening train, and he could there take the morning express to Littleton. He thought better of this, however, in season to save himself; went home to bed and to sleep on it, like a sensible fellow. In the morning, he decided to go about his business. If it still struck him as wise, he would run up to Bethlehem on Friday. *Why* it is a less noteworthy attention to go out of one's way for a woman the last than the first of the week, a wiser than the compiler of these records must explain. Certain it is that one may safely expend on Saturday or Sunday an amount of social emotion which on Monday dangerously defies a social *convenance*, impalpable as air and imperious as iron.

To go to her "on a week-day" was plainly undesirable, under the circumstances. Any man may spend his Sundays in the mountains.

On Friday Nordhall went to Conway; thence to Littleton, where for no very definite reason he spent the night. On Saturday morning he ran over to Bethlehem and the Sinclair House.

He found their names upon the book; they had left for a private boarding-house, which it was so easy to reach that his impatience reacted a little, and he sought delay and thought before he met her. He strolled out into the old parish burying-ground, a pleasant place. The October countenance of the hills looked down at him through veils of passionately colored mist and foliage. The late birds twittered and hopped upon the grave-stones familiarly. Delicate frost was on the blackberry vines and sumach, the wild briar and elder, that burned beneath his feet, or leaned in cloaks of purple, carmine, and olive upon the gray shoulders of the old stone-wall.

He drank in the keen air. The purity of the place and its peace reached him, in some sense. He was glad he

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came. It seemed to bring him a little nearer to that invisible world so near to which she walked; wherein dwelt the life of those who have departed from the seen to the unseen form, from the measurable to the immeasurable influence upon character. He remembered that it was a world near which he, too, must stand, if he would stand to comrade or to comfort her. He remembered that John Strong was in it.

He took off his hat, and wandered, bareheaded to the October morning, among the old-fashioned and long-quiet dead. He was glad of these few moments to prepare him for the sight of this woman whose friendship had become the light of his life. He felt like one who stays to offer silent prayer before a religious service. His thought of her was a cathedral to him.

Something clung to his foot as he strolled among the graves, timidly, almost like a finger touch.

He stooped, and saw a little flash of color, silver gray. It was a woman's veil.

At first he thought he would not touch it. He knew as well as if she had told him that it was hers. He had seen her wear such a one sometimes of late, to protect the eyes which had suffered from so much crape. It seemed to him that he could no more mistake it than he could mistake the texture of her hand. His color came slowly, in great waves. After that momentary hesitation he snatched the veil and hid it in his breast. . . . And now she was his festival. He was like one who had asked grace before a banquet. He left the dead behind him. (Oh, they sleep well beneath the bright hoar-frost! Little cries of birds upon the head-stones neither stir nor start them. Colors of the October morning, what care have they for ye? Countenances of the mountains, they return ye no regard!) He left, and leaped the grave-yard wall, and hurried to her.

The boarding-house door was open to the sharp air, and he wandered in. There was a hall or entry-way, with a hair-cloth sofa in it. He sat down here a moment. Long corridors running to closed rooms branched from this entry toward the two wings of the house. As he sat there, a door opened at the extreme end of one of the passages, and she came out. She had a little breakfast tray which she carried, with her slight wrist bent under it, in one hand. There was a window at the end of the corridor, uncurtained; her outline was distinct and fine against this light; her face he could not see.

Her attention was occupied with the tray. She gave that slow turn of her head.

He rose at once, and began to plead with her.

"I 've only come to spend Sunday — at the hotel. Don't be angry with me! I just got home, this week."

She did not say much. He took the little tray from her, for he saw the fringe of the orange-colored doyley tremble across the edge of the tea-cup, where it had been folded. She stood hesitating, and then sat down upon the hair-cloth sofa. Her color returned. He feared that he had startled her, and passionately blamed himself. He looked at her. His own lip trembled. Her loveliness had taken him by surprise.

"What do you carry that heavy thing for?" he began, dashing down the first idle current of thought that presented itself as an outlet to what he was feeling; he must find fault with something.

"The landlady is sick," said Reliance demurely, without looking up. "The table-girl has just left to teach a — university I think they call it; it is somewhere in the direction of Littleton. She was a highly accomplished young woman. *She* would never have upset that cup of cocoa. It is trickling on your hat. She studied Greek after the boarders were abed. I respect the New Hampshire waitress, as a race, exceedingly. Now, Janet" —

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"Why did n't Janet carry the breakfast away?" asked Nordhall, laughing; he too had recovered himself a little. Their eyes met with a fearless gladness.

"Oh, I *knew* Janet wanted to finish a letter to Jacobs. *She* has never studied Greek," added Mrs. Strong pensively. "I feel so much more on a level with her, you can't think! I really was n't sorry when that university began its term. I think they called it a semester. When I asked her for the rolls I felt as if she were mentally commenting, 'Ladies' Greek, without the accents.' My inferiority to Janet is less marked. How long did you say you were going to stay?"

"Till Monday."

"That is a good while."

"Are you sorry?"

"Not just this minute. You saved the tray from tumbling down. That punch bowl — chicken broth — belonged to the landlady's great-great-grandfather. She adores it."

"How is your mother?"

"Oh, so much better! We drive every day; we have a lovely time. The forks are plated, but we brought the mattresses from home. She criticises the doughnuts, but one can put Albert biscuit in the trunks. If it were n't for the stone china, she would be reconciled to the Franconia range, I think. And Dr. Bishop writes twice a week. We really have a lovely time."

"Can I see Madam Strong?"

"She would n't see the angel Michael till after dinner. Then she will be most happy. I must go and take this tray somewhere. I don't know but Mrs. Brandy will expect me to help wash the dishes."

"Who, pray, is Mrs. Brandy?"

"Why, the landlady! Is n't it a nice name?"

"What do you do mornings, before Madam Strong drives?"

"Oh, sometimes I sit on the piazza; or I walk a good deal. There 's a charming old grave-yard here I walk in. Sometimes I go towards the Notch. Janet stays with her mornings, and she sleeps. Sometimes I read, or perhaps I write letters. Everybody writes letters in Bethlehem. You can't think how many I 've written! I wrote six pages to Mr. Griggs last night. I have n't spoken to a soul, since I 've been here, outside the house, unless you count the postmaster, or the old man that drives pigs by at four in the morning and wakes mother up; and once I met a little girl in the grave-yard. And we are the only boarders! You can't think how lovely it is! I have n't had an invitation (oh, yes, there was what they call a 'gathering' at the church vestry, and they wanted me to come, but fortunately I had a toothache), and I have n't made a call, and there is n't a drunkard in Bethlehem!"

"Put on your hat, then, and come to walk with me," said Nordhall.

"I will go and see," answered Reliance, as if she had been a little girl.

She returned in a few minutes, with a white straw hat tied over her hair by a black veil. She held her thick white shawl over her arm. He took the shawl as if he had been used to doing so every day; and as if they had been used to walking together every day, they went out into the morning.

"How I should like to walk to the Profile!" cried Reliance gayly, as they passed down the street.

"How far is it?"

"Oh, only nine miles."

"We might begin," suggested he, smiling indulgently, as if she *had* been a child.

"You can't think how odd it seems to have anybody to walk with."

"Pleasant, I hope?"

"Why, yes, very pleasant."

They chatted in this commonplace way till they had left the village, and struck into the solitary mountain road. (The necessity of being original has

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taken the comfort out of more friendships than the culture of dullness has ruined.)

Then, when they were quite alone, she stopped talking. They had walked fast; he saw that she was tired, and he asked her to sit and rest by the roadside. She did so at once. The sun was warm and direct, and she said she never took cold.

"I did not get your note till Monday," said Nordhall immediately.

"No. Of course not."

"I wanted to come up on Tuesday."

"I am glad you thought better of it. *This* is bad enough."

"What can you possibly mean?" cried he, his astonishment clearly overmastering all other feeling.

"I don t know how to tell you," said Reliance indistinctly. Then he saw how she caught her breath, and that she suffered genuine embarrassment.

"What was that note about, any way?" he demanded. His quivering emotion at seeing her distress lent a thrill like anger to his tone. "What had happened?"

"Something dreadful, — *dreadful!*"

"You did not seem to find it very dreadful when you saw me this morning."

"No. I almost forgot. I meant to forget when I came up here. And I *don't* care as much about it as I did when I wrote that note."

"If you could only give me the slightest clue to what you mean," — began the man, helplessly.

"You might know what I mean!" cried the woman, rationally.

"I 'm not an imaginative fellow," said Nordhall, hitting some rose berries sulkily with his cane. "All I know is that you distress me beyond measure. If anything dreadful has happened to you I ought to know it, whether it is any of my concern or not," he added doggedly.

"It does concern you," said Reliance, with sudden courage. "It concerns us both. It is something people said."

"Oh! Is *that* all?"

"*All?* Why, they said — they said" —

"They said we were engaged to be married. Certainly. Why, I have heard that scores of times."

"You never told me! You never" —

"Why should I trouble you? Why, my dear friend, tell me, why should we either of us be troubled over a petty thing like that? See this thistle beyond the rose-bush. I touch it with my cane, — no, I breathe on it from this distance. It is gone. Look! The four winds of heaven hold all that gossamer. Shall I go and gather it for you, and pack it up again in a purple calyx? Does it fall on you and me, sitting here? We are on our way to the Profile. Nobody notices, thinks, cares, says. We can walk arm-in-arm, if you like, all the way, and not meet any living soul. Oh, turn your head and look through those rose berries at the sky! Can you see the shadows on the Franconia? That same cloud casts a darkness on your hair. See, we are alone. Why should you fret, or mind?"

He turned his head upon his hand, and looked at her dreamily. But now he saw that she was deeply annoyed.

"But I do mind, — I did mind very much indeed. I do not like to hear such things. They are an insult. They hurt me. I am John Strong's wife. I do not intend to marry" —

"I have never" — He checked himself.

"No, you have never asked me," she said, without a blush. "Even if you wished it — and I know you do not wish it — you would not be so cruel."

He did not answer this; and after a moment he suggested: —

"Let us walk on."

"Let us walk back," she said wearily. "I can't get to the Profile. I am not as strong as I thought."

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"Sometimes I'm afraid I hope you are not," he murmured impetuously.

"I did not understand you?"

"I am sorry you are tired. Take my arm, — do. Why should you not? Now let us talk of this. What are we to do about this 'dreadful thing'?"

Looking up, — for she took his arm, — she saw the mischief in his eyes.

"You can laugh at me!" she cried.

"At *you?* Oh, no, no! At *it*. Yes, I can. Reliance Strong, I think this terrible calamity you speak of is only fit to be laughed at. I think it was unworthy of you to pay that rumor the deference of one pang or tear."

"How did you know I cried over it?"

"I don't know much, it is true, but I know *you*." She was silent now; her agitation subsiding in gentle waves.

"Then, what do you think we ought to do about it?" she asked, more quietly.

"Do? I should scorn to 'do' anything. You and I understand each other" —

"And John," she interrupted.

"And John — Yes. We all understand each other. You need me. I need you. If a rational man and woman in a rational state of society cannot pursue a rational friendship without contemplating or perpetrating a marriage engagement, either by accident or design, then civilization is a failure."

"It seems to me I have somewhere read that civilization *is* a failure."

"Now what do you mean by that?" He stopped short, looked at her, but perceived the innocent malice of her interruption, and hastened eagerly on: "And if ever a man and woman could be — could do this thing, I believe you and I are that woman and man."

"I have hoped so," she admitted tremulously; she too was in earnest now.

"I don't hope so!" cried Nordhall, boyishly. "I know so. See, Reliance, my comfort, my strength, — my strong Reliance! Look at me! Would you give me up for *that?*"

She lifted her face. She saw the October sky above his tall height, and the mountains, like witnesses at a solemn pledge, seemed to gather themselves together about them. She met his eyes. They overflowed with protecting tenderness; grave, guarded, — grand, she thought.

"Do you think," he asked gently, "that *I* would not be the first to see anything that could trouble you, — anything we must notice or regard that you could fitly pay attention to? Do you think *I* would not care for all these little things? Leave them," he pleaded, "to me. Just take the comfort of my friendship — if it is a little comfort — without fret or worry. I cannot bear to worry you. Will you not trust me?"

"I will trust you," she murmured gravely, "and I will not give you up for this."

They had a pleasant Sabbath. Nordhall even went to church with her in the morning, and heard the theology of Bethlehem without demur; he was too happy to care what he was asked to believe. Madam Strong, too, received him graciously; she was glad to see somebody from home. He sat with the ladies in the great boarding-house parlor, and Reliance played church anthems for her mother on the hoarse piano. He dined with them, too, and praised the doughnuts.

Then they sat on the piazza a little while, and became historical, and thirsted for information, and discussed positions not dissimilar in human experience to their own. They mentioned the acquaintances of celebrated women and men. Mrs. Strong remembered that Vittoria Colonna and Michael Angelo were friends. Nordhall spoke of Madame Récamier and Châteaubriand, of Madame Swetchine and the Count de Maistre, of Fénelon and Madame Guyon; and then Reliance recalled Robertson and

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Lady Byron; and Cowper and Mrs. — Who was it? She forgot the name! These people had friendship. They *would* have it. They knew how to have it. They had taught the world to respect it. They had done the race that divine service.

Mrs. Strong and Mr. Nordhall looked into each other's eyes on the boarding-house piazza in the Sunday noon of the Bethlehem October, and discussed their indebtedness to these great persons.

In the afternoon Reliance proposed visiting that old cemetery, but he objected; his heart did not turn any more to graves. Instead, he asked her to drive to the Profile, and, after some hesitation, her mother urging it (Reliance had been so prisoned in the sick-room of late), she consented to go. Nordhall found a good horse; they started early, and were home an hour before tea. It was a quiet ride. They did not talk of matters which trouble or excite. They said nothing of friendship and civilization, or of service to the race. They shared thoughts, and what in New England we love to call "views." They did not discuss feelings. Reliance returned calmed and strengthened.

She felt that she could not be thankful enough for the friendliness of this firm and unselfish man. Nothing had occurred to mar the repose of their ride. When they had sat together below the Great Stone Face, neither had spoken. The sky spoke, and the hills, the eternal solitude, and the granite lips.

Her own little lot seemed small to her as she looked up. What was solitude? What, a short life of trouble? Who but a coward could refuse to endure whatever had an end? She pierced her fate with these brave challenges. We are all of us apt, perhaps, to employ ourselves with this kind of sharp-shooting at those crises of our history when we are least solitary and most content.

As for Nordhall, he was mainly occupied with wondering what he ought to do about that veil. He could not quite look that old fellow on the mountain in the eye with a piece of stolen gauze in his left breast-pocket.

When he came to bid her good-by that evening, for he was to take a start too early to disturb Mrs. Brandy's household, he battled with himself about this little thing. They were alone in the huge bare parlor, which the lady and the open fire redeemed from intolerable unhomeliness. She stood by the hearth. The barren room seemed hung with cloth of gold. He had not expected to find it so hard to leave her.

He had twice bidden her good-night before he came back, and without preface or apology said, —

"I found your veil in the churchyard. I have kept it."

"*You* found it? Yes; I lost it Friday."

She put out her hands, as if to reclaim it. But he shook his head.

"I don't know about that," said Reliance gravely.

"Then take it!" He drew it from his breast and held it out to her.

"What good can it do you? I do not like — I am not used — I never do such things." She hesitated and stammered.

"Why don't you take it?"

But she did not take it. She looked perplexed and pained.

"I don't want to be foolish," she said humbly.

"Then let me keep the thing," he answered, in a comfortable tone. "I never had anything that belonged to you. I took a fancy to this. It seems to me you might trust me with it."

She look at him searchingly; he returned her gaze with clear and quiet eyes; she did not take the veil; they shook hands, and he went away.

He went away and out into the silent, awfully silent, village. He did not go back to his hotel till nearly midnight.

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He walked and walked and walked, over the deserted and now chilly roads. There was no wind. It was supernaturally still. In the glows and glooms between the houses where the lights were going out, he could see the dull outlines of head-stones in that churchyard. He hurried past it.

"I 'm walking as if ghosts were at my heels!" he said aloud, at last, and stopped short. He made a sharp turn and went back to the hotel. He ordered something, he could not have told what, — something hot; he did not touch it. He continued to walk and to walk, up and down his forlorn little room. He walked till it was one o'clock.

There was but one book in the room, supposed to be the one of all others which hotel guests chiefly and habitually spend their traveling time in reading. He noticed this Bible lying on the empty table by the solitary, tall kerosene light. He went and sat down by it, and held it, unopened, in his hand a minute. He looked haggard and old. Once he turned over his shoulder a look not without fear.

Presently the whole tension of the man softened and yielded. He put the Bible down. He took out of his breast the silver veil, and laid it upon the Holy Book, stretched his hands upon them both, with a gesture infinitely protecting, tender, and pathetic, and pressed his cheek upon his hand, solemnly like one at prayer.

But this action brought his lips in contact with the warm bit of gauze. Suddenly he snatched it to them, and kissed it again and again and again. . . . All was over now.

A man of honor could be the victim, but not the culprit, of these terrible illusions.

Friendliness? Pity? *Friendship?* Then pity was a passion and friendship an omnipotent love.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

VOLTAIRE'S SCHOOL DAYS

The boy remained at home three years after his mother's death, with his father, sister, and elder brother, instructed in a desultory way by the Abbé Châteauneuf. The family lived liberally and with some elegance, enjoying, as documents attest, a large garden, a summer residence in a suburban village, with a farm adjacent, horses, vehicles, books, an ample income, consideration, and a circle of agreeable friends, whom these alone never command. "I wrote verses from my cradle," Voltaire remarks more than once, and Duvernet adds that Armand Arouet also wrote them, even while both were boys at home. The family, he says, used to amuse themselves by pitting the brothers against one another in verse-making, and the verses of the younger were so good as at first to please and afterwards to alarm his father, who was a man of judgment, and dreaded the development of so unprofitable a talent.

Maître Arouet, like a true French father, had a scheme of life for each of his sons. The elder, as a matter of course, would follow his father's business of notary, and succeed by inheritance to his father's offices. For his younger son he cherished more ambitious views: he designed to make a solicitor or an advocate of him. A notary, in such practice as he enjoyed, would be almost a sufficient patron to a young advocate, and it would be both convenient and advantageous to have a lawyer in the family. We still hear of solicitors in Lon-

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don, in large practice, bringing up a son or a nephew as a barrister, because it is solicitors who choose barristers for their clients. There were also places open to the legal profession in France, procurable by purchase, by interest, or by a blending of the two, which led to the higher magistracy, if not to the court and cabinet of the king.

This father, it is evident, had set his heart upon seeing his younger son enter a career in which he could push him on to fortune with advantage to himself; and to this end he took precisely the course which an opulent father of his rank would adopt at the present time: he sent him to the great school of the day, — the Eton of France, — the Jesuit Collège Louis-le-Grand, attended then by two thousand boys of the most distinguished families in the kingdom. This school, which still exists upon its ancient site in the Rue St. Jacques, in the heart of old Paris, presented almost every attraction which could weigh with a fond or an ambitious parent. The Jesuits were in the highest credit with king, court, and hierarchy, and this school was among their most cherished and important institutions. Years before, when Louis XIV. visited it in state to witness a play performed by the pupils, he let fall an expression which gave it the name it bore, and brought it into the highest fashion. A spectator said, "Everything is admirable here." The king, hearing the remark, responded, "Certainly, it is my college." The next morning, before the dawn of day, the old name of "College of Clermont" had disappeared from the gate-way, and in its stead was placed a new name, "Collège Louis-le-Grand."

The urbane and scholarly Jesuits held this king in firm possession. That plain-spoken lady, Madame, mother of the Regent, tells us in her Memoirs that the priests had made the king believe all men damned except those whom Jesuits had instructed. If any one about the court, she adds, wished to ruin a man, he had only to call him a Huguenot or a Jansenist, and his business was done. Her son, the Duke of Orleans, desired to take a gentleman into his service who had been accused of Jansenism. "Why, nephew," said the king, "do you think of such a thing as receiving a Jansenist into your service?" The prince replied, "I can positively assure your majesty that he is no Jansenist. It is rather to be feared that he does not even believe in God." "Oh," said the king, "if that's all, and you give me your word he's no Jansenist, take him." It is doubtful if Maître Arouet thought better of the Jansenists than the king, since his son Armand had come from their teaching a narrow and cheerless devotee.

It was in the autumn of 1704, a few weeks after the battle of Blenheim, that François-Marie Arouet, aged ten years, was placed in this famous school. His home was within an easy walk of the miscellaneous aggregation of buildings belonging to the college in the Rue St. Jacques, on the southern side of the Seine; but his father, left a widower three years before, had given away his only daughter in marriage, and therefore entered his son among the boarders, five hundred in number.

The child was not turned loose among this great crowd of boys, to make his way as best he could. There were privileges which wealth could buy, and Maître Arouet provided for his son one of the most valuable of these. The price of board and tuition was four hundred francs a year; which entitled the pupil to no special care or comfort. A prince, or indeed any man who chose to pay the extra cost, could establish his son in a private room, and provide him with a servant and tutor; and there were usually thirty or forty boys in the college thus favored. The private rooms were in such request that it was necessary to speak for one of them years be-

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fore it was wanted. There were thirty or forty larger rooms for groups of five, six, or seven pupils, each group under the care of a *préfet*, a priest who served them as father and tutor, aiding them in their lessons, and keeping them from harm. It was in one of these groups that Maître Arouet placed his child, under the tutelage of Father Thoulier, a young priest (twenty-two in 1704) of noted family and attainments. What better could a generous father do for a promising, motherless boy of ten in the Paris of 1704? Clad in a scholar's modest frock and cap, brown-haired, bright-eyed, not robust, already practiced in gay mockery of things revered, François Arouet took his place in that swarm of French boys of the Collège Louis-le-Grand. There he remained for seven years, and it was his only school.

We must think of it simply as a boy's school, not a college; a humming, bustling hive of boys, given to mischief, and liable to the most primitive punishments when detected in the same. It was while Voltaire was a pupil that the Duke de Boufflers and the Marquis d'Argenson conspired with other boys to blow a pop-gun volley of peas at the nose of the unpopular professor, Father Lejay, and were condemned to be flogged for the outrage. The marquis, a boy of seventeen, the son of a king's minister, managed to escape; but the younger duke, though he was named "Governor of Flanders," and colonel of a regiment, was obliged to submit to the punishment. The discipline, however, was far from being severe, and there was evidently a friendly sympathy between pupils and teachers, which in the case of Voltaire survived school-days.

In no important particular did this school differ from a Jesuit school of the present moment, such as we may visit in Rome, Vienna, Montreal, New York. Sixty years after leaving it, Voltaire recalled to mind the picture, twelve feet square, which adorned one of its halls, of St. Ignatius and St. Xavier going to heaven in a resplendent chariot drawn by four white horses, the Father Eternal visible on high, wearing a beautiful white beard flowing to his waist, the Virgin and her Son by his side, the Holy Spirit beneath in the form of a dove, and a choir of angels waiting with joined hands and bowed heads to receive the illustrious fathers of the order. He remembered, too, that if any one in France had presumed to ridicule this childish legend, the reverend Père la Chaise, confessor of the king, would have had the scoffer in the Bastille with promptitude. Just such pictures still hang in many a school, and the general view of the universe intended to be inculcated by them is not materially changed. But the Bastille is gone, and the power of Père la Chaise is diminished.

The boy took his place in the lowest class, the sixth, and began his *Rosa, la Rose*, in the crabbed old Rudimenta of Despautères, written in Latin, and stuffed with needless difficulties of the good old-fashioned kind. At many schools a better book was used, written in French, and every way more suitable; but no Jesuit of that generation would adopt it because it was written by the Fathers of Port Royal, odious Jansenists! In Greek he was given a little book of easy sentences, by Jean Stobée, a compiler who lived in the fourth century; and this was followed, in his second year, by a selection of Æsop's Fables. Early in the course he was set to reading the Latin poems of Father Commire, who put into such hexameters as he could command the stories of Jonah, Daniel, and the Immaculate Conception, for the edification of youth; also, some pompous eulogies of the Virgin Mary. And so he worked his way up through all the classes, meeting every day similar incongruities, at the recollection of which he laughed all his life: Epictetus one hour, and

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St. Basil's Homilies the next; now Lucian, now St. Chrysostom; Virgil in the morning, Commire in the afternoon; Cicero alternating with Father Lejay's Latin Life of Joseph; Sallust followed by a Psalm of David, in what he calls "kitchen Latin;" the college course being that wondrous mixture of the two Romes — Cicero's Rome and the Pope's Rome, both imperial — which for ages constituted polite education. The teachers were amiable and worthy gentlemen, who did the best they knew for their pupils. It merely happened that they now had a pupil in whom the ingredients would not mix.

The most gifted boy, in the most favorable circumstances, can only make a fair beginning of education from ten to seventeen. Voltaire, at the end of his course, could not have entered such universities as Oxford, Cambridge, Berlin, and Harvard are now. He may have had Latin enough, but not half enough Greek; no modern language but his own; scarcely any tincture of mathematics; no modern history; no science; not even a tolerable outline of geography. The school-books still held to the ancient theory that rivers were formed by the ocean running into deep caverns under the mountains; and if any of the fathers had yet heard of the new astronomy of Professor Isaac Newton (adopted at Oxford in 1704, Voltaire's first year at school), they had heard of it only to reject it as heresy. He did not learn the most remarkable events even of French history, unless he learned them out of class. "I did not," he intimates, "know that Francis I. was taken prisoner at Pavia, nor where Pavia was; the very land of my birth was unknown to me. I knew neither the constitution nor the interests of my country; not a word of mathematics, not a word of sound philosophy. I learned Latin and nonsense."

We have a work upon education by Jouvency, a Jesuit father of that generation, in which no mention is made of geography, history, mathematics, or science. Much Latin, a little Greek, and plenty of what Voltaire called nonsense (*sottises*) made up the mental diet of the pupils of the Collège Louis-le-Grand.

The main strength of the worthy fathers was expended in teaching their pupils to use words with effect and grace. The nonsense (*les sottises*) was a necessity of their time and vocation. Grave and learned men could still gravely and learnedly discourse upon the grades of angels, the precise difference between a "throne" and a "dominion," the language employed by Adam and Eve, the parents of Melchisedech, and the spot whence Enoch had been translated to heaven. Boys could not escape such *sottises;* but in a fashionable school of the learned and courtly Jesuits they were taught with more of formality and routine than among Jansenist orders, who were rude enough to take such things seriously.

Literary skill was what this boy acquired at school, and scarcely any other good thing. He studied and loved Virgil, his "idol and master." He studied and loved Horace, the model of much of his maturest verse. He loved to recall, in later years, the happy hour when, as a school-boy, he came upon that passage of Cicero's oration on behalf of the poet Archias, which has been a favorite sentence with school-boys for many a century: "Studies nourish youth, cheer old age, adorn prosperity, console adversity, delight at home, are no impediment abroad, remain with us through the night, accompany us when we travel, and go with us into the country." In a letter to Madame du Châtelet, written in the first warmth of their affection, he speaks of having often repeated to her those words, which, he says, he early adopted as his own. He speaks more than once, in his letters, of his boyish sensibility to the charms of poetry, — his first passion and his last.

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Hebrew he mentions having tried in vain to learn. In a letter of 1767, in repudiating the doctrine of the natural equality of minds, he adduces his own incapacities: "As early as my twelfth year I was aware of the prodigious number of things for which I had no talent. I knew that my organism was not formed to go very far in mathematics. I have proved that I have no capacity for music. God has said to each man, Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther. I had some natural power to acquire modern languages; none for the Oriental. We cannot all do all things."

His teachers seemed chosen to nourish his reigning tastes. Father Thoulier, his tutor, known afterwards as Abbé d'Olivet, was one of the most enthusiastic and accomplished Latinists in Europe, his translations of Cicero remaining classic to this day in France. He spent a long life in the study of Roman literature, his love for which had originally drawn him into the order, against the wishes of his family. "Read Cicero! Read Cicero!" he exclaimed in a public address; and these words, as one of his biographers remarks, were the moral of his life. He could almost have added, "Read nothing but Cicero!" He was a familiar, genial teacher, whom Voltaire, half a century later, used to address as "my dear Cicero;" and the abbé would return the compliment by telling his pupil that he was tired of men, and passed his days "with a Virgil, a Terence, a Molière, a Voltaire." In his latest years he became a kind of literary bigot, vaunting his favorite authors and reviling the favorites of others. He was in the ardor and buoyancy of youth when he breathed into this susceptible boy the love of Cicero, and gave him familiar slaps by way of amusement.

But the préfet only saw him safely to the door of the class-rooms. His chief professor of Latin was Father Porée, whose labor of love was to write Latin plays for the boys to perform, some of which are still occasionally presented in French schools.[1] M. Pierron declares that he shall not to his dying day forget the "prodigious *ennui*" that he endured in reading these productions, characterized, as he remarks, by inanity of conception, absence of interest, puerility of style, and jests in bad taste. They were, however, sufficient for their purpose, and gave the author a great reputation. He was a handsome, imposing, fluent, and agreeable man, who knew how to hold his classes attentive, and to adorn the platform on state occasions. Voltaire speaks of Father Porée with respect and fondness thirty years after leaving school, when his old master was at the head of the college.

It was Father Porée who said of the boy that "he loved to weigh in his little scales the great interests of Europe;" which calls to mind a remark of his own, written half a century later: "In my infancy I knew a canon of Péronne, aged ninety-two, who was reared by one of the most infuriate commoners of The League. He always said [in speaking of the assassin of Henry IV.], '*the late Monsieur de Ravaillac.*'" Being at a Jesuit college, he could not fail to hear something, from time to time, of the wondrous attempts of the Jesuits in Canada, made familiar to modern readers through the works of Dr. Francis Parkman. He even knew a M. Brébeuf, grand-nephew of that Father Brébeuf, martyr, bravest of the brave, whom Dr. Parkman has so nobly delineated in his Jesuits in North America. Voltaire heard from M. Brébeuf an anecdote that may have come from the missionary's lips: "He told me that his grand-uncle, the Jesuit, having converted a pretty little Canadian boy, the tribe, much offended, roasted the child, ate him, and gave a choice portion [*une*

[1] One of the Latin plays of Father Porée was performed at Boston, Mass., at the Commencement of Boston College, June 27, 1877.

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fesse] to the reverend Father Brébeuf, who, to get out of the scrape, said it was a fast with him that day."

From such slight indications as these we can infer that, little as the fathers may have formally taught him of modern history, he was not inattentive to the events of his time, and gained some knowledge of the heroic ages of France.

A comrade of Porée was Father Tournemine, an inmate of the Collège Louis-le-Grand, although not officially connected with it. He conducted a monthly magazine for the Jesuits, a kind of repository of historical memoirs and pious miscellany. He was a doting lover of such literature as he liked, a man of the world, a genial, easy companion to young and old, and held in high esteem in the college as literary ornament and arbiter. Between this editor and young Arouet there grew an attachment which lasted many years beyond the college course of the boy, and influenced both their lives. "While his comrades," says Duvernet, "strengthened their constitutions, though thinking only of amusing themselves, in games, races, and other bodily exercises, Voltaire withdrew from the playground to go and strengthen his mind in conversation with Fathers Tournemine and Porée, with whom he passed most of his leisure; and he was accustomed to say to those who rallied him upon his indifference to the pleasures natural to his age, 'Every one jumps and every one amuses himself in his own way.'"

It so chanced that Tournemine was as strenuous a partisan of Corneille as Abbé Châteauneuf was of Racine, whom the Jesuits held to be a Jansenist, and therefore neither poet nor Christian. "In my infancy," says Voltaire, in his edition of Corneille, "Father Tournemine, a Jesuit, an extreme partisan of Corneille, and an enemy of Racine, whom he deemed a Jansenist, made me remark this passage [Agesilaus to Lysander], which he preferred to all the pieces of Racine." The passage amply justifies the remark which the commentator adds: "Thus prejudice corrupts the taste, as it perverts the judgment, in all the concerns of life." Nevertheless, that very prejudice of the amiable Jesuit may have served the pupil as a provocative; and we can easily fancy this boy defending his favorite dramatist against the attacks of the fathers, aiming at them the arguments he had heard at home from his mentor, Abbé Châteauneuf.

In a large school there must be, of course, the unpopular teacher, who is not always the least worthy one. Father Lejay, professor of rhetoric of many years' standing, filled this "rôle" in the Collège Louis-le-Grand. He was a strict, zealous, disagreeable formalist; "a good Jesuit," devoted to his order, who composed and compiled many large volumes, still to be seen in French libraries; a dull, plodding, ambitious man, with an ingredient in his composition of that quality which has given to the word *Jesuit* its peculiar meaning in modern languages. He wrote a book of pious sentences for Every Day of the Week, and a discourse upon the Triumph of Religion under Louis IV. He translated and annotated the Roman Antiquities of Denys of Halicarnassus, compiled a vast work upon rhetoric, wrote upon the Duties of a Christian with Regard to Faith and Conduct, wrote tragedies and comedies in Latin and French, which were played at the college by the boys, with the "success" that invariably attends such performances. These dramas of the professor of rhetoric, which were described by a French explorer as among the curiosities of inanity, reveal the interesting fact that Father Lejay had a particular antipathy to "philosophers," and knew very well how to flatter Louis XIV. by abusing them. He was indeed much given to politic flattery, each of his works being dedicated to some great man of the hour whom

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his order or himself was interested to conciliate.

Plays were often performed at this school. One of the first comedies presented after the entrance of François Arouet was Lejay's Damocles, in which the friend of Dionysius is held up to scorn as a "philosopher," and the tyrant is presented to the admiration of the auditors as an ancient Louis XIV. Damocles is remarkable for the flowing amplitude of his beard, in which his foolish soul delights, and his favorite saying is, "Nations will never be happy until kings become philosophers, or philosophers kings." The king says, at length, "Very well, be it so; reign in my place." Damocles reigns. He commits every imbecile folly which the crude mind of Father Lejay could imagine or boys laugh at. The people rise against the "philosopher," and recall Dionysius, who tears the royal mantle from Damocles, and dooms him to lose his noble beard, more precious to him than life. The crowning scene is the last, in which a barber, with abundant ceremony and endless comic incident, cuts off the beard, amid applause that shook the solid walls of the college. It was only with Father Lejay that the young Arouet was not in pleasant accord during the seven years of his school life. The anecdote of their collision, vaguely related by Duvernet, came doubtless from Voltaire himself, even to some of the words which Duvernet employs in telling it: —

"Among the professors, who were very much attached to him, Father Lejay, a man of mediocre ability, vain, jealous, and held in little esteem by his colleagues, was the only one whose goodwill Voltaire could not win. He was professor of eloquence, and, like most of those who plume themselves upon that gift, he was very little eloquent. He was regarded as the Cotin [1] of orators. Voltaire had with him some literary discussions; the master felt himself humiliated by his pupil, and this was the source of that antipathy which Father Lejay had for Voltaire, — a feeling which he could not conquer, nor even disguise. One day, the pupil, exasperated by the professor, gave him a retort of a certain kind, which ought not to have been provoked, and which it had been discreet in the instructor not to notice. Father Lejay, in his rage, descends from his platform, runs to him, seizes him by the collar, and, rudely shaking him, cries out several times, 'Wretch! You will one day be the standard-bearer of deism in France!'"

Such a scene would not, in that age, have injured the audacious boy in the opinion of his comrades. It might even have made him the hero of a day; for it was of that period that Madame of Orleans wrote when she entered in her diary, "Religious belief is so completely extinct in this country that one seldom meets a young man who does not wish to pass himself off as an atheist. But the oddest part of it is that the very person who professes atheism in Paris plays the saint at court."

All things pressed this boy toward the path he was to follow. Every influence to which he was subjected, whether within or without the college, stimulated the development of his peculiar aptitudes.

In the France of Louis XIV. there were five illustrious names that did not belong to men of rank in church or state, and they were all the names of poets: Corneille, Racine, Molière, Boileau, and J. B. Rousseau. These alone of the commoners of France could be supposed worthy to be guests at great houses, and sit with princes in the king's presence. These five; Corneille, a lawyer's son; Racine and Boileau, sons of small placemen; Molière, the son of a Paris upholsterer; J. B. Rousseau, the child of the Arouet family's shoemaker.

[1] A pompous, arrogant court preacher of Louis XIII.'s time, satirized by Boileau and Molière.

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The boy Rousseau may have carried home shoes to the notary's house; but the proudest head in France was proud to bow to Rousseau the poet. The diaries of that generation attest the estimation in which the verse-making art was held, and the great number of persons who tried their hands at it. Verse was the one road to glory open to nameless youth, the career of arms being an exclusive preserve of feudal rank.

We have seen that the professors with whom this lad had most to do wrote plays in prose and in verse. The performance of those works on the great days of the school year absorbed such an amount of time and toil that we might suppose the college a training-school of actors. There was the little drama and the grand drama: the first consisting of farces and burlesques, in Latin or in French, or in both; the second of tragedies, in Latin. The little drama was presented in one of the college halls a few days before the end of the school year, and was witnessed only by the inmates; the plays being short, the comic effects simple, and the mounting inexpensive. The grand drama, reserved for the final day, when the prizes were given, — the solemn day of judgment of a French school, — was given in the great court of the college, converted for the occasion into a vast tent. The play was usually in five acts, and "entire months" were employed in drilling the young performers, rehearsing the play, and preparing the scenes. The stage was set up at the further end of the court, opposite the great gate-way, and the interior was all gay with banners, flags, streamers, tapestry, emblems, devices, and mottoes. The families of the pupils were invited, and places of honor were reserved for the chiefs of the Jesuit order, for bishops and archbishops, and for members of the royal family; the king himself being sometimes present. The five-act Latin play, on some subject of classic antiquity, was the prelude to the great event of the occasion, the distribution of the prizes; and, as the performers were generally the boys who were to receive prizes, it was a day of intoxicating glory to them, the applause bestowed upon the actor being renewed and emphasized when he stood up to receive the public recognition of a year's good conduct. On some occasions there was a mock trial, and the reading of poems composed by the pupils. The acting of charades was also a part of the school festivities, and they were performed very much as we do them now at holiday times, although with more formality.

If these provocations to literature were not sufficient, there were literary societies in the institution, not unlike those of American colleges at the present time. These were styled, in the Jesuit schools of that period, "academies;" and, as the Jesuits invented them, no reader needs to be told that the sessions were presided over by one of the father professors. In other respects, there was no material difference between the Academy for which François Arouet composed and declaimed and any Gamma-Delta society of an American college of the present time. The members debated, read poems of their own composition, declaimed those of others, and did all those acts and things which readers remember as part of their own joyous school experience. The tradition of the college is that the violent scene with Father Lejay, just related, occurred, not in class, as Duvernet has it, but during a debate in the Academy, Lejay presiding.

Thus stimulated to productivity, young Arouet soon became, and to the end of his course remained, the prodigy of the Collège Louis-le-Grand. Some of his early spurts of verse have been preserved.

It is not possible to fix the date of these poems, but we are sure of one thing: before he was eleven years of age, and before he had been at school a

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year, he was recognized and shown as a wonder of precocious talent. We are sure of this, because it was in the character of a wondrous boy-poet that Abbé Châteauneuf presented him to a personage still more wondrous, Mademoiselle Ninon de Lenclos, then in her ninetieth year, but still the centre of a brilliant circle.

She was "as dry as a mummy" when the little poet was taken to see her, — "a wrinkled, decrepit creature, who had nothing upon her bones but a yellow skin that was turning black." He says:

"I had written some verses, which were of no value, but seemed very good for my age. Mademoiselle de Lenclos had formerly known my mother, who was much attached to the Abbé de Châteauneuf; and thus it was found a pleasant thing to take me to see her. She was then eighty-five [eighty-nine]. It pleased her to put me in her will; she left me two thousand francs to buy books with. Her death occurred soon after my visit."

This legacy, which, as Voltaire more than once records, was punctually paid, confirms the version of the Abbé Duvernet, who says that the aged Ninon was delighted with the boy. Her house, in the Rue des Tournelles, was, he assures us, "a school of good breeding, and the rendezvous of philosophers and wits, whom she knew how to please and interest even in her decrepitude." All pleased her in the lad, — his confidence, his repartees, and, above all, his information. She questioned him upon the topic of the day, — the deadly feud between the sincere, austere Jansenists and the politic, scholarly Jesuits, then approaching its climax in the destruction of Port Royal. Doubtless he had his little say upon that subject, and spoke in the "decided tone" which the abbé mentions. Ninon, he remarks, "saw in him the germ of a great man; and it was to warm that germ into life that she left him the legacy to buy books, — a gift at once the most flattering and the most useful to a young man whose sole passion was to instruct himself."

The legacy was indeed most flattering. What a stimulus to a susceptible boy of eleven, already conscious of his powers, and living in the midst of a society who assumed that the composition of good French verse was among the most glorious of all possible feats of the mind! The next year, being in the fifth class, he began a tragedy upon the story, told in Livy, of Amulius, king of Alba, the wicked uncle of those babes in the woods, Romulus and Remus. He called his play Amulius and Numitor. He kept it many years among his papers, but threw it at length into the fire.

While still in the fifth class his fame reached the court. An invalid soldier, who had served under the immediate command of the king's only son and heir, came to the college one day, and asked the regent to write for him a petition in verse to the prince for aid in his sickness and poverty. The regent referred him to Arouet, who wrote twenty lines for him in half an hour. He made the old soldier address the prince as "the worthy son of the greatest of kings," his love, the people's hope, "who, without reigning over France, reigned over the hearts of the French." "Will you permit me," ran the petition, "to present a new year's gift to you, who only receive them from the hand of the gods? At your birth, they say, Mars gave you valor, Minerva wisdom, Apollo beauty; but a god more powerful, whom in my anguish I implore, designed to bestow new year gifts upon me in giving you liberality." The petition brought a few golden louis to the soldier, and made some little noise at Versailles and Paris. It is said also to have renewed the alarm of his father, lest so much flattery bestowed upon a casual exertion of his son's talents should lure him from the path which leads to rich clients and liberal fees. This versi-

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fied petition was the best of his school poems that has been preserved, and was really turned with much elegance and ingenuity. For a boy of twelve to devise a compliment for Louis XIV. or his race, after half a century of incense, that should attract a moment's attention from king or court must certainly be accounted a kind of triumph.

He did not neglect the ordinary studies of the school. At the close of his sixth year, in August, 1710, on the day of the distribution of prizes, he enjoyed extraordinary honors. Prize after prize, crown after crown (if we may believe tradition), was awarded him, until he was covered with crowns and staggered under the weight of his prize books. Among the guests in the grand pavilion was the poet J. B. Rousseau, then in the prime of manhood, the lustre of his fame undimmed. The name of François Marie Arouet caught his ear, and he asked one of the fathers if the lad were the son of Maître Arouet, of the Chamber of Accounts, whom he knew. The professor said he was, and that he had shown for some years a marvelous talent for poetry. Then the professor took the boy by the hand, all covered with crowns and laden with glory, and presented him to the poet. Rousseau kissed him on both cheeks, as the French do at such times, congratulated him warmly upon the honors he had received, and foretold for him a brilliant future. The scholar, with equal enthusiasm, threw his arms around the poet's neck, amid the emotion and applause of the assembly.

And so he went on, triumphantly and happily, to the end of his seven years' course, — a good scholar, a favorite of his teachers, admired by all his companions, and by some of them beloved. His friends at school remained his friends as long as they lived, and some of them lived to witness and to solace his last days. The warmest, tenderest, and longest friendships of his life were formed at the Collège Louis-le-Grand, and his instructors followed his career with interest and pride, despite the human foibles and the French faults that marred it. There is no question that his life at school was happy and honorable, and both in a high degree. He made the most of his chances there, such as they were.

These seven years, so brilliant and so fortunate for him in the safe seclusion of a school, were the darkest France had known since the time of Jeanne Darc; for it was then that the French people had to pay large installments of the penalty of enduring for half a century an ignorant and incompetent king. The defeat of Blenheim, in Arouet's first year at school, was followed by that of Ramilies in 1706, while he was writing his tragedy upon the bad uncle of Romulus and Remus. Defeat followed defeat, until in 1709 occurred the crowning disaster of Malplaquet. There were times, as this boy remembered, when Paris itself dreaded the victor's approach; and he never forgot the famine of 1709, when, besides the catastrophe of Malplaquet, the olives failed, the fruit trees were nipped by frost, the harvest was ruined, the British fleet captured the grain ships coming from the East, and the cold of the winter was extreme. His father had to pay a hundred francs extra for him at the college that year, and yet he had to eat brown bread. Probably he meant oaten bread, which Madame de Maintenon set the example of eating at Versailles. The king sent to the mint that year four hundred thousand francs' worth of gold plate, and there was a general melting of silver plate from great houses.

The old king had his share of sorrow and humiliation. It was in April, 1711, young Arouet's last year at school, that the series of deaths began in the royal family, the mere recollection of which, many years after, brought tears to susceptible French eyes. The king's only

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son, the Dauphin, died of small-pox in that month. The next February *his* son, the new Dauphin, died; and three weeks after, *his* son, leaving to France only a boy of two years, "within two fingers of death," who became Louis XV. Paris saw father, mother, and son all borne to the tomb in the same hearse. The hardest hearts, the wisest heads, forgave the stricken king for the woes unnumbered he had brought upon his country through his subservience to priests. Our young student, when he came, half a century later, to treat of these events, in his Age of Louis XIV., wrote, "This time of desolation left in the hearts of men an impression so profound that, during the minority of Louis XV., I knew several persons who could not speak of these losses without tears."

He remembered, also, that at the period when Marlborough seemed about to come thundering at the gates of Paris the minds of men were distracted by what seem to us trifling religious disputes. But at that time nothing was trifling that savored of religion, for behind it all there was the dungeon, the torture-chamber, the bayonet, the axe, the wheel, the fagot. He remembered that, about the time when he was crowned and applauded in the presence of Rousseau, a Jewess and her daughter were burned at Lisbon for some trivial act of eating lamb at the season when priests said meat must not be eaten. The story circulated in the school that the girl was ravishingly beautiful, but he declares that it was not her beauty that drew the tears from his eyes when he heard the tale.

And at that very time, perhaps at the moment when the young poet heard his name called in the splendid pavilion, the light of victory may have gleamed in the eyes of every Jesuit in Paris on account of the destruction of the convent of Port Royal, near Versailles. The fundamental article of religion with Louis XIV. was the royal authority, and hence he regarded heresy as rebellion. Long he hesitated before proceeding to extremities with the Jansenist ladies of Port Royal in the Fields, so renowned were they for piety and good works, so revered by the solid men of Paris. But his confessor, Tellier, gave him no peace, and the bewildered old king sent a confidential servant of his household to the convent to see what manner of persons its inmates were. "By my faith, sire," said the man on his return, "I saw there nothing but saints, male and female." The king sighed, and said nothing. The confessor, divining his thought, assured him that there is nothing in the world so dangerous as the virtues with which the poison of heresy was frequently covered. The fatal order was given. The ladies were distributed among the convents of the kingdom, and their abode was utterly destroyed, so that not one stone remained upon another.

Young Arouet could not escape a knowledge of these events, so dear to every Jesuit. In the very street in which his college was situated there was the Abbey of Port Royal of Paris, a kindred establishment to the one near Versailles. He lived close to these events, and was old enough to feel the infinite frivolity of the dispute which a priest could use as a pretext for such atrocities. During his last year at school, 1711, he may have seen men digging up the bones of the eminent persons buried near the destroyed convent, and conveying them to a village church-yard near by; and, during his whole school life, the soldiers of the king were hunting Protestants in the mountains of Cévennes for magistrates to break upon the wheel, to hang upon gibbets, to put to the torture, and burn at the stake.

James Parton.

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THE WIVES OF POETS.

IV.

THE great peasant-poet of Scotland, the man at whose name every true Scottish heart thrills, Robert Burns, was born on January 25, 1759, at Alloway, near Ayr, his father being a gardener and nursery-man, and died of fever at Dumfries, on July 21, 1796, aged thirty-seven. The general incidents of his life, from his driving his father's plow to his publishing a volume of immortal song, which was forthwith recognized as immortal throughout his native country, and so on to his serving as an excise officer, are exceedingly well known; too well known, also, are his infirmities in the ways of raking and drinking. I shall pass over all the details, and limit myself to what concerns Burns's marriage, which indeed counts for a good deal in his career.

About the same time that his sturdy, upright father died, in 1784, Burns first encountered Jean Armour, daughter of a respectable master-mason at Mauchline. Her charms made her the reigning toast among the young men of her acquaintance; and Burns, in a song which preserves the name of several fair damsels of his condition and locality, avowed, —

"But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'."

Jean Armour was not cold to Burns's suit, — she was not even *sufficiently* cold. In 1786 the two agreed to make a legal profession of antecedent marriage, in order to legitimize their expected offspring, — twins, as it turned out; but Jean's parents were so indignant at the whole affair that they refused to assent, and she was prevailed upon to relinquish the written declaration, and her lover along with it. Great was the poet's fury, and loud his denunciation of this breach of plighted troth; though he confessed, in a private letter, "I do still love her to distraction, after all." He was called upon to give security for the support of the infants, and went in danger of imprisonment; and had made up his mind to go out to Jamaica as assistant overseer to a planter. He lost no time, also, in making love to another woman, Mary Campbell, his "Highland Mary;" but this had no result, as she died very soon afterwards. The Jamaica project collapsed, in consequence of his having just now published his first volume of poems, and been invited on the strength of it to Edinburgh, where he won all sorts of literary and social success. In July, 1787, he revisited Mauchline, and was reconciled to the Armour family; but the father soon found renewed cause for being dissatisfied with his daughter's conduct, and he took the extreme step of turning her out-of-doors. Burns was at this time carrying on his enamored correspondence with his Clarinda, Mrs. McLehose. He had, however, sufficient regard for the honor of his too-complying Jean, and for his own, to espouse her, which he did by public declaration of marriage in the summer of 1788, and they settled down for a while on the farm of Ellisland, in Dumfriesshire. His letters of this time speak of her as "a once much-loved and still much-loved female, literally and truly cast out to the mercy of the naked elements;" with "the most placid good-nature and sweetness of disposition, a warm heart gratefully devoted to love me, vigorous health and sprightly cheerfulness, set off to the best advantage by a more than commonly handsome figure. In housewife matters, of aptness to learn and activity to execute, she is eminently mistress. . . . I have got the handsomest figure, the sweetest temper, the soundest constitution, and the kind-

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est heart in the country. Mrs. Burns believes as firmly as her creed that I am *le plus bel esprit et le plus honnête homme* in the universe; although she scarcely ever in her life, except the Scriptures and the Psalms of David in metre, spent five minutes together on either prose or verse." He proceeds to qualify this somewhat, speaking of her admiration of his own verses and the national ballads, and of her fine singing voice.

Mrs. Burns did justice to her bridegroom's eulogium. She made his home comfortable as far as this depended on herself; and when he gave her serious cause to feel indignant — which he certainly did more than once — she behaved with marked tenderness and prudence. He condemned himself for his transgressions and for his occasional captiousness, which increased towards the end, and was on the whole a decidedly affectionate, though not a constantly faithful husband. "Conjugal love," he once wrote, "is a passion which I deeply feel and highly venerate; but somehow it does not make such a figure in poesy as that other species of the passion,

"Where love is liberty, and nature law!"

He was also very attentive to the education of his children, especially the eldest son.

While Burns was expiring, his wife was confined to bed; and on the very day of his funeral she gave birth to a boy, who soon died. Four other sons survived. Two of them became colonels in the Indian army, and died not many years ago. A considerable subscription was started for the widow and orphans shortly after the poet's death; and with the means arising from this and other sources Mrs. Burns continued living in decent independence in the same house where her husband had dwelt, not a little beset (as we may well believe) by literary and other enthusiasts and inquirers. Her life was prolonged for many years, up to 1828 or later; and she retained a great veneration for her illustrious husband's memory, never naming him, it is avouched, "but in terms of the profoundest respect and the deepest regret."

Burns was above the middle size, but hardly looked so tall as he was, with black hair, dark complexion, and brilliantly dark potent eyes. Touchiness was one of his chief characteristics, so that his even-tempered wife had every opportunity of proving her merits in that respect.

It must suffice me to name, without quoting, some of the poems which Burns wrote in reference to his Jean, before and after marriage. Such are the lyric, "O thou pale orb that silent shines," which is fictitiously headed as relating to A Friend's Amour, but really refers to the time when Jean renounced the poet and his declaration of marriage; the song, "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw I dearly like the west," composed immediately after his wedding; "I hae a wife o' my ain, I 'll partake wi' naebody," written nearly at the same time; "Oh, were I on Parnassus' hill," "Though cruel fate should bid us part," and "It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face."

As we come down to a date nearer our own, the work accumulates on our hands. I have now spoken of seven British poets, — Spenser to Burns; the first born in 1553, and the last in 1759, a period of two hundred and six years. Next appears the great group of poets born towards the end of the eighteenth century, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Landor, Byron, and Shelley; all coming into the world within a brief interval of twenty-two years, ranging from Wordsworth in 1770 to Shelley in 1792. I should have added Walter Scott; but have found some uncertainty in the records or traditions of his married life, and would therefore rather say nothing than something which might be misleading as to the facts, or less than fair to the memory of Lady Scott. All the other five are quite appropriate to our

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object: it is impossible, however, that I should speak of any with even that very moderate amount of detail which I have given to their precursors. Let us see, in brief, how their marital lots were cast.

Wordsworth in 1802, aged thirty-two, married Miss Mary Hutchinson, of the some age as himself, and described as "peculiarly English." They had known each other from childhood, having been fellow-pupils in a dame-school. They were exceedingly well matched. The poet habitually asked her judgment upon his productions; and her simple truthfulness and strong good sense made her opinion valuable within its own range. She had feeling for nature, society, and emotional truth, and a liking for direct verbal expression. Wordsworth's lines beginning, "She was a phantom of delight," form a noble tribute to her, written in the third year of their union. When they had both reached the age of seventy-four, he observed that his own spirituality did not increase as he approached the grave, but hers did. Milton's famous line,

"He for God only, she for God in him,"

was severely denounced by our poet as "a low, a very low and a very false estimate of woman's condition." He also observed that, unless there is a strong foundation of love and respect, the unavoidable breaks and cataracts of domestic life must soon end in mutual aversion; for married life ought not to be submission on one side, but mutual cooperation, and the wife ought not to conceal her opinions, or she ceases to be an equal. All these remarks are, I think, extremely honorable to Wordsworth, and in a reflex way to Mrs. Wordsworth also. She outlived him nearly nine years, dying in January, 1859.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, born in 1772, married in the autumn of 1795 Sarah Fricker, of Bristol. She was a milliner, and one of her sisters married the future poet laureate, Southey. There seems to have been nothing particular to distinguish the early married life of Coleridge and his wife from that of other people. A few of his poems relate to her, one of them, written in 1806 in a highly affectionate tone, being named The Happy Husband. They had a family of four children, or possibly more. The singular point is that in 1810, after fifteen years of wedded life, and when he was thirty-eight years of age, Coleridge left his home in the Lake country, and his wife and family, and he was never again domesticated with them. I do not find that he gave any further cause of scandal. He was by this time a confirmed opium-eater and laudanum-drinker, and we may not unreasonably surmise that the perturbations of mind hence ensuing magnified in his eyes any moderate cause of domestic discomfort which may have actually existed. A letter of his states that, for some years prior to beginning with opium, the condition of his digestion was such that any family disputes reacted harmfully on his health. One of his poems, named The Pang more Sharp than All, treats of "kindness counterfeiting absent love," and relates seemingly to the experiences of his own home and heart. On parting from his wife, he left her in the enjoyment of all his small income, and lived thenceforth entirely by his pen, chiefly in or near London. Southey, for many years, housed Coleridge's wife and children. The lady has, I believe, been generally accounted a person of very ordinary mental faculties; she could, however, write verse with fluency and not amiss, as is proved by a published effusion of hers on receiving from a friend four thimbles to replace one that she had lost. In the course of this little piece she speaks of her husband (this was at an early period of the marriage) as "the much-loved object of my choice."

Walter Savage Landor, the author of the Hellenics and many other nobly composed poems, and of the famous Im-

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aginary Conversations, was born in 1775, heir to a good landed estate, and in 1811 he married a very pretty girl aged seventeen, Miss Julia Thuillier. She was a moneyless damsel, of noble Swiss family, and was remarkable for the rich abundance of her curls; her tone of mind, romantic and self-indulgent; her charms of person, coupled with much youthful amiability. Landor married her for her good looks, and perhaps little true sympathy existed between them. There were quarrels and reconciliations, and the poet, in the earlier years of his marriage, showed as much forbearance as was consistent with one of the least forbearing and most intolerant, imperious, liberty-loving characters on record. At last, after they had had four children, Landor left his wife behind in Fiesole, near Florence, returned to England, and would never see her again: the motive was probably nothing more unbearable than what he would now at length no longer bear, incompatibility of temper. He relinquished to her his Italian villa and almost the whole of his fortune. In advanced age, towards 1855, he returned to Florence; but he lived in lodgings, and there he died in 1864, aged eighty-nine. His wife outlived him till the spring of 1879, dying at the age of eighty-five.

Of Lord Byron and his marriage and separation I shall say very little. The matter is still in a high degree mysterious. One solution was offered eleven years ago, which, if accepted, would have fully accounted for the separation; but there are grave difficulties in admitting its correctness, and it has been generally denounced and rejected. Setting aside that solution, we find that none other is offered which seems fully adequate to explain the known incidental features of the case. Many people think that nothing is needed beyond acknowledging that Byron was ill adapted, in intellect, morals, and temperament, to the ordinary routine of married life; and that Lady Byron, by the very force of her recognized good qualities, — a widely cultivated mind, strictly virtuous principles, tenacious self-respect, and punctilious or even strait-laced rectitude of conduct and demeanor, — was the last person apt to condone his errors and willfulness, or fitted to cope with and subdue them. From repeated consideration of the minutiæ of the question, the inclination of my own mind is to believe that the causes of separation, as estimated by Lady Byron at the very time, no less than at a much later date, must have been of a grave and precisely definable kind, something much more than common irregularities of conduct or of temper; but how far Byron was really and greatly culpable, or how far his wife may have exaggerated the facts to herself, and put an arbitrary construction upon incidents and appearances, I cannot settle to my own satisfaction, and still less can, in my present limits, venture to expound for others to consider. A few matter-of-fact details and dates must finish up what I have to say of the author of Childe Harold.

George Gordon, Lord Byron, was born in London in 1788; being the second child of his father, Captain Byron, who had had, by his previous marriage, a daughter, born in 1780, who became the Hon. Mrs. Leigh. Byron married in January, 1815, Anne Isabella Milbanke, daughter of a baronet and of Lady Noel. A daughter, Augusta Ada, was born to them in December of the same year; and on the 2d of February ensuing Lady Byron announced to her husband by letter that she would never live with him again. He died in Greece in April, 1824, aged thirty-six; and she, surviving him unmarried for thirty-six years, died in May, 1860, aged sixty-eight.

Percy Bysshe Shelley appears next before us. This sublime poet, daring thinker, and enthusiastic lover of his kind died by drowning in July, 1822, aged less than thirty, and in that brief

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span of life he was twice married. It has generally been held that in his first marriage he was more than commonly unfortunate, and in his second more than commonly fortunate: as the evidence matures and is sifted, both these opinions undergo some degree of modification. Shelley's first wife, Harriet Westbrook, was a girl of sixteen, daughter of a retired and moderately opulent hotel-keeper; he, when he married her, was nineteen years old. She was a delightfully pretty, well-instructed, and nice-mannered girl, easy-tempered, sprightly, and pleasant, and there was not at the time the slightest reason apparent for pitying the man who got her to wife. But Shelley, at the end of less than three years, fell desperately in love with another girl of sixteen, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, the daughter of two justly renowned writers and reformers; and this, combining with some domestic dissensions, and acting upon a mind afire with the extremest social theories, induced him to leave Harriet and to join lots with Mary. About two years afterwards, in December, 1816, she became legally his wife, — poor Harriet having meanwhile committed suicide, in consequence, it appears, of an unhappy love-affair of her own with another man. In point of mere intellect and of mental culture, Mary, who wrote at the age of eighteen the celebrated novel of Frankenstein, and others afterwards, was certainly well suited — far better suited than Harriet — to match with Shelley, and to be his life-long companion; and that she sincerely loved him, and he her, cannot reasonably be questioned. Still there were serious divergences between them, both of character and of inclination; and it seems now sufficiently proved that Mary disquieted him by jealousies (not strictly justified, nor wholly unjustifiable) and by infirmities of temper, and was not always heedful of his personal comfort, — which, indeed, for his requirements were of the very fewest, would have consisted chiefly in being left undisturbed to his own habits and devices. It is therefore surmisable that, after the first few years, Shelley found in his union with Mary not much more genuine unalloyed satisfaction of soul and heart than Harriet would have been willing and capable to afford him. Be this said without any intention of undervaluing Mary Shelley, or of derogating from her many substantial claims to regard. She outlived the poet twenty-nine years, dying in 1851.

There are two other poets of whom I should wish to say a few words: Thomas Hood, the great humorist and author of The Song of the Shirt, and Edgar Allan Poe, author of The Raven.

Hood, who was born in 1799, and died in 1846, after a life of almost constant ill-health, married at the age of twenty-five Miss Jane Reynolds, daughter of the head writing-master at Christ Hospital, and sister of an author of some deserved reputation in his time. No more constantly or profusely affectionate couple than Hood and his wife could be found in any class of society; indeed, his domestic ties and interests were ever uppermost in Hood's thoughts, his family on the one hand, and his incessant occupations as an author on the other, making up the whole of his life. Mrs. Hood died eighteen months later than her husband, of an illness contracted in consequence of her close and unremitting attendance on his sick bed.

No poet of our time has been more persistently or mercilessly vilified than Edgar A. Poe; but of late years, partly through the laudable exertions of Mr. Ingram, a fairer view of his character begins to prevail. His real defects appear to have been a certain want of sturdy, downright solidity of character, an inclination to plunge into literary broils, and in his later years, when beset with sorrows and embarrassments, the culpable weakness of resorting to stimulants and narcotics, both alcohol

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and laudanum. Against these faults we must set honorable and ceaseless industry, frugality (for after his adolescence he was always poor), refinement, a high-minded superiority to gross material interests in life, and, what is chiefly to our present purpose, the most tender and devoted marital affection. In fact, Poe would have been, in whatever condition of life, something not far short of a model husband. In 1836, when he was twenty-seven years of age, he married his paternal cousin, Virginia Clemm, a most sweet and loving young creature, not quite fifteen years old, marked out by consumption for an early death. One account speaks of her personal attractions in rapturous terms, her "matchless beauty and loveliness; her eyes could match those of any houri, and her face defy the genius of a Canova to imitate." Her eyes were large and dark, her complexion very white, her hair intensely black. Poe also was markedly handsome, in early youth quite exceptionally so. Virginia died in January, 1847; and we have the testimony of a lady who acted like a guardian angel in her last days that "actual want and hunger and cold were borne by the heroic husband, in order to supply food, medicine, and comforts to his dying wife." His exceeding attachment to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Clemm, who lived with the young couple, and survived both, was hardly less amiable than his love for Virginia, whose death threw him into a melancholy stupor lasting some weeks, and even dangerous to life.

After this loss Poe formed two projects of remarriage; the first was with the poetess, Mrs. Whitman, — the "Helen" of certain verses of his. In September, 1848, they were engaged; but this match was broken off in the ensuing December, from causes which have been cruelly misrepresented to the poet's disadvantage, but of which no detailed account has yet been published. In the summer of 1849, he called on a widow lady of fortune in Richmond, Mrs. Elmira Shelton, who had, in fact, at the very early age of fifteen, been engaged to him; but that engagement fell through, and she married Mr. Shelton, who was now dead. The lady favored his renewed suit, and an early day for the wedding was to be looked forward to, when a sudden death put a stop to this and every other project on Poe's part. Traveling by rail from Richmond on October 4, 1849, he got out at Baltimore, and was soon afterwards found in the street insensible. He was taken to a hospital, and died there on the third following day. Congestion or inflammation of the brain appears to have been the cause, arising from excitement, — his detractors said, from drink; it appears also that he suffered from heart disease. Thus dolefully perished, in his fortieth year, one of the most marked poetical geniuses of our century.

Of course I do not intend in this article to speak of living poets. Yet I cannot refrain from pointing to one union, an unexampled one, of a greatly-gifted poet with a greatly-gifted poetess, — Robert Browning with Elizabeth Barrett; a union which is generally known to have been as happy as the conditions of it were peculiar and interesting.

I have now reached the end of my details regarding the individual poets and their wives; and it remains for us to inquire, Have the poets as a class been unfortunate in the character of married men? I am bound to say that I think not. The first and most obvious test is a numerical one; that is, a comparison of the number of the fortunate with the unfortunate poet-husbands. This may seem a somewhat business-like and crude process in an affair of the heart, but it is at least safe so far as it goes. How does the account stand?

I have named (omitting Mr. Browning), twenty-nine poets; the number of

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wives was thirty-six, as five of the men remarried, and thus we must, for the purposes of a numerical comparison, reckon some of the latter more than once. I find eight instances in which the poet may fairly be pronounced to have been unhappy in marriage, — Lafontaine, Molière, Bürger (with his first and third wives), Dryden, Landor, Byron, and Shelley (with his first wife); five instances in which unhappiness, more or less marked, is reasonably presumed, rather than distinctly evidenced, — Lucretius, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton (with his first wife), and Coleridge; fifteen instances of happiness, — Alfieri, Lope de Vega (with both his wives), Corneille, Lessing, Schiller, Heine, Donne, Milton (with his two wives), Blake, Wordsworth, Hood, and Edgar A. Poe; three instances of presumed happiness, — Cervantes, Bürger (with his second wife), and Spenser. There remain five cases in which it is somewhat difficult to express an opinion: those of Euripides (of whose matrimonial lot in two instances it would appear, on investigation, that we really know nothing definite); Goethe (whose wife was entirely below his level, but still, it seems, beloved, and in various respects deserving of love); Burns (who had nothing to complain of in his partner, but who gave *her* grave cause of complaint); and Shelley with his second wife (a lady who was, nevertheless, on several grounds, more than commonly worthy of him). These cases, therefore, I would rather leave to the suffrages of my readers, withdrawing from any further expression of my own views regarding them. The three of which we know somewhat (I exclude Euripides) are instances of what some people might reasonably call happy rather than unhappy marriages, and others unhappy rather than happy. Leaving all these four poets out of the count, we have a general total of thirteen marriages certainly or probably unhappy, and eighteen marriages certainly or probably happy — being an excess of five on the better side of the account. And thus we may, I think, leave the subject, at the close of our scrutiny, with less gloomy views of the poetico-marital relation than those which at starting were presented to our consideration by Trelawny and Elze, and which, as I have already intimated, appear to be somewhat generally, though vaguely, entertained. In short, poets seem in marriage to have been not particularly different from other people, — several of them happy, or contented, or well suited, and several others unhappy, or discontented, or ill suited; in various of these instances the fault lay chiefly with the wife, and in various others with the husband, and in most of them, or probably all, there were (the old story) "faults on both sides."

At this fag-end of my last paper, and after so much said, as material out of which the reader's own opinion may be evolved, I hardly know that there is any other general reflection which I need suggest, unless it be this: poets, considered as a class, must necessarily possess two qualities in a very far higher degree than the average of men possess them, — elevation and vividness of mind and emotional susceptibility. In proportion to their elevation and vividness of mind, which raise them so high, not only above stupid or foolish people, but also above those who are intellectual or clever in an ordinary mode, they may naturally tend to some degree of indifference as to mental endowments in their wives; for even good capacity is greatly below their own, and poor capacity is, relatively speaking, not so very much lower than the good. And hence it may turn out, paradoxical though the statement might at first appear, that the poets lay less stress upon mental endowments in their wives than men of fair talent and culture, but not of the poetic order, would do. Then as to the second poetic quality, — emo

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tional susceptibility. This would naturally find its response in the like quality on the wife's part; and hence we might conclude that a warm-hearted, tender feminine character, simple in essence, but of delicate sensitiveness, is the most likely of all to win and to secure the poet's heart, — a conquest perhaps not a little precarious, but rare and precious indeed.

William M. Rossetti.

HER GHOST.

I.

Her gentle ghost is with me everywhere!
'T was here she came, one summer day, to die;
Spoke but my name, and then, all silently,
Laid her dear head upon that pillow, there,
And spoke no more. That summer day was fair,
And very glad with joyous minstrelsy
Of chirping birds, and heedless gayety
Of small, bright things who of the sun were 'ware.
But in the midmost glow of life, on death
She sleeping chanced, and closed her dear, dark eyes:
The air grew sadder with her parting breath,
And nature seemed to shiver with surprise;
And then the things that Morning had begun
Fared on, — she too, like them, had sought the sun.

II.

Now, with the summer, *she* has come again.
Outside the birds sing, as they sang that day,
And summer things upon the air are gay;
But *she* sits silent, and her eyes are fain
To hide from me the secret of their pain.
From heaven to earth, oh, dim and far the way!
What brings thee back? Be merciful, and say!
Tell me the wrong of which thine eyes complain!
Say, hast thou brought sad secrets from the skies,
Or is it that the old days haunt thee still?
Is that immortal sorrow in thine eyes
Token of longings heaven could not fulfill?
Sad ghost, I pray thee answer, and forego
The silence of thy irrevocable woe!

III

Thou wilt not speak! Day after silent day
Thou sittest with me in this lonesome place.
The morning sunlight falls upon thy face;
Night comes, and thou and Night together stay, —

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No sunshine warms thee, and no storms dismay.
I stretch my empty arms for thine embrace,
Thou glidest from them with elusive grace.
Thine unresponsive lips will never say
The secret of thy woe: and yet I think
From me to thee, the living to the dead,
Waiting together on the hither brink
Of death's great middle sea, some influence shed
Shall make thee know how now I hold thee dear,
Who loved thee not enough that other year.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

THE NEW SUNDAY.

SUNDAY in America has been chiefly the Sunday of England in the seventeenth century transferred by the early colonists to the New World. It has always had the sombre tone of the period coeval with Cromwell and the Puritans. Though colonists came from Europe quite as freely as from England, and brought in the rough their religious institutions with them, the Puritan type of thought was stronger than the Anglican or Roman type, and gradually imparted its color and tone to the life of the whole country. The intellectual force lay in the minds of the Puritan gentry who founded Harvard and Yale, and the severe type of religious thought characterizing these noble ancestors of a great people had in it that element of leadership which gave it precedence everywhere. The strong hands that nearly choked the English church were not less powerful in a country where they could shape institutions at their will; and in communities where the rough natural industries which precede civilization had the first place in men's thoughts, the dominant ideas of English Puritanism took deeper root and had a more positive influence than they could possibly have had in English life. The nation, in its political development, is greatly indebted to the positive force of these ideas; in the state they met with a counteracting element which modified and broadened them to the needs of the whole country. In the spiritual realm it was not so. There was nothing to counteract Puritanism in religion. The grim colonists were never willing to hear the other side. The Quakers and Baptists, dissenters like themselves, were not allowed to have their say; nor the Anglican Christians from whom they sprang. The narrowness of Puritanism on its religious side is like the narrowness of Scotch Presbyterianism to-day, — the narrowness of the fanatic, the unwillingness to entertain the thought of another; and this narrowness has been transmitted in the Puritan Sunday. What it was in England may be learned from the Rev. John Murray's description of the way the day was kept in his own home when he was a boy, — the Calvinistic home of a Church of England family, at the middle of the eighteenth century: "Sunday was a day much to be dreaded in our family. We were all awakened at early dawn, private devotions attended, breakfast hastily dismissed, shutters closed, no light but from the back part of the house; no noise could bring any part of the family to the window; not a syllable was uttered upon secular affairs. Every one who could

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read, children and domestics, had their allotted chapters. Family prayer succeeded, after which Baxter's Saint's Everlasting Rest was assigned to me, my mother all the time in terror lest the children should be an interruption. At last the bell summoned us to church, whither in solemn order we proceeded; I close to my father, who admonished me to look straight forward, and not let my eyes wander after vanity. At church I was fixed at his elbow, compelled to kneel when he kneeled, stand when he stood, to find the Psalm, Epistle, Gospel, and Collects for the day, and any instance of inattention was vigilantly marked, and unrelentingly punished. When I returned from church, I was ordered to my closet; and when I came forth, the chapter from which the preacher had taken his text was read, and I was then questioned respecting the sermon, a part of which I could generally repeat. Dinner, as breakfast, was taken in silent haste, after which we were not suffered to walk, even in the garden, but every one must either read, or hear reading, until the bell gave the signal for afternoon service; from which we returned to private devotion, to reading, to catechizing, to examination, and long family prayer, which closed the most laborious day of the week." [1] An instance of the way in which the "lord brethren" ruled when they had the authority of the "lord bishops," as William Blackstone called them, is given in the following draught of a law intended by John Cotton, the minister who emigrated from Boston, in Lincolnshire, for the colony of Massachusetts: "Whoever shall profane the Lord's day by doing unnecessary work, by unnecessary traveling, or by sports and recreations, he or they who so transgress shall forfeit forty shillings or be publicly whipped; but if it shall appear to have been done presumptuously, such person or persons shall be put to death, or otherwise severely punished, at the discretion of the court." These extracts indicate sufficiently the severity of the Puritan Sunday when the Puritans had things their own way. What was an act of voluntary religion in England was here enforced, not at the point of the bayonet, but at the instance of a court, in which the power of life or death was at the mercy of a narrow and sensitive conscience.

It is necessary to go back to this excessive sabbatarianism in order to explain the present reaction in the observance of Sunday, and to indicate the importance and true position of the day in our present life. The protest against the Puritan Sunday is now universal; even the recent Sabbath Essays — a volume as candid and honest as has ever come from the descendants of the Puritans, intended to bring back the Lord's day to its rightful place in the religious institutions of a great people — has had hardly a feather's weight upon current opinion. We are borne to-day upon a tide of popular sentiment which is restless at the least interference with the principle of "do as you please" on Sunday. Public opinion is in a state of surge and unrest for which there is no precedent in our history. The old Puritan power has gone; the old Sunday laws are a dead letter; the ancient people no longer carry weight in church or state; the uncurbed sentiment of a wild democracy in religion dictates the Sunday observance for the coming generation; and we are, as it were, at the meeting of diverse currents, where no "church of the essentials" has yet acquired sufficient influence to take the leadership of public opinion, as in England, and where the state silently consents to the ignoring of existing law. The extreme of reaction from the unreasonable and uncompromising asceticism of the Puritan Sunday has not, probably, yet been reached,

[1] Records of the Life of the Rev. John Murray, late Minister of the Reconciliation, and Senior Pastor of the Universalists Congregated in Boston. Written by Himself. 1827.

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but the temper of the people is to throw off all allegiance to it.

A great variety of agencies have come to lay claim to Sunday. The change in modern society since the middle of the seventeenth century is not greater in the range of morals than in the domain of practical science. The laws neither of morals nor of science are different from what they have always been, but their expression and application have created a new world in life and thought. The Sunday laws are obsolete, because modern society has gone outside of their range. They were intended at the time of their adoption to forward the interests of Christianity, but their rigorous enforcement to-day would put new burdens upon the laboring classes and thwart the best interests of society. They are the relic of that union of church and state which, since the days of Constantine, has caused Christianity to depend upon secular aid for its support, and has been the source of its chief corruptions. The prevailing theory of religion has been that it could not maintain itself without state support. This was the view of the Puritans, with whom, as with the people from whom they sprang, church and state were almost convertible terms; or, rather, the state was simply the secular arm of spiritual power. This idea has colored American legislation with reference to Sunday to the extent that in South Carolina and Vermont, to go no further, attendance upon religious worship on that day is still compulsory;[1] and even where there is no compulsion, the opinion of the most influential religionists has so largely controlled the social usage that church-going has been strictly regarded as a mark of respectability. It was assumed that everybody must engage in certain definite acts of worship on Sunday, and the authority of the assumption was unquestioned. It was the secular authority behind social usage. This gave great leverage to outward Christianity, when it was not considered decent to stay away from religious services; and this old tradition of duty, the Puritan church directing the New England state, if it no longer has the secular power of compulsion, is still expressed in the clerical attitude toward the community at large. It is implied that the attendance upon religious services and the listening to sermons are the principal duties of man on Sunday. Preaching has been the chief act of Puritan worship, and the Sunday services are still controlled by the idea that everybody must "go to meeting." It is as if every voter in the commonwealth were a church member, and the church had a personal claim on him. This fiction is now passing away, but, quite naturally, the clergy are slow to see that they have no monopoly of Sunday outside of the people they can call their own. The last act has at length been reached in the tragedy of superstition which for fifteen centuries, under the dream of a Christian state, has induced the leaders of Christianity to depend upon the support of secular authority, when their true strength was in the changed minds and hearts of consecrated people. A strong writer has said,[2] "The greatest triumphs and best days of the gospel were when the states were all heathen. Christian 'virtue gives herself light through darkness for to wade,' and can hold her own candle better than the state can hold it for her." This is the point to which Christian civilization has now come in this country; this is the upshot of the movement for the taxation of church property. It is the return of the Christian church, after all the centuries of its abasement at the feet of secular power, to the old principle of spiritual direction by which the gospel

[1] Sunday Laws. A paper read before the American Bar Association. By Henry E. Young, of the Charleston Bar. 1880.

[2] Rev. Henry N. Hudson, the Shakespearean scholar.

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of Christ first conquered the world. The sooner the conviction is reached through the length and breadth of the American States that Christianity demands protection only to the extent that its adherents shall not be disturbed in the enjoyment of their rights as the children of God, the stronger will the Christian religion be in the hearts of its disciples and in the respect of an agnostic world.

It has been assumed, to go into particulars, that the New England Sabbath, kept with the rigor which led John Murray to become the chief apostle of Universalism, was a correct interpretation of the Christian use of the Lord's day; but any reader of Dr. Hessey's Bampton Lectures on Sunday, or of the articles on this subject in the best critical dictionaries, is aware that the Puritan Sabbath was a compound of two views which had authority in the early church. One was the transmission of the Jewish Sabbath as a preparation for the Christian festival called the Lord's day; the other was the gradual growth in the Christian family of the observance of the day of our Lord's resurrection as a distinctly Christian festival.

In process of time the mediæval church gave to Friday the character of a fast day, and the Sabbath of the Jewish Christians passed away; then, as by an irresistible attraction, the Lord's day drew to itself the periodical rest "enjoined in the fourth commandment on grounds applicable to man as man," and "provided for under the Mosaic law by the special observance of the Sabbath." The two days were always distinct in the early church, but in the event the Lord's day won the first place, and its observance was controlled by the principle that the Sunday rest was simply a means to a higher end. "The tendency to sabbatize the Lord's day," says Canon Barry, "is due chiefly to the necessities of legal enforcement: first, as exemplified in the series of imperial laws; then, in the decrees of councils, generally backed by secular power, — dealing inevitably in prohibition more than injunction, and so tending to emphasize negative instead of positive observance. For such enactments the law of the Old Testament, *mutatis mutandis*, became naturally a model, and the step was an easy one from regarding it as a model to taking it as an authority. The direct connection, however, of such observance with the obligation of the fourth commandment can claim no scriptural and no high ecclesiastical authority."[1] The Lord's day is coeval with the existence of Christianity, and grew naturally from the Apostles' time to be the weekly festival of those who rejoiced in the resurrection of their Master; but when the sabbatarian views of Dr. Bownd were adopted by the ascetic school of religionists belonging to the Reformation period, the precursors of the Puritans regarded the day from only one point of view, and employed all the power at their command to enforce its sharp observance after the sabbatarian fashion. This is the explanation of the Puritan Sunday. It is the fruit of opinions which have never had sway in historical Christianity, and were not formulated before the sixteenth century. The reaction from these ascetic opinions, even if it carries people temporarily away from the religious uses of the Lord's day, is not to be summarily condemned. The swing of the pendulum is not more exact in social than in physical science, and while the Christian uses of Sunday — the uses which accord with common sense, the uses which enlist all good citizens in its maintenance — are still vague and undefined, awaiting social, sanitary, and religious definition, it is no time to dogmatize.

The constructive view of Sunday is

[1] Article on the Lord's Day in Dr. Smith's Dictionary of Christian Antiquities.

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that which now most demands careful consideration. It is *par excellence* a day of rest. The Sunday laws of the whole country agree to this, and their retention upon the statute book, even if they are seldom enforced, so far from tending to immorality, is one of those justifiable exceptions which is best described as the reserve power of legislation. They can be drawn out, like the heavy artillery, whenever soulless corporations attempt to snatch the day of rest from the great army of the working classes; they are a wholesome check upon the tendency, everywhere manifest among the non-producing population, to lead people astray by encouraging their vicious appetites; they are the ethical atmosphere of the state, no longer enforcing the dictates of one sort of religion, but still insuring the liberty of all citizens, and protecting each man in his rights from the impositions of his neighbor; they are silent for their old purposes of compelling people to put on the outward garb of religion, but not silent when the immorality of some or the avarice of others attempts to work injustice to any; they hold the key to the day of rest, and render possible the Sunday which is required by modern society.

The day has been regarded, heretofore, so exclusively from its religious side that important social and sanitary conditions have been quite overlooked. It still remains the fact that "the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." The foremost point is that it shall continue to be a day of rest. This alone furnishes the opportunity for its higher uses. But it can never again be a day of rest in the old Puritan sense, nor can it be regarded by all sorts of people as God's time in a special sense. Modern society in our great centres is so constituted that Sunday is the only day when rest, recreation, and education can be generally attended to; and the wider and deeper interests of human life, as they are now understood, demand that the day shall be used for a great variety of purposes, which more or less entail labor upon the few. The claims of daily toil upon nine tenths of our population are imperative and exhausting. If one is to earn his bread he must work for it from Monday morning till Saturday night. It is not only constant work, but work under conditions which are unfavorable to health, such as bad air, physical strain, mental wear and tear, all of which exhaust one's vitality and furnish no opportunity for physical renewal or general culture. Sunday is the only day in the week when the overtasked laborer can sleep over, when he has the sense of being master of his own household, when he can think leisurely of his relations to God and man. It is the only day for whatever lifts his intellectual and moral being to a higher plane. If he misses its beneficent rest and recreation, he soon breaks down, like the French artisans, and "lights his own funeral pyre;" if he ignores the reading or social intercourse which turns his thoughts into new channels, the unused portions of his life run to waste; if he attends no religious services and gives no emphasis to spiritual things, he loses the moral atmosphere in which one is spiritually renewed from day to day. The provision of rest, sound, true, invigorating rest, no matter what form it may take, so that it be wholesome, is at the basis of sound morality. Too little attention has been paid to the fact that immorality and crime usually proceed from a low vitality. It is the sound body that furnishes the sane mind and the strong heart. The use of Sunday for sanitary purposes, its use simply for physical renewal, has been largely lost sight of by a class of moralists who have imagined that religious exercises were the chief thing needful for a weary race; but more important than anything else in this crowded life of the nineteenth century is the use of Sunday in its

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broadest and best sense as the day for recruiting the energies which converge to bread-winning and give a larger meaning to one's life. Beyond and above everything which sanctions Sunday as the Lord's day, the periodic rest is marked out as the great natural law by which the forces of life are to be conserved to the best results. Men have never as now demanded this rest. The men who carry the burdens of the world's great industries, the men who go from counting-rooms to homes with their heads aching, the men who have to work intensely as the only condition of working at all, are quite as much to be considered as those who do not carry to their pillows a thousand anxieties. God has always provided rest for men in the natural order, and whenever they work seven days in the week they pay the penalty. The tender point is the unwillingness of some to concede that each one shall have the rest which he thinks that he needs. The restraint of social usage points to church-going, but the weary seamstress, the exhausted clerk, the devitalized mechanic, the artisans of every class, not less than the tired brain-workers, need perhaps something just the reverse. Some need sleep; some, sunshine; some, domestic cheer; some, an awakening book; some, the patch of fresh grass or the forest ramble; some, the inspiration of friends; some, the quiet of prayer; some, the words of the spiritual teacher; some, the great sacrament of spiritual refreshment. This large liberty is granted by the state, and is practically taken by its citizens; but the friends of Christianity, appreciating what sweetness and light Christ puts into life, have hardly yet recognized what a sad, weary world we live in; how much the religious life depends upon the vitality of the people, or how closely sanity of mind and soul is connected with a healthy and restful body. The liberty to rest as each one thinks best on Sunday, and thereby not to cease to be respectable, is slowly gaining ground with good people, and all true advance into the higher uses of Sunday is based upon this concession on the part of those controlling the institutions which are the bulwarks of the Christian faith.

Questions now rise which public opinion gradually settles for itself. These cover the way in which the hours of Sunday are to be used. Mr. James Parton would add to the ten commandments the new law of modern life, "Thou shalt not waste." There has been no greater waste in the world than the waste of Sunday time. Who among grown-up people does not recall the Sundays of his youth as blank and wasted days? And yet, if the higher uses of Sunday had been understood, as we are trying to understand them now, what might not fifty-two days of inspiration have brought into present experience and culture! It was compulsory then for children to attend religious services in which it was difficult for them to be interested, and to read pious books which were not intended for them; and the thousand things which God in Christ and God in earth and sky had placed before their very eyes were unseen, because superstition ruled the Sunday observance. Slowly have reasonable people broken away from these unreasonable exactions and begun to use Sunday in a way to bring to themselves and others the richest blessings. The chief point to be kept in view for Sunday is to use the day for what will most increase one's sense of the meaning and joy and glory of living. It is a personal matter with each one, and beyond personal persuasion, each one is at liberty to use the hours of Sunday according to the dictates of his own good sense. It will be said that this principle opens the flood-gate of evil, that —

> "Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do;"

but there is no reason why people who are partially deprived of their free ac-

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tion by the necessities of labor should not have the full enjoyment of freedom when off duty, if their liberty does not interfere with the liberties of others. It is on this basis that whatever tends to build people up, whether physically, intellectually, or morally, should, within practicable limits, be permitted on what has been for nearly nineteen centuries the great and almost the only fixed day of leisure in the Christian world. This principle cannot be narrowed without infringing upon personal liberty, and, rightly interpreted, it does not lead to the immoral use of Sunday. Such, in fact, is the tone and temper of the public mind, in respect to good morals, that no wanton abuse of Sunday will long be tolerated in any Christian community. The running of horse-cars on Sunday has come to be a public necessity in the great cities; the Sunday excursions into the suburbs are almost a necessity to the working-classes; people cannot stand up to their daily burdens without these recreations. Then the opening of the public libraries, the museums, the art galleries, the state and national institutions for popular education, must be regarded by fair-minded persons as one of the best uses to which Sunday can be put. This meets an intellectual necessity, as the increased facilities for Sunday recreation in the open air meet a physical necessity. It may not be what the church-going people need, but, so long as more than half of the population does not attend Sunday services, the use of Sunday for popular education is simply a question of what is next best. The civilized world has never been Christian to the extent that might be wished for, and Christian common sense dictates the use of Sunday for the best ends of popular improvement and culture, if it is not to be employed in the ways which seem best to Christian people. It is the only day, as things stand, for the higher education of the human race, Christian and other, — the only day when the broadest and deepest interests of human life can be impartially considered. There is no reason why Sunday should not be used for the benefit of people of whom more can be made. The Sunday-school has been used to teach nearly everything except the exact sciences; and for thousands who are soon to be free citizens of the commonwealth, religious instruction must be preceded by a large amount of what is best termed general secular teaching, as the only human condition of permanent religious improvement. The increase of every facility for instruction and culture which does not involve the full week-day strain for teachers or taught, — the reading of good books, the gathering of classes of young men and women for instruction in points where their directive education has been neglected, the Sunday lecture, the sacred concert, — is closely connected with the larger and better use of Sunday upon which we seem to be entering. It is possible that even the theatre, in process of time, may become a legitimate species of Sunday-evening recreation. One dare not say that this great variety of instruction shall not be or that it is a desecration of the Lord's day. It is simply the recognition of the fact that this is a large world, and that there are all sorts of people in it.

The reason why the uses of Sunday which are here named, and from which we are not likely to escape, seem so abhorrent to many excellent people is that the Puritans separated religion from social life. The rigid observance of Sunday has been aptly called the "Puritan sacrament." A violent hand was laid upon such uses of the day as belong of necessity to well-ordered living. The immorality which more and more seems to be creeping up into influence in all our New England towns is the result of the undue strictness of social life, or rather its sharp separation from the cheer and sunshine of Christ's blessing, which grew out of the Puritan Sunday.

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Dr. Arnold fought for nothing else at Rugby as he fought for the union of religion with secular interests, and this is the reason why men like Maurice and Kingsley and Hughes have carried the healthiest influence into English society. The separation of Christianity from the great interests of daily life has been one of the marked deficiencies in our evangelical religion for more than two centuries, and even the Unitarian protest has not saved the present generation from its terrible results. It has been believed that if a person had reached certain convictions of Christian belief he had attained the most important end of life, but the line of demarkation between Christian duty and the demands of social life has been as wide as the gulf between the rich man and Lazarus, in the parable. This view of religious duty has created a type of family life on Sunday which has left its indelible mark upon modern society, and perhaps contributed more than anything else to the drift of the hour. Nothing in religious poetry is more touching than Robert Burns's Cotter's Saturday Night, where the holy instincts of consecrated ties swell out into the broad and genial family life; nothing has kept young people bred amid our New England hills truer to the "kindred points of heaven and home" than the remembrance of such scenes in their own childhood. It was religion inspiring and guiding social life. But in the revolt from too much dogma and too little ethics, people are in danger of losing what makes our homes not simply castles of defense, but centres of inspiration and of power. The neglect of family social life, the absence of parents from the reunions of young people, the seeking of the bride away from the family fireside, the too religious use of Sunday by some, and its too secular use by others, has wrought untold mischief in the lives of the present generation. Here is the root of the demoralization of the young, and here is indicated a use for Sunday which in every home ought not to be second to any other. If a wholesome Christian influence is ever to pervade modern society, it must proceed from the Christian family. The church is nothing but the aggregate of these homes made one in Christ. The restive life of these times needs repose; the very children need the soothing atmosphere of home; this is the only place in the wide world where men can lay down their weary heads and take rest; and it is out of these homes that the regeneration of society is to come, — out of the uses to which Sunday is put, when father and mother and children meet together and are at leisure under the same roof. The Sunday service may point the moral, but the problem is to be worked out by sensitive minds and hearts within the four walls of home.

The uses of Sunday already named, sanitary, recreative, educational, social, important as they must be conceded to be, have their complement in the religious use of the day. While Sunday has been found to be invaluable for all the deeper and wider interests of society, the great day of renewal for this restless modern world, no wise person can wish to diminish its religious significance. Indeed, all the uses mentioned are preparatory or complementary to the religious use. Life is humdrum, unless its vitality springs from a spiritual source; our existence loses its best inspiration and direction if the personal God is not felt to be in close relation with each personal life. Men need renewal at a source outside of themselves. Sunday is the means by which this higher existence is vitalized and renewed. It gives time for religious devotion and instruction, and people who love God and believe in righteousness find their joy and refreshment in such worship as recognizes God's influence and power in the direction of their lives. This is the substance of the religious observance of Sunday.

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The day has been too much used for these religious purposes, and it is in danger of being too little used. Religious people are as apt as any other class to see only one side of the uses of the day. The clergy, trained in dogmatic theology, not subjected to the great strain which the best people of all classes, the people who make up their congregations, undergo in actual life, naturally intent on outward results, and often forgetful of the fact that "the kingdom of God cometh not with observation," are in danger of taking too much of the people's day of rest for the public worship. The growing and wise tendency is to shorten Sunday services and to make the hours spent in church less wearisome than they formerly were. The great need is to brighten Sunday both at church and at home. The morning service, or at least one service a day, is now all that can be successfully maintained. The church of the future will have thoroughly to revise its methods if it is to retain its hold upon our active population. The places are all too few where the ethical spirit of Christianity is made commensurate with the increasing breadth of life, where the range of teaching comes down to the real issues of the life that men are leading. Our religious services are still too much based upon what seemed best for people two or three centuries ago. They are hardly better suited to the needs of modern life than the old Sunday laws of New England. They lack a fine sympathetic instinct of our present spiritual needs. They are too informal, too earthly, on the one hand, so that they lack in reverence, character, power; they are too formal, too restricted, too stiffly liturgical, too much set in one mould, and that not always the best, so that they fail to touch the popular sympathies, on the other. The decline in church-going is due to many causes, but it is largely due to the fact that people are not interested. To say nothing of prayers which are immensely below the occasion, the preaching of many clergymen debauches — if it does not madden — one's religious instincts. The preachers amuse and entertain where it is their privilege to instruct the mind and guide the soul. The conduct of Sunday services, both in the worship and in the preaching, does not seem to be set about with that constructive purpose, that aim at legitimate and definite results, which is sure to bring success in secular channels, and Christianity is too often incarnated in the words of a creed narrower than the life which it seeks to fashion and control. The clergy would gain greatly in making religious services restful, helpful, attractive, inspiring, if they could better interpret the reasons for the ethical detachment of those who do not attend them. Short devotional services and bright, helpful, soul-stirring music are essentials in the church of the future, quite as much as short, sympathetic sermons, in which the ethical convictions that grow out of one's experience of life are returned to the people in the shape of positive Christian beliefs. Then, as a pendant to the religious services of the day, comes the observance of Sunday at home, and in the family. The zeal of religionists for God's house has caused many parents to make Sunday an undesirable day for their children, and the choicest hours for the joyous intercourse of both, whether the purpose be religious or simply personal and social, have been squandered upon a theory of Sunday observance. The Sunday-school can never take the place of the Christian family; one word of guidance, one smile of approval, from a parent, is worth a dozen from the best of these outside teachers who gather our children into classes. The Sunday at home is the natural adjunct of the Sunday at church, and the healthiest religious influence that can go forth into young lives is that which comes from the hearty and genial intercourse between parents

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and children on Sunday afternoon or evening at home. The habit of evening services not less than that of social visiting interferes with what is both a privilege and a duty in a Christian household; and, while neither may be disallowed, it becomes those who would put higher inspiration into life to take the utmost care in the guiding of young hearts, that religion shall cease to be a duty and become a pleasure.

It is difficult to say the word that exactly fits the condition of those who have grown out of their early homes, and yet have no homes of their own. The giving up of church-going for this class is a social, if not a religious, mistake. It is apt to lower the ethical standards at a vital point. One loses more than he thinks, and it is not until the loss is irreparable that its import to one's life is fairly understood. The ethical value of Sunday worship and instruction is perhaps greater to those who are living apart from home ties and feel the force of all the divergent influences around them than to any one else, and the value often seems least at the moment of its greatest service. It touches one's life where the spiritual vitality is weakest and where the struggle for existence or position is sharpest. It awakens latent sympathies, and helps to place lonely and isolated persons where they belong. Sooner or later these people without homes find themselves in the sphere of social and religious activity, and while strengthening others are unconsciously strengthened themselves.

It is plain, however, that worship and instruction through religious services, if the highest and most personal, are not the only influences which are to renew and uplift life on Sundays. The religious press has for many generations been looked upon as the adjunct of the pulpit. The religious newspapers have been specially intended for Sunday reading, and have rendered important service in broadening the uses of the day, but at the same time they have not been free from a hurtful tendency. They have emphasized the divergences of opinion between different denominations, and have been a chief agent in keeping Christians apart and in setting religious leaders in battle array, the one against the other. The narrowness of the distinctly religious press, on the one hand, and the demand of people not attracted to Sunday services or detained from them for the freer handling of ethical and religious subjects, on the other, has brought into prominence the Sunday daily paper. It is a noticeable fact that the movements of the religious world have for some time, and never more intelligently than now, been brought within the sphere of editorial comment in the press. It is one of the marks of religious advance. It is but a step from the daily to the Sunday treatment of social and religious matters, and the change has come about almost in response to the unconscious demand of the public. In one sense these Sunday papers are detrimental to church-going. They are likely to keep at home those who would go to church as they would saunter into a field. They furnish a variety of entertainment and instruction with which no religious society can or ought to compete. They occupy a different sphere and serve a different purpose, and the cry of conservative religionists against them is both unreasonable and unjust. It is true that some of these papers are not helpful to one in any religious sense, and that even the best of them cannot do for one's spiritual life what may be done through the preacher, whose "words, fitly spoken, are like apples of gold in pictures of silver." But as the spheres are different, so the uses are different, and there is no reason why the Sunday press may not be an important adjunct of the pulpit; in fact, a sort of lay pulpit, — a platform for the utterance of truths and the discussion of social and ethical questions after a fashion which

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is demanded by the broadening lines of actual life and does not trench upon the conventional idea of what belongs to the pulpit. The single pulpit reaches five hundred, or at best a thousand people; the Sunday paper speaks to half a million. There is no channel like it for the utterance of words which touch the interests of whole communities, which produce immediate effect, or which sow the seeds of new ethical harvests. The Sunday paper of to-day is just beginning to touch the field of immense possibilities; the Sunday paper of the future is to be one of the great directive agencies in developing the best tendencies of American Christianity. It has the ears of the multitude; it is read when people are enough at leisure to think over what it says; it must always treat questions of ethics and religion on their broadest and best side; it can never simply emphasize the personal convictions of its responsible editor; and, in the hands of the men whose strong common sense and wise insight into coming directions of life enables them to sit in leading editorial chairs, it is to be one of the chief teaching elements in the church of the future. While meeting all the demands legitimate to a newspaper, it can more and more be the channel through which religious prejudices may be softened, and through which the great moral interests of the community may be effectually served.

It is undeniable that the Sunday press, the increasing use of libraries, and the growing demand for restful Sunday amusements are limiting the old-time scope of the pulpit, but they can never limit the wonderful element of personality by which the ethical direction of the people seems to depend upon those who speak with force and power, as the messengers of God to their fellow-men. Nor can any amount of even the best reading supersede distinctly religious worship. The culture of the heart is as important as the culture of the mind. One of the great present needs of the community is a method of worship in which the spiritual instincts of people shall be awakened and guided. Now and then such services are found in all denominations, — services in which positive excellences outweigh existing defects, services both popular and inspiring; but the need of better services, more hearty, more reverent, more effective, has compelled the leaders of American Christianity to consider anew the liturgical principles fundamental to religious worship, and has already largely broken up the stiffness which was universal in every denomination a generation ago. This generous adaptation of worship to the present needs of the people, the allowance of a proper development in ritual, — a movement happily proceeding already by wise steps in the quarter where it ought to be seen first, — is one of the things to which religionists of all sorts will have to pay increased attention if they are to continue to lift people from out the anxieties and wearisomeness of this lower world up to the gates of "that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God," "the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb the temple of it," where "the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever."

The Christian church, placed as it stood in the days of the Cæsars, is in the position where its laurels depend upon the consecration and vitality of its members. Secularism, never stronger nor more persistent than now, has encroached largely upon its chief day of worship and instruction, and the interests which once seemed exclusively its own are scattered over the length and the breadth of modern society. Some may be startled at this and say that Christianity is losing its power to control and guide human life; but others, reading more correctly the signs of the times, and penetrating deeper into the

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currents of human activity, will discover that never in any previous period of Christian history have equal opportunities for serving and guiding men been placed within the reach of the teachers of spiritual truth. The church was never before so identified with the world, so broadened out where the lines of religion and secularity seem to blend into one. The point of danger is always the point of opportunity. The danger is that those in whose hands the Christian church is placed, for our generation, shall still hammer the dead idols of obsolete dogma into new shapes of hideousness, while the souls of millions cry for light and hope along the paths of their present lives. There is no call for the diminution of the Apostles' or Nicene creeds; the danger is that Christianity shall be too restricted in its applications to the varied interests of life to meet the requirements of American citizens. Great strides must be taken in the direction, not so much of liberality, as of intelligent unity upon the basis of what is essential, before our existing Christianity will be fully adequate to the needs of the people. The trend of the new Sunday is in the direction of a healthier and more persuasive Christianity, not wholly nor immediately what all could wish, but enough to give one hope of better things in store. The escape from the narrow requirements of an earlier day may for the moment even be the taking of some steps backward. To see social religious changes correctly one must not look at them from a local point of view alone. The larger view is more correct, and the larger view of the rapid changes now going on in the observance and use of Sunday ranks them as steps in the wide and general education of a free nation in its many-sided responsibilities to God and man. The way is in preparation for a larger and more important work than Christianity has yet undertaken among us. The present influence of Sunday is to broaden the Christian conception of the possibilities of ethical life, and to uplift mankind on the physical, social, and intellectual, as truly as upon the moral and spiritual side. It is the part of what may be called Christian sagacity and statesmanship to recognize the facts in the present uses of the Lord's day for what they mean, and so change the methods in religious worship and instruction that men shall not be without the range of the spiritual renewal of life, and that Christianity shall stand in these days to those who long for light and peace for what it stood in the first days to Peter, James, and John.

Julius H. Ward.

SONNET.

O MOON, white spirit of a star long dead!
Not less the sea still swells beneath thy will,
Though cold the heats thy fostering sun hath fed,
Nor less thine orbit that thy pulse is still.
Shall senseless forces reign by perfect law?
Shall matter live, and thought alone be lost?
Nay! from this truth a sequence rather draw
That love outlives the pang which death must cost.
Then yield the white hands to the secret clasp
Which holds them closer than our love can hold,

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Nor hopeless shrink from that impassioned clasp
Which crumbles dearest charms to shapeless mould.
Lo! freed from clay, beyond its sad control,
Ensphered by death circles the shining soul.

Frances M. Brown.

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON.

XI.

THE FILLMORE ADMINISTRATION, 1850-1853.

General Taylor's sudden death was immediately announced by the tolling of the bell of the department of state, and in a few moments the solemn peal was echoed from every church steeple in the metropolis. The next day Mr. Fillmore appeared in the representatives' hall at the Capitol, where both houses of Congress had met in joint session, took the oath of office, and immediately left. The senators then returned to their chamber, and eloquent eulogies on the deceased president were delivered in each house. The remains of General Taylor lay in state in the East Room of the White House, and were escorted from there to their temporary resting-place in the congressional burial-ground with great pomp. A considerable force of regulars and volunteers was commanded by General Scott, who was mounted on a spirited horse, and who wore a richly embroidered uniform, with a high chapeau crowned with yellow plumes. The ponderous funeral car was surmounted by a high canopy of black silk, above which was a large gilt eagle shrouded in crape. It was drawn by eight white horses, each one led by a negro groom in a white costume of Oriental character. Behind the funeral car was led "Old Whitey," the charger ridden by General Taylor in Mexico. He was a well-made horse, in good condition, and he showed no sign of fright when the cannon thundered a farewell salute at the conclusion of the ceremonies.

The unexpected death of General Taylor was an element which even Mr. Seward had never taken into account, and the first consequence was undisguised confusion among the supporters of the administration. The members of the cabinet promptly tendered their resignations, and it was evident that the sudden removal of the president had checkmated the plans so carefully made, and forced the chief player to feel the bitterness of political death. Mr. Fillmore had been shabbily treated by the Taylor administration on several occasions, especially when his request that personal friends should be appointed collector and postmaster at Buffalo had been formally refused, and partisans of Mr. Seward had received the places. The new president was amiable in private life, but it was evident that he would show little regard for those who had snubbed and slighted him in his less powerful position.

Mr. Fillmore was fifty years of age when he became president. He was of average height, stalwart and rotund of form, with broad, heavy, florid features, white hair, shrewd gray eyes, and dignified, yet courteous manners. He had risen from the humble walks of life, by incessant toil, to the highest position in the republic, always animated by an indomitable spirit, and by that industry and perseverance which are the surest

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guarantees of success. He was undoubtedly a man of ability, but his intellect seemed, like that of Lord Bacon, to lack the complement of heart. A blank in his nature, where loyalty to the public sentiment of the North should have been, made him a willing instrument to crush out the growing determination north of Mason and Dixon's line that freedom should be national, slavery sectional. One of the coldest of the cold-hearted, his official action was a firebrand which a few years later set the republic in flames; "frost performed the effect of fire."

Mrs. Fillmore was the daughter of the Rev. Lemuel Powers, a Baptist clergyman, who claimed descent from Henry Leland, an emigrant from England, who was one of the first settlers in Sherburne, Massachusetts. She was tall, spare, and graceful, with auburn hair, light blue eyes, and a fair complexion. Before her marriage she had taught school, and she was remarkably well informed, but somewhat reserved in her intercourse with strangers. She did not come to Washington until after her husband became president, and her delicate health prevented her mingling in society, but she presided at the official dinner-parties, and was highly esteemed in Washington. She was very fond of music, and her daughter used to play on the piano for her every evening, while her son sang.

Mr. Fillmore's friends in New York, soon after he became president, gave Mrs. Fillmore a splendid carriage and pair of horses, which were used by the inmates of the White House until the expiration of their sojourn there. Then, not wishing such an elegant establishment, Mr. Fillmore had it sold, and invested the proceeds in a set of plate, which he wished to descend as an heirloom in his family, an imperishable record of his gratitude.

Congress remained in session until the 30th of September, and the three hundred and two days were marked by acrimony of debate and strong sectional excitement. The compromise bills were successively passed, and each one was signed by President Fillmore, amid energetic protests from the Southern secessionists and Northern abolitionists. When the bill which provided for the rendition of fugitive slaves was signed, the Union members of the house of representatives organized a serenade to President Fillmore and his secretary of state, Daniel Webster. The president bowed his acknowledgments from a window of the Executive Mansion, but Mr. Webster came out on the broad doorstep of his house, with a friend on either side of him holding a candle, and he commenced a brief speech by saying, "Now is the summer — no! Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this son of York."

Mr. Fillmore had selected Mr. Robert C. Winthrop to be his secretary of state, but was persuaded by Senators Clay and Mangum to offer the position to Mr. Webster, who promptly accepted it. At the commencement of the debate on the compromise measures he had decided to speak in opposition to the encroachments of the slave power, and a carefully prepared brief of what he proposed to say, in his own handwriting, was shown by his friend, Mr. George Ashmun, to Mr. Joshua R. Giddings, who found it all that he could ask or desire. Before the 7th of March arrived, however, Mr. Webster had been tempted, by promises of presidential support from the South, to change front, and to turn his back not only upon himself, but upon Massachusetts. He had been assured that if he would advocate the compromises he would create a wave of popular sentiment that would float him into the White House in 1856, against all opposition, and that no democratic aspirant would stand in his way. Believing all this, Mr. Webster misrepresented Massachusetts, and betrayed his constituents.

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Faneuil Hall was closed to him, and he was glad to escape from the senate-chamber into the department of state. Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, and Martin Van Buren had found that department a convenient stepping-stone to the presidential chair.

Mr. Webster was a great favorite in the department of state, for he made no removals, and his generous and considerate treatment of the clerks won their affection. His especial favorite was Mr. George J. Abbott, a native of New Hampshire, who had been graduated at Exeter and Cambridge, and had then come to Washington to take charge of a boys' school. He was an accomplished classical scholar, and he used to hunt up Latin quotations applicable to the questions of the day, which Mr. Webster would commit to memory and use with effect. His private secretary was Mr. Charles Lanman, a young gentleman of literary and artistic tastes, who was a devoted disciple of Izaak Walton. The two would often leave the department of state for a day of piscatorial enjoyment at the Great Falls of the Potomac, when Mr. Webster would throw off public cares and personal pecuniary troubles, to cast his lines with boyish glee, and to exult loudly when he succeeded in hooking a fish. Another clerk in the department who enjoyed Mr. Webster's esteem was Mr. Zantzinger, the son of a purser in the navy, who possessed rare accomplishments. Whenever Mr. Webster visited his estates in New Hampshire or in Massachusetts, he was always accompanied by one of these gentlemen, who had the charge of his correspondence.

The corner-stone of one of the "extensions" of the Capitol was laid on the seventy-sixth anniversary of our national independence, — July 4, 1851, — by the fraternity of freemasons, in "due and ample form." President Fillmore, the cabinet, the diplomatic corps, several governors of States, and other distinguished personages occupied seats on a temporary platform, which overlooked the place where the corner-stone was laid, Major B. B. French, grand master of masons of the District of Columbia, officiating. Mr. Webster was the orator of the day, and delivered an eloquent, thoughtful, and patriotic address, although he was evidently somewhat feeble, and was forced to take sips of strong brandy and water to sustain him as he proceeded. Among the vast audience were three gentlemen who had, fifty-eight years previously, seen General Washington aid his brother freemasons in laying the corner-stone of the original Capitol.

Later in that year, the large hall which contained the library of Congress, occupying the entire western side of the centre of the Capitol, was destroyed by fire, with almost all of its valuable contents. Nearly forty thousand volumes of books, many historical manuscripts, and a collection of statuary, paintings, medals, coins, and other curious specimens in various departments of art and science, were consumed in the flames. The weather was intensely cold, and, had not the firemen and citizens worked hard, the entire Capitol would have been destroyed.

"Filibustering" was at that time the means by which the pro-slavery leaders at the South hoped to increase their territory, and they defended it in the halls of Congress, in their pulpits, and at their public gatherings. Going back into sacred and profane history, they would attempt to prove that Moses, Joshua, Saul, and David were "filibusters," and so were William the Conqueror, Charlemagne, Gustavus Adolphus, and Napoleon. Walker simply followed their example, except that they wore crowns on their heads, while he, a new man, only carried a sword in his hand. Was it right, they asked, when a brave American adventurer, invited by the despairing victims of tyranny in Cuba,

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or of anarchy in Central America, threw himself boldly, with a handful of comrades, into their midst to sow the seeds of civilization and to reconstruct society, — was it right for the citizens of the United States, themselves the degenerate sons of filibustering sires, to hurl at him as a reproach what was their ancestors' highest merit and glory?

General Walker, the "gray-eyed man of destiny," was the leading native filibuster, but foremost among the foreign adventurers, — the Dugald Dalgettys of that epoch, — who came here from unsuccessful revolutions abroad to seek employment for their swords, was General Heningen. He had served with Zumala-Carreguy in Spain, with Schamyl in the Caucasus, and with Kossuth in Hungary, chronicling his exploits in works which won him the friendship of Wellington and other notables. Going to Central America, he fought gallantly, but unsuccessfully, at Grenada, and he then came to Washington, where he was soon known as an envoy of "Cuba Libre." He married a niece of Senator Berrien, of Georgia, a devoted and cultivated woman, and his tall, soldier-like figure was to be seen striding along on the sunny sidewalk of Pennsylvania Avenue every pleasant morning, until in later years he went South "to live or die in Dixie."

President Taylor having sent Mr. Dudley Mann as a confidential agent to Hungary, to obtain reliable information concerning the true condition of affairs there, the Austrian government instructed its representative at Washington, the Chevalier Hulsemann, to protest against this interference in its internal affairs, as offensive to the laws of propriety. This protest the chevalier communicated to Mr. Webster after he became secretary of state, and in due time he received an answer which completely extinguished him. It carefully reviewed the case, and in conclusion told the protesting chevalier, in plain Anglo-Saxon, that nothing would "deter either the government or the people of the United States from exercising, at their own discretion, the rights belonging to them as an independent nation, and of forming and expressing their own opinion freely and at all times upon the great political events which might transpire among the civilized nations of the earth."

Meanwhile Kossuth had been released from his imprisonment within the dominion of the Sublime Porte, by request of the government of the United States, and taken to England in the war steamer Mississippi. In due time he arrived at Washington, where he created a marked sensation. The distinguished Magyar wore a military uniform, and the steel scabbard of his sword trailed on the ground as he walked. He was the guest of Congress at Brown's Hotel, but those senators and representatives who called to pay their respects found members of his retinue on guard before the door of his apartments, armed with muskets and bayonets, while his anteroom was crowded with the members of his staff. They had evidently been reared in camps, as they caroused all day, and then tumbled into their beds booted and spurred, furnishing items of liquors, wines, cigars, and damaged furniture for the long and large hotel bill which Congress had to pay. Mr. Seward entertained the Hungarian party at an evening reception, and a number of congressmen gave Kossuth a subscription dinner at the National Hotel, at which several of the known aspirants for the presidency spoke. Mr. Webster was, as became the secretary of state, carefully guarded in his remarks, and later in the evening, when the champagne had flowed freely, he indulged in what appeared to be his impromptu individual opinions, but unluckily dropped at his seat a slip of paper on which his gushing sentences had been carefully written out. General Houston managed to leave the table in time to avoid being

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called upon to speak, and General Scott — who regarded Kossuth as a gigantic humbug — had escaped to Richmond. Kossuth was invited to dine at the White House, and on New Year's day he held a reception; but he failed in his attempt to secure congressional recognition or material aid.

A number of the leading public men at Washington were so disgusted by the assumption and arrogance displayed by Kossuth, and by the toadyism manifested by many of those who humbled themselves before him, that they organized a banquet, at which Senator Crittenden was the principal speaker. "Beware," said the eloquent Kentuckian, in the words of Washington, "of the introduction or exercise of a foreign influence among you! We are Americans! The Father of our Country has taught us, and we have learned, to govern ourselves. If the rest of the world have not learned that lesson, how shall they teach us? We are the teachers, and yet they appear here with a new exposition of Washington's Farewell Address. For one, I do not want this new doctrine. I want to stand *super antiquas vias*, — upon the old road that Washington traveled, and that every president, from Washington to Fillmore, has traveled."

The only effect of Kossuth's visit to the United States was an extraordinary impetus given to "The Order of United Americans," from which was evolved that political phenomenon, the American or know-nothing party. The mysterious movements of this organization attracted the curiosity of the people, and members of the old political organizations eagerly desired to learn what was carefully concealed. Secretly-held lodges, with their paraphernalia, passwords and degrees, grips and signs, tickled the popular fancy, and the new organization became formidable. Men of all religions and political creeds fraternized beneath the "stars and stripes," and solemnly pledged themselves to the support of "our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country."

The leaders of this "know-nothing" movement, who in the delirium of the hour were intrusted with dictatorial authority, were in no way calculated to exercise a permanent, healthful control. They were generally without education, without statesmanship, without knowledge of public affairs, and, to speak plainly, without the abilities or genius which might enable them to dispense with experience. Losing sight of the cardinal principle of the American order, that only those identified with the republic by birth or permanent residence should manage its political affairs, the leaders fell back upon a bigoted hostility to the Church of Rome, to which many of their original members in Louisiana and elsewhere belonged. The result was that the mighty organization had begun to decay before it attained its growth, and that the old political leaders became members that they might elbow the improvised chieftains from power when the effervescence of the movement should subside.

Another noted person who visited Washington early in the administration of Mr. Fillmore was William M. Tweed, of New York, who came as foreman of the Americus Engine Company, Number Six, which was composed of young volunteer firemen. Visiting the White House, the company was ushered into the East Room, where President Fillmore soon appeared, and Tweed, stepping out in front of his command, said, "These are Big Six's boys, Mr. President!" He then walked along the line with Mr. Fillmore, and introduced each member individually. As they were leaving the room a newspaper reporter asked Tweed why he had not made a longer speech? "There was no necessity," replied the future pillager of the city treasury of New York, "for the company is as much grander than any other fire company in

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this world as Niagara Falls is grander than Croton dam." Two years afterwards, Tweed, profiting by a division in the whig ranks in the fifth district of New York, returned to Washington as a representative in Congress. He was a regular attendant, never participating in the debates, and always voting with the democrats. Twice he read speeches which were written for him, and he obtained for a relative the contract for supplying the house with chairs for summer use, which were worthless and soon disappeared.

When the members of the thirty-first Congress commenced their second session, the conservatives found themselves much stronger than when they had left Washington for the recess. The business interests of the North had decreed that antislavery doctrines should be banished from the pulpit, ignored on the political stump, excluded from newspapers, and not tolerated in lecture halls. But the "incendiary ideas" could not be extinguished, and the republic was slowly drifting towards the impending crisis, though the Missouri compromise had not been blotted out, and "bleeding Kansas" was unknown. Even Mr. Seward became somewhat conservative, and he showed no devotion to antislavery measures. "I am with you entirely," he declared to the Rev. Mr. May, a pronounced abolitionist, "but prudence places me under restraint."

Senator Douglas, seeing that the people of the Northwest were fast becoming opponents of slavery, or rather of its extension, endeavored to establish a new ground upon which the democratic party could maintain itself at the North, without offending its powerful Southern wing. He spoke with remarkable energy and vigor, but gave little evidence of intellectual cultivation or historical research. His literary deficiencies, however, were made up by his mental strength, intuitive sagacity, and good common — or, as he would have termed it, "horse" — sense. He never indulged in wit, but he excelled in sarcasm and burning denunciation, and he understood well how to appeal to the passions and the prejudices of the working-classes. His language, always energetic and vigorous, sometimes became eloquent, and in a controversial debate he possessed great power.

Mr. Andrew Pickens Butler was a prominent figure in the senate-chamber. He was a trifle larger round at the waistband than anywhere else, his long white hair stood out as if he were charged with electric fluid, and South Carolina was legibly written on his rubicund countenance. The genial old patriarch would occasionally take too much wine in the "Hole in the Wall," or in some committee-room, and then go into the senate and attempt to bully Chase or Hale; but every one liked him, nevertheless. Then there was Senator Slidell, of Louisiana, with a florid face, long gray hair, and prominent eyes, forming a striking contrast in personal appearance with his dapper little colleague, Senator Benjamin, whose features disclosed his Jewish extraction. One of the most popular senators was Jesse D. Bright, of Indiana, equally unscrupulous as a political manager and agreeable at a dinner-table, while his colleague, Judge Pettit, a short, stout, bald-headed man, made no friends.

Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, during his brief term of service in the senate as the successor of Daniel Webster, presented an interesting petition from the widow of Captain Robert Gray, the discoverer of the Columbia River, asking relief. Captain Gray was in the naval service of his country during the war of the Revolution, and afterwards, while in command of the sloop Washington, he was the first to carry the flag of the Union around the world. In a subsequent voyage in the year 1792, he discovered and entered the Columbia River, to which he gave the name of the ship

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which he then commanded, and thus furnished the corner-stone to the American title. Mrs. Gray's petition was accompanied by the original sea-passport, signed by George Washington and attested by Thomas Jefferson, under which the Columbia had sailed from Boston in 1790. A similar document bore the signature of John Hancock as governor of Massachusetts, and a clearance certificate from the Boston custom-house was signed by Benjamin Lincoln, collector of the port, whose name was honorably identified with several of the great battle-fields of the Revolution. Captain Gray had died in 1806, leaving a widow and four children with very little property, and she now asked Congress to cheer her old age by making such a grant to herself and her daughter as would testify its appreciation of a citizen whose nautical skill and bold enterprise had been instrumental in rendering so distinguished a benefit to his country.

The Rev. Henry Clay Dean, a stalwart defender of slavery on biblical grounds, was the chaplain of the senate. Many stories were related about him, among them one of his preaching one Sunday at a rural church in Virginia, when he was disturbed by the fact that his hearers turned their heads to look at every person who came in. He finally told them to keep their eyes upon him, and he would announce the new arrivals. Sure enough, the tardy brethren and friends who subsequently entered were amazed at hearing Mr. Dean pause in his discourse, and call out, "That's brother Eli Satterfield!" "That's brother Paul Haun!" "That's brother Merrifield!" "That's Job Hawkins." And then he exclaimed, "A little old man in a white coat and black cap, — I don't know who he is! Look for yourselves."

On the first day of December, 1851, Henry Clay spoke in the senate for the last time, and General Cass presented the credentials of Charles Sumner, who had been elected by one of the coalitions between the antislavery men and the democrats, which gave the latter the local offices in New York, Ohio, and Massachusetts, and elected Seward, Chase, and Sumner to the United States senate. Soon after Mr. Sumner took his seat in the arena which had been made famous by the political champions of the North, the South, and the West, Mr. Benton said to him, with a patronizing air, "You have come upon the stage too late, sir. Not only have our great men passed away, but the great issues have been settled, also. The last of these was the National Bank, and that has been overthrown forever. Nothing is left you, sir, but puny sectional questions and petty strifes about slavery and fugitive-slave laws, involving no national interests."

Mr. Sumner had but two coadjutors in opposing slavery and in advocating freedom when he entered the senate, but before he died he was the recognized leader of more than two thirds of that body. He was denounced by a leading whig newspaper of Boston when he left that city to take his seat as "an agitator," and he was refused a place on any committee of the senate, as being "outside of any healthy political organization;" but he lived to exercise a controlling influence in Massachusetts politics and to be the chairman of the senate committee on foreign affairs. He had learned from Judge Story the value of systematic industry, and while preparing long speeches on the questions before the senate he also applied himself sedulously to the practical duties of a senator, taking especial pains to answer every letter addressed to him.

The most popular house in Washington was that of Mr. Daniel S. Dickinson, a senator from New York, whose accomplished wife was acknowledged by all as the leader in social life. Tall and slender, with dark blue eyes, brown

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hair, and gentle manners, she was a notable figure in the society of New York and Washington, and had troops of friends. Her husband was devoted to her; and when, while he was a senator, he visited the little town of Oxford, where she had been educated, he said to the directors of the academy "that, though he had never studied at their institution, he had carried off its greatest prize."

When the thirty-second Congress met, Mr. Linn Boyd, a stalwart Kentuckian, was elected speaker of the house of representatives, and used to preside with great dignity, sitting on an elevated platform, beneath a canopy of scarlet curtains. Seated at his right hand, at the base of the platform, beside the "mace," was Andrew Jackson Glossbrenner, the sergeant-at-arms, and on the opposite side was Mr. McKnew, the door-keeper. Mr. John W. Forney officiated at the clerk's table, having been elected by a decided majority. His defeat two years previous had been very annoying to his democratic friends at the North, who were expected to aid the Southern wing of the party with their votes, and yet were often deserted when they desired offices. "It is," said one of them, "paying us a great compliment for our principles, or great contempt for our pliancy." Mr. Buchanan wrote to a Virginia democratic leader, "Poor Forney deserved a better fate than to be wounded 'in the house of his friends,' and to vote for a whig in preference to him was the unkindest cut of all. It will, I am confident, produce no change in his editorial course, but I dread its effect." Mr. Forney did not permit his desertion to influence his pen, and his loyalty to his party was rewarded by his election, two years after his defeat, as clerk of the house.

The democratic representatives, then as now, occupied the right of the house, looking from the speaker's chair, and the most noticeable figure was that of the burly Humphry Marshall, of Kentucky. Near him sat his colleague, the accomplished Breckinridge, and not far distant were Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, Harry Hibbard, of New Hampshire, Albert G. Brown, of Mississippi, John Appleton, of Maine, Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, Robert Toombs, of Georgia, and other democratic magnates.

Thaddeus Stevens, of the Lancaster district of Pennsylvania, was the recognized leader of the small band of anti-slavery men in the house, and as the republican strength there increased he continued his despotic rule. No republican was permitted by "Old Thad" to oppose his imperious will without receiving a tongue-lashing that terrified others, if it did not bring the refractory representative back into party harness. Rising by degrees, as a telescope is pulled out, until he stood in a most ungraceful attitude, his heavy black hair falling down over his cavernous brows, and his cold little eyes twinkling with anger, he would make some ludicrous remark, and then, reaching to his full height, he would lecture the offender against party discipline, sweeping at him with his large, bony right hand, in uncouth gestures, as if he would clutch him and then shake him. He would often use invectives, which he took care should never appear printed in the official reports, and John Randolph, in his braggart prime, was never so imperiously insulting as was Mr. Stevens towards those whose political action he controlled.

Mr. Stevens was a firm believer in the old maxim ascribed to the Jesuits, "The end justifies the means," and, while he set morality at defiance, he was an early and a zealous champion of the equality of the black and the white races. He was a good debater, and there was an undercurrent of dry humor about him that often disarmed his polit-

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ical opponents. When, on one occasion, a South Carolina representative undertook to lecture him for his antislavery views, and talked about a slave on his own rice plantation who was a pious deacon, Mr. Stevens gruffly asked what the price of deacons was in that vicinity, and whether a negro would command a higher price because he was a deacon.

Robert Rantoul, after a ten days' term of service in the senate, was elected to represent the Essex district of Massachusetts in the house, and had begun to make his mark there when he was suddenly removed by death. After long service in the democratic party, he had become a fervent antislavery man, and he was one of the pioneers in that great political revolution which made "all men free and equal." He never spoke without careful preparation, and then poured forth brilliant sentences with wonderful rapidity, and accompanied them by earnest gestures. In debate, few could stand against him. Fluent, logical, and incisive, he was defiant and triumphant.

It was a curious fact that there were in the house two sons of Rufus King, — John A., representing a New York district, and his brother, James G., a New Jersey district. Two brothers Stanton, originally from Alexandria, represented districts in Kentucky and in Tennessee, while two brothers-in-law, Messrs. Millson and Parker, represented two districts in Virginia. In the senate, a father and a son sat side by side, — Mr. Dodge, of Iowa, and Mr. Dodge, of Wisconsin, formerly called Ouisconsin.

The Southern disunionists had begun, even at that early day, to urge extraordinary appropriations for the navy-yards at Norfolk and at Pensacola, and to encourage the preparation of munitions of war in the slave-holding States. A company in Virginia commenced the manufacture of woolen cloth for army clothing, and obtained a contract at Washington to supply one hundred thousand yards of it, but was able to furnish only one half of that quantity. When payment was made for the cloth delivered, the officer of the quartermaster's department who received it withheld six thousand dollars, in accordance with the terms of the contract, as the forfeit for having failed to deliver the other fifty thousand yards. The Southern congressmen at once pushed through, a bill repaying this forfeit money to the contractor.

Mr. Clayton, when secretary of state, had received a proposition from August Belmont, as the agent of the Rothschilds, to pay the Mexican indemnity in drafts, for which four per cent. premium would be allowed. Then Mr. Webster became secretary of state, and he entered into an agreement with an association of bankers, composed of the Barings, Corcoran & Riggs, and Howland & Aspinwall, for the negotiation of the drafts by them at a premium of three and a half per cent. The difference to the government was about forty thousand dollars, but the rival sets of bankers had large interests at stake, based on their respective purchases of Mexican obligations at depreciated values, and a war of pamphlets and newspaper articles ensued. The dispute was carried into Congress, and during a debate on it in the house, Representative Cartter, of Ohio, now chief-justice of the courts in the District of Columbia, was very emphatic in his condemnation of all the bankers interested. "I want the house to understand," said he, with a slight impediment in his speech, "that I take no part with the house of Rothschild, or of Baring, or of Corcoran & Riggs. I look upon their scramble for money precisely as I would upon the contest of a set of blacklegs around a gaming-table over the last stake. They have all of them grown so large in gormandizing upon money that they have left the work of fleecing individuals, and

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taken to the enterprise of fleecing nations."

Mr. Charles Allen, of the Worcester district of Massachusetts, availed himself of the opportunity afforded by this debate on the payment of the Mexican indemnity to make a long-threatened attack on Daniel Webster. He asserted that when Mr. Webster was tendered the position of secretary of state a purse of twenty-five thousand dollars was raised in New York, and another of twenty thousand dollars was raised in Boston, and paid him to secure his acceptance of the position. Mr. George Ashmun, of the Springfield district of Massachusetts, a devoted friend of Mr. Webster, replied with great indignation, and declared, in concluding his remarks, that Mr. Allen had sat at Mr. Webster's board and eaten his bread and partaken of his salt while he was preparing this libelous attack on "one of the greatest men of the nation, — nay, the greatest man of the world."

Mr. Henry W. Hilliard, of Alabama, followed Mr. Ashmun, with a glowing eulogy of Mr. Webster, in which he declared that, although Massachusetts might repudiate him, the country would take him up, for he stood before the eyes of mankind in a far more glorious position than he could have occupied but for the stand which he had taken in resisting the legions which were bearing down against the rights of the South. This elicited a bitter rejoinder from Mr. Allen, who alluded to the fact that Mr. Hilliard was a clergyman, and said that he had found out how to serve two masters. Mr. Ashmun, asking Mr. Allen if he had not published confidential letters addressed to him by Mr. Charles Hudson, received as a reply, "No, sir! no sir! You are a scoundrel if you say that I did!" The debate between Messrs. Ashmun and Allen finally became so bitter that Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, and other representatives objected to its continuance, and refused to hear another word from either of them. The next day Mr. Lewis, of Philadelphia, improved an opportunity for eulogizing Mr. Webster, provoking a scathing reply from Mr. Joshua Giddings.

SECRETS.

THINK not some knowledge rests with thee alone!
  Why, even God's stupendous secret, Death,
  We one by one, with our expiring breath,
Do pale with wonder seize and make our own;
The bosomed treasures of the earth are shown,
  Despite her careful hiding; and the air
  Yields its mysterious marvels in despair
To swell the mighty store-house of things known.
In vain the sea expostulates and raves;
  It cannot cover from the keen world's sight
  The curious wonders of its coral caves.
And so, despite thy caution or thy tears,
The prying fingers of detective years
  Shall drag *thy* secret out into the light.

Ella Wheeler

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THE BRITISH PHILISTINE.

However closely the man of English blood, but of New England birth and breeding, may acknowledge himself bound to his kinsmen of the motherland, and however much at home he may find himself among them, partly because of their common blood and speech, and of that sameness of mental tone and of social habits and political institutions (excepting the mere outside form given by monarchy and aristocracy) which come of their common Anglo-Saxonism, and partly because of the frankness and heartiness with which they welcome him, he is sensible in the society of England, even when he is most at home in it, of a subtle, all-pervading influence which makes him constantly conscious that, although he cannot feel and is not made to feel that he is a foreigner, he is to a certain degree a stranger in the land of his fathers. This influence does not come from external things. Castles and cathedrals, peers and peasants, may be new to him, and he may look upon them with curious eyes; but this is something which eyes cannot see. He is conscious of it mostly, if not only, in the intercourse of man with man. He feels it chiefly in the midst of his greatest social enjoyment. Seated in a room, perhaps at a table, where there is little, if anything, that is unlike what he has been more or less accustomed to from his childhood, surrounded by men and women whose names are those of his own race, perhaps of his own familiar friends at home, — people whose costume, whose manners, and whose topics of discourse are essentially the same as those of the society in which he grew up, — he yet feels that there is an invisible something between them and him.

It is not a barrier; for it does not separate him from them: but it is an atmosphere through which he makes his approaches. It is the atmosphere of *Philistinism*.

That what has been called Philistinism exists in England is no new discovery, as Mr. Matthew Arnold's readers know; but it has been supposed, and indeed assumed and asserted, by him, if not by others, that it is to be found only in the middle classes, — that it is a distinctive quality of that immense division of English society which lies between the agricultural and artisan class, on the one side, and the nobility and gentry and the professional class, on the other. This theory of the phenomenon in question is plausible, and it is natural to a British observer who is himself in the latter division. But, according to my observation, it is erroneous. Philistinism pervades the whole society of Great Britain south of the Tweed. It is not found in equal proportions in all grades of that society, in some of which it is very much denser than it is in others. Like all heavy things, invisible although they may be, — like the heavier and more poisonous gases, for example, — its tendency is downward, and it sinks to the lower levels of society, where it becomes almost palpable from the pressure of the superincumbent mass. From that plane upward it gradually diminishes in quantity, and becomes more delicate in quality as it passes from grade to grade, until, when it has reached the highest, it attains a tenuity which makes it almost imperceptible. But there it is, present to consciousness although only as an influence, subtle, indefinable, almost indescribable. As I have said before, it is felt as something between the stranger and his kindred; and yet I am not sure that the latter are not conscious of it also as a separating, isolating power among themselves. As to this I cannot speak, because, being one

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of the strangers, I cannot know. But it seemed to me, sometimes, as if each Briton carried about him, like a social planet, his own little atmosphere of Philistinism, which was not only the breath of his nostrils, but the protective armor of his individuality, through which his nearest friends had to pierce in order to be in actual contact with the real man.

This subtle, isolating moral and mental atmosphere, which I have called an influence, — but which might be better named an exfluence, for it radiates from within outward, — is a non-conductor of ideas. It is the unreadiness of the Saxon Athelstane developed into a social and intellectual power of inertness. The gross result of this unreadiness is Philistinism. The surgical operation which has been said to be required to get a joke into the head of a Scotchman (most unjustly, it would seem, of a people who have produced Robert Burns, Walter Scott, and Thomas Carlyle) is far more needful to get a new idea, or even a fine idea, into the head of a British Philistine who is perfect of his kind. This being the case, Philistinism enshields and perpetuates itself. It is equally lasting and immovable. It stiffens the mental faculties, taking from them alertness and flexibility, and makes those who are wholly under its influence so set in their ways of thought and feeling that it is sometimes hard to say whether they are stable or stolid.

A trait like this is strange indeed as characteristic of a people in which there is such a richness and variety of intellectual power; a people who have produced and are producing, in all departments of human endeavor, work which in originality and in lasting value equals, and in many respects surpasses, that which is produced by any other people; a people to whom the world owes both Shakespeare and railways, inductive philosophy and the theory of evolution; who were once, if they are not now, the greatest discoverers, colonists, manufacturers, and traders in the world, and of whom it has been truly said that the sound of their drums follows the sun around the earth; a people whose very language, because of its supreme adaptation to all human needs, promises to abolish the confusion of Babel and to make all mankind again of one speech. Nor is the very literary activity of the British people less than phenomenal. The lists of new publications which appear weekly in the London Spectator are an ever-recurring surprise. I have counted more than one hundred and forty in a single list, not the most numerous that I remember; and, although these lists include new editions, this fact only modifies their significance. More original works are published in London and Edinburgh in a month than are published in all the United States in a year. But, notwithstanding this unmistakable sign of a vigorous intellectual activity, Philistinism exists in Old England, and to all intents and purposes does not exist in the New.

Now it is remarkable that Philistinism is a phenomenon of comparatively late manifestation in England. It is a growth of the last hundred and fifty years. There is no trace of it in the Elizabethan era. In all the voluminous dramas of that time there is no sign that this quality then existed in the Englishman. Shakespeare's plays, and Beaumont and Fletcher's, and Ben Jonson's, and Massinger's, and Heywood's, and Chapman's, and poor Dekker's are full of Englishmen of all conditions masquerading under Italian and French and Latin names; but there is not a Philistine among them. On the contrary, the English mind of that time seems to have been distinguished for its quick apprehensiveness, its flexible adaptability, its eagerness, its thirst for new thought, its readiness to receive, to welcome, and to assimilate. In the Merry Wives of Windsor, written, if not at Elizabeth's command, certainly to please the court circle, Shake-

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speare would surely have given us a Philistine, if he had known such a creature. But Master Ford and Master Page, although middle-class men hardly within the pale of gentry, and who are not even small country squires, but townsmen of Windsor, are equally far from Philistinism and from snobbishness. Nor in Jonson's two best known plays, which were written professedly to present contemporary manners, is this humor embodied. Shallow and Silence, in Henry the Fourth, make the nearest approach to it; but even they are only a pair of senile rustic squires. English comedy of the Restoration is still void of this characteristic in any of its personages. But in the last century the Philistine element begins to appear. The dense-minded middle-class man, rich, purse-proud, vulgar, incapable of apprehending anything beyond the range of his own personal experience, comes upon the stage. He is the butt, it is true, of the courtier and of the traveled man; nevertheless, he is represented as the type of a large class, and as one who is becoming a power in the land, and who is recognized as one of the characteristic elements of its society. He is conscious at once of his importance and of his social inferiority; and he submits, although with surliness, to the snubbing of his superiors, which sometimes takes a very active and aggressive shape. In Farquhar's Constant Couple, Wildair beats Alderman Smugler before Lady Lurewell, and finally throws snuff into his eyes; and the alderman raves and roars, but submits. English comedy of an earlier period has no such scenes as this. In the Elizabethan drama noblemen and gentlemen hold themselves loftily, and sometimes talk of "greasy citizens;" but they do not beat them nor throw snuff into their eyes in the presence of ladies. One reason of this is that the gentlemen of the earlier period are of higher quality and finer fibre than those of the later, and that in the later comedies the gentlemen themselves have become coarser under the velvet and ruder under the lace, which have wholly displaced the steel corselets and buff coats of their ancestors. The striking phenomenon is presented of the deterioration of a whole people in the finer traits of social and intellectual character, of a loss of the grace and charm of true gentility, of a vulgarizing of the general tone of society, while society as a whole is undeniably advancing intellectually, as well as growing stronger and richer in all that tends to progress and civilization. The lower class is coming into contact with the higher, and the higher has begun, in self-defense, to enter into conflict with the lower; and in such a struggle the combatants are always sure to become tainted each with the other's coarser qualities.

The eighteenth century, fruitful of good in so many important respects, was a period of decadence for England in all that made life beautiful and graceful. In all the arts that embellish life the Englishman of that time, compared with his ancestor of the time of the Tudors, was a being of inferior grade. In literature he had become conscious, weak, and prosaic; and in art he had sunk to a lower level than he had touched before since he had been civilized. The rude art work of Anglo-Saxon times shows more vigor and freedom and fancy than appears in that of thirty-guinea periwigs and Pope's Odyssey. The Englishman of the Hanoverian reigns could not even appreciate the work of his forefathers. The elegant eighteenth century did more to despoil and degrade the architecture of England than was effected by the iconoclastic fury of the Puritans of the Commonwealth. They destroyed, but they did not debase. In the last century, cathedrals and monuments and country-houses, when they were not wholly neglected, were made hideous by tasteless alterations. The eighteenth century was in this respect a period of paint

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and putty. Evidence of this is visible on all sides, and testimony to it is plentiful.

My first personal observation of this manifestation of Philistinism was at the villa of a commercial friend, not far from London. He was in no way concerned in it except as its discoverer, for he is not only a man of remarkable intelligence and comprehensiveness of mind, but also one of fine taste and of uncommon social attractiveness. The house was built in Queen Anne's time, and some parts of it earlier. I remarked to him one day upon the beauty of the wood of the solid mahogany door of the principal entrance. He, laughing, replied, "Yes; but I had a hard time with that door. When I bought the house that door was green." "Green!" "As green outside as that grass, and white inside. But it was blistered in spots, and I had it repainted. Still it would blister in warm weather; and after two or three trials I ordered all the paint scraped off down to the wood, that we might begin afresh. And what should we find, after removing three or four old coats, but this noble old mahogany. The paint was very old, and so hard that it almost turned the workmen's tools. It had been painted again and again during the last century." I was amazed; but I found other examples of the same vile taste, which was characteristic of the time when the term Gothic was used to imply rudeness. England at that time was full of noble monuments which had been defaced in this ridiculous and deplorable way. In one of the old churches of London, I forget which one, there is an elaborately carved tomb of a John Spencer, erected A. D. 1609. It is mostly in a beautiful green-veined marble, but partly in variegated pale red and yellow marble equally beautiful. One of the church-wardens, who was kind enough to do the honors of the place for me, told me that this tomb as it stands now is the result of restoration; that it was once all painted and gilded. The paint had been laid over this beautiful stone to the thickness of five eighths of an inch! Since then I have found that British critics have remarked the same desecration. Mr. De Longueville Jones, in his description of a beautiful old country-house in Herefordshire, says, "There was the bachelor's room, a nice little square apartment, about twice as high as it was broad, all paneled in oak, which some Goth of a squire had painted light blue!"[1] And Mr. Jennings, in his delightful Rambles among the Hills, just published, describing Charles Cotton's pew in the old church at Alstonfield, says, "It was elaborately carved, and of good old oak, but had received a thick coat of green paint at the hands of some barbarian many years before." The taste which covered beautiful veined marble and carved oaken panels with paint was Philistine. The people who sculptured the marble and carved the oak were not Philistine.

It is not strange that the houses and churches and other public buildings which were built in England during the time when such acts as this were regarded as improvements should be lacking in all the elements of beauty; and they are so, as I have remarked before. But they are not only ugly: there is about them an air of smug, yet heavy pretension, combined with respectability, which is peculiar to them among the productions of architecture. There were not wanting in England, even at the time of their conception and building, men who could see their hideousness, — men who had not yet been swallowed up and borne off in the flood of Philistinism which was beginning to pour over the country. Of this perception these lines are a record. I remember seeing them somewhere in the Dodsley poems.

[1] Essays and Papers (originally published in Blackwood), 1870, page 60.

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"Some wretched Wren was taught by bungling Jones
To murder mortar and disfigure stones."

This coarse, dull, pretentious taste became more general and more firmly settled as years went on, until at the beginning of this century the art of England, especially the household art, had reached its lowest level since the days of Cedric the Saxon. In design, the furniture, the plate, the glass, the binding of books, the house decoration, were utterly lacking in grace, in beauty of any kind. They were expressive merely of dense insensibility to beauty, of the expenditure of money, and of a stolid respectability. We had plenty of this in America, as those who recall the house-furnishing of our fathers' and grandfathers' houses must confess. It could not have been otherwise; for our furniture then either came from England, or was made upon English models. And yet at this time Wedgwood was beginning his wonderful revolution in household pottery. But we all know the struggles and the trials through which he had to pass before he could elevate the taste of the day to the appreciation of his work, about which now books are written.

The very "divinity" of the period (as religious literature is strangely called) was saturated with this influence. The "sound English divines" of the last century were all more or less Philistine. Reading their highly orthodox productions now is dreary work, not only because of the light which modern criticism has thrown upon their ignorance, but because of the expression of a smug satisfaction with their ignorance and admiration of it which pervade their pages. Doubtless they were honest, or thought that they were so; but they seem to have been all the while striving to produce sound English divinity, to be respectable, to do honor to their cloth, to build up the Church of England, and to buttress it in its weak places, where it had crumbled with age, or had been undermined by the slow filtering of insidious thought. Into endeavors like this they were indeed led by the very constitution of that church, which was not a revelational nor even a *traditional church, but one made for* the needs of the English people. An acute and thoughtful writer,[1] in the course of the discussion of another subject, has said of the Church of England: "By combined firmness and easiness of temper, by concessions and compromises, by unweariable good sense, a reformed church was brought into existence, — a manufacture, rather than a creation, — in which the average man might find average piety, average rationality, and an average amount of soothing appeal to the senses." But it was not until after many long years and many severe struggles that the Church of England was at last thus adapted to the religious wants of the average Englishman, who wished to be reasonably and respectably religious in a thoroughly English, sober, sensible, unexalted way. The mutual adaptation of the church and the people was not wholly accomplished until the last century, when Philistinism took possession of England. It was the religious and political sentimentalism of the Jacobites which, quite as much as their mere dynastic loyalty, made them offensive to the average Englishman of the eighteenth century, who cared much more for the comfortable decencies of his homespun national church than he did for the house of Hanover. And so it was that the sound English divines of that period shored up the English church, just as the men to please whom they labored shored up Temple Bar, that Philistine structure, without beauty, and of use only as an obstacle to free movement.

Now, according to the best evidence, this average Englishman, who rose into power in the last century, and has since

[1] Professor Dowden. The Mind and Art of Shakspere, chapter i.

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then exerted a gradually growing influence which has modified the social as well as the political surface and structure of England, was not an elegant nor in any way a very admirable creature. Mr. Matthew Arnold had very distinguished predecessors in his perception that England has "a middle class vulgarized." Fielding, in Joseph Andrews (Book III. chapter iii.), writes of "the lower class of the gentry and the higher of the mercantile world, who are in reality the worst bred part of mankind." Addison, in the Freeholder (No. 22), has a passage which shows that fox-hunting in his time was not the peculiar diversion, or rather employment, of a large part of the higher classes which it has since become, but was regarded as a mark of rudeness and rusticity. He describes his fox-hunting, small country gentleman by a motto from Vellius Paterculus, which he translates, "impolitely educated, expressing himself in vulgar language, boisterous, eager at a fray, and over-hasty in taking up an opinion;" and he makes him say that "he scarce ever knew a traveler in his life who had not forsook his principles and lost his hunting-seat," — by which it would seem that fox-hunting and Philistinism have advanced together to the possession of England. To such testimony as this there is no exception to be taken. And as this not well-bred man was somewhat slow of apprehension and was firmly fixed in his opinions, which yet he had rather found ready-made than formed for himself, and as his ideal of life was a dull and decent respectability, and his reverence for money and for rank equal and great, he and his modern descendant do indeed fulfill Heine's notion of the Philistine, as he saw the creature in Germany; and the name has been well transferred to British soil. The Philistine is the man who is steeped in commonplace. He is not necessarily ignorant, or lacking in good sense or good feeling; but his rule of action is precedent, and his ideal of life to do that which his little world will regard as proper.

A little touch of Philistinism in a lady decidedly not of the so-called Philistine class was amusing. She is of a family well and widely known for intellectual ability, and she herself maintains the reputation of her kindred. On my first visit at her house, she asked me how long I had been in England. I replied jocosely, "I have been in this blessed and beautiful island of yours just a fortnight to-day." "Oh," she exclaimed, "that shows what a big place you must have come from, — to call England an island!" Her brother, with a little blush, suggested to her that a country surrounded by the sea is an island, however respectable and powerful it may be, and that England was somewhat famous in history and poetry as an island. To which her answer was, "I know, I know! It 's well enough for foreigners to say that." And indeed she was not without the support of the example of Walter Scott, who, in Peveril of the Peak (chapter xxix.), contrasts "the continent of Britain" with the Isle of Man.

But the most amazing manifestation of Philistinism that I have encountered came to me from England across the sea. A person whom I do not know and never saw, but who resides in one of the best neighborhoods of the West End of London, and whose letter indicates good education and good breeding, wrote to me, inclosing a letter to be sent to a friend in New York, and in a postscript thoughtfully begged leave to inclose postage-stamps, and actually sent me half a dozen British stamps to pay postage in the United States! It seemed the most natural thing in the world to this amiable Philistine that British stamps should carry a letter through any post-office to the ends of the earth.

One striking trait of British Philistinism is ignorance of other countries, and chiefly ignorance of America. To the

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Philistine this ignorance is his most cherished intellectual treasure. He guards it carefully, and plumes himself upon it. To enlarge and confirm it, he reads the travels of other Philistines in America, and in some cases visits the States himself, to return with a confusion of mind and perversion of fact upon the subject which is the occasion of profoundest self-congratulation, and which makes him for the remainder of his life an oracle upon American affairs among his untraveled friends and neighbors. Let me frankly confess, however, that a like ignorance and confusion in regard to England among natives of other countries is sometimes courteously assumed by the Philistine. Some years before my visit to England a pretty and sweet-mannered, although not very high-class, Englishwoman was telling me, with the eyes and the voice of a dove, of something that had happened in Manchester; and then, with gentle condescension, she added inquiringly, "You 'ave 'eard of Manchester?" I said that I had, and she was satisfied. There are little courts and alleys in London which are called mews; and I was kindly informed by one or two friends, as we passed some of them, that mews were places for the keeping of hawks in olden time. It was impossible even to laugh at instruction so kindly given; nor did I tell my good teachers that any school-boy twelve years old in America knew that as well as they did. The elegant and very clever woman who recommended me to read Kenilworth before going to see the castle displayed this same sort of Philistinism. What need of telling her, either, that school-boys in America read Kenilworth!

There have been Philistines who were eminent in their quality; men whose characters and habits of mind and life made them perfect, and even admirable, examples of their kind. In the last century two figures of superior position stand forth as Philistines of the highest attainments. They are George III. and Dr. Johnson. The king, who was the first true Briton of his family, showed his possession of this quality in his dogged inapprehensiveness of his Parliament, his counselors, and his American colonies. The "great moralist and lexicographer" did not pass a day without the manifestation of it either in his speech or in his conduct. Of his Philistinism in conduct his behavior to his friend and benefactress on her marriage to Piozzi is a deplorable instance, he being in this case but the towering figure in a group of his kind; and his preference of Nahum Tate's King Lear, with its happy ending, by which virtue was rewarded and poetical justice done, is the most Philistine opinion recorded in literature. It is worthy of a critic in the gallery of Sadler's Wells. George III. and Dr. Johnson are the very Gog and Magog of Philistinism.

Nor in modern days are we without the supreme manifestation of this quality in high places. Lord Palmerston and Sir Alexander Cockburn, the late chief-justice of England, were Philistines of the first water. Lord Palmerston maintained his position so long without exhibiting any remarkable qualities as a statesman because in him the Philistinism of England found its representative and its highest expression. Fielding's lower class of the gentry and higher class of the mercantile world saw with delight a nobleman and accomplished man of society who in the tone of his mind reflected theirs. Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn, a man of much superior mind, a man of ability almost first rate, of great energy, of high culture and varied accomplishment, capable of vast effort, which he showed conspicuously on occasion of the Tichborne trial, attained his first great parliamentary success by supporting Lord Palmerston against Mr. Gladstone in the debate on the claims of Don Pacifico, the recognition of which is now seen to have been an egre-

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gious blunder. But it was a blunder committed for the glorification of British power. His attitude and conduct on the Alabama commission showed that years and experience had merely deepened and hardened his Philistinism, until it could make him, a courteous gentleman, rude, conspicuously rude, in the face of the whole world, — him, an upright judge, elaborately unjust. These four eminent men, George III., Dr. Johnson, Lord Palmerston, and Chief, Justice Cockburn, stand in the annals of England as glorified types of the narrow, inflexible, inapprehensive, and I fear that, supported by the testimony of Fielding and Mr. Matthew Arnold, I must say vulgar sort of Englishman who was unheard of in England's annals before the reign of Queen Anne, and who I hope and believe will, by a radical change of heart, disappear from them in the reign of Queen Victoria.

The difference between the society of England and that of America down to the present time, or perhaps I should say until within the last twenty-five or thirty years, is due chiefly to what remained in the motherland, — to certain immovable material things which the English colonists could not bring, and certain other movable immaterial things which they did not choose to bring, away with them. The abandonment of these, on the one hand, and the circumstances of the country to which he came, on the other, effected the changes, really slight, which made the Englishman of this country differ from his kinsmen who remained in the old home. But Philistinism was a new development of the English national character, which took place after the great English colonization of America was completed. In it the American has not part nor lot. It is to-day the one great distinguishing difference between two societies of men of the same blood and speech, having the same laws and literature and religion, in two countries. It is the only difference which goes down beneath clothes and cuticle. British Englishmen as a mass are Philistine; American Englishmen as a mass are not. In the American there is an alertness and flexibility of mind, an apprehensiveness and adaptability, which reminds us of the Englishman of the Elizabethan era. He is at once more logical and more imaginative than his British kinsman; but at the same time less stable, less prudent, less sagacious. There are Philistines in the United States, crowds of them; but they wear their Philistinism with a difference.

That Philistinism is rare and mild in its manifestations among us, we Yankees may reasonably be glad; but that the bird which broils upon our ugly coins should therefore plume himself and thank God in his heart that he is not as other brutes are, even as that poor British lion, is not quite so clear For after all it must be confessed that the country under the protection of that roaring beast, although it is so entirely given over to the domination of this strange *ism* that it may truly be called Philistia, and although its people are troubled at home and baffled abroad, is yet, on the whole, the happiest, and in many important respects the most admirable and respectable, in the world. John Bull himself confesses that he is a rude creature, who in some places welcomes a stranger by "'eaving 'arf a brick at 'im," and who beats his wife in most places; and yet England is the country of all Europe in which human life is safest. Dreydorf, in his work on the Jesuits in the German Empire, published in 1872, shows with emphasis that while in Rome there is one murder for 750 inhabitants, in Naples one for 2750, in Spain one for 4113, in Austria one for 57,000, in Prussia one for 100,000, in England there is but one for 178,000. And although John Bull may beat his wife, he wrongs women in what is generally regarded as a more grievous way very

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little when we compare his sins with those of other men in that regard. The same work shows that while for 100 legitimate births there are in Rome 243 illegitimate, in Vienna 118, in Munich 91, and in Paris 48, there is in London only one. This makes the proportion of suffering and wrong in this respect as follows: England 1, France 12, Germany 25, Austria 30, Italy 60. France is twelve times and Italy sixty times worse than England in this respect! And England is of all countries in Europe, and I am inclined to think of all countries in the world, the one in which there is, if not the most freedom, the greatest degree of the best kind of freedom, — that which is enjoyed by him who respects the freedom and the rights of all other men. There is no other country in the world in which the people are so little at the mercy of great corporations and of powerful individuals, and only one, if there be one, in which the poor man is so sure of the protection of the law against the rich, and the rich man is equally sure of justice if his adversary be poor.[1] What position in the world is so enviable as that of an English gentleman! What character, on the whole, more admirable than that of an English gentleman who is recognized among his fellows as worthy of his class! He is not always quickly apprehensive and alert of mind; he is sometimes overconfident; he is often very illogical; he blunders abroad and blunders at home; but his want of logic does not always show a want of sense. Sagacity is sometimes better than syllogism; and he is wise in remedying real evils in an utterly illogical way. In his difficulties he generally wins through by stoutness of heart and steady nerve, and fixed purpose to do what he thinks is his duty. He has a singular capacity of suffering when he sees that he must suffer, and a grand ability to die in silence when he sees that he ought to do so. Other men are as brave as he, some perhaps more dashing and brilliant in feats of arms, — Frenchmen, Germans, even Spaniards and Portuguese; but the calm, steady beat of the English heart in the face of danger is like the swing of a pendulum that obeys only the one great law of the universe. English soldiers have been beaten; but they have rarely, if ever, been routed. They have left their lost fields with ranks as nearly unbroken and with as firm a step as the most exacting soldier could expect or hope for in his overpowered and retreating comrades. At Fontenoy and at Corunna there was no panic. And at Balaklava, when "it was not war," it was at least cool, unquestioning obedience to orders, in the retreat as well as in the charge. At what sight did the world ever look with more reverence — an admiration tempered with tears — than at the Birkenhead, with her men obeying the call to quarters and standing at attention as she took them down in steady ranks into the depths, every man of them, like an imperial Cæsar, dying with decency! If Englishmen are a little loftily conscious of English prowess and English stability, they have the right to be so, — a right given to them by such fields (not to mention others of minor fame) as Crecy, where Edward III.'s men were less in number than one to two of their opponents, and Agincourt, where Henry V.'s were not one to four, and Plassy, where Clive's one thousand Englishmen had such heart to spare to their two thousand auxiliaries that together they put more than ten times their number to flight, and although the enemy had almost as many cannon as the little British force had field officers. Andrew Borde, a Sussex physician, who had seen the world of his day as few men then

[1] Let whoever is inclined to carp at, and resent the former of these assertions, read and consider Mr. Lloyd's article in The Atlantic for March, The Story of a Great Monopoly; truly it seems to me the fullest of great import, and of shameful record that was ever made public in this country.

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saw it, published in 1542 a book called The Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge, in which there are rude wood-cuts representing men of various nations, each of which has a motto or saying attached to it. That uttered by the Englishman is, —

"I do feare no man, all men fearyth me;
I overcome my adversaries by land and sea."

Boastful, indeed, and therein not uncharacteristic; but true, and therein also characteristic. Borde says, "I think if all the world were set agaynst England it might never be conquered, they being trew within themselfe." We know that this opinion of our forefathers and our kinsmen has been sustained by the event. But from that time to the present, of what other people in the world, who are not of English race, could this be truly said?

The bearing of all this upon our present subject is that the rise and the progress of Philistinism in England were strictly contemporaneous with her assumption of her position as a power of the first class in the world, in wealth, in strength, in empire, in glory. India was won for Britain by her middle classes; and Philistinism marched steadily forward from the victories of Marlborough to those of Wellington.

And, moreover, see the attitude of England now, and of Englishmen, towards the agitators and revolutionists — agitators and revolutionists, however just may be their cause or great their provocation — who are threatening and striving to dismember the empire. Englishmen as a race do not like Irishmen as a race, on either side of the ocean; and Irishmen have now been doing all that deeds and words could do to inflame English hatred against them. But England has stood, although indignant, yet considerate, not without sympathy, and reluctant to strike. The very leaders of what is treason, who are on trial for their crime, take their seats in Parliament, with no man to molest them or make them afraid. Mr. Parnell, indicted traitor in Dublin, sits as a member of Parliament in Westminster, and has all the privileges and immunities of his representative function. He is as safe in the House of Commons, and, what is more, as safe in the streets of London, as if he were John Bright or Mr. Gladstone. He and his colleagues are heard patiently until they deliberately undertake to obstruct the action of Parliament, and there is not a word uttered in speech or in print to excite personal ill-will against them. This is a noble attitude, and it is one peculiarly English.

It would be well for us to admire what is worthy of admiration in such a people, rather than to carp at their errors and their failings, to emulate their sterling virtues, and to find in our share of their ancient fame and grandeur an occasion of honorable and elevating pride. England has behaved to us too often rather as a mother-in-law than as a mother-in-blood, and many Englishmen have an unhappy mastery of the art of being personally offensive; but that is a poor and little spirit which cannot see and admire greatness because it has received slight. And what wrong has England ever done us since we were an independent nation? She has scoffed and sneered and been insolent; and, as Plutarch says, men will forgive injurious deeds sooner than offensive words. But after all, is it not better to forgive even offensive words when they were spoken less in malice than in overweening conceit and utter ignorance? England is the cradle and the home of Philistinism, and never has the Philistine temperament of her dominant, although not her ruling, class been more manifest than in her attitude, until lately, towards her younger brother in America. It has been quite like that of Mr. Anthony Trollope's Marquis of Brotherton towards his younger brother. And this went on all the while that we were, to all intents and purposes, but another

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English nation. Now, when we are becoming year by year more and more a mixed people, she is changing her tone, because we have fought a big war and are paying a big debt. Alas, that it is so! But we at least can afford to be good-natured, and to smile, not merely in rueful scorn, as we take the hand that would have been so much more welcome and so much more honored if it had been offered when we were weaker and poorer. Yet we may trust England in this matter. It is not that she is snobbish, and is ducking to us merely because we are strong and rich; it is that our war and its consequences have partly opened her Philistine eyes, have taught her something, although yet a very little, about America. Her ignorance was ridiculous, but not unpardonable. After living a while in England, one begins to see how it is that it is so much farther from London to New York than it is from New York to London. He who cannot see that must be very dull or very ignorant, himself a Philistine, indeed.

England is not perfect, for it is upon the earth, and it is peopled by human beings; but I do not envy the man who, being able to earn enough to get bread and cheese and beer, a whole coat, and a tight roof over his head, — chiefest need under England's sky, — cannot be happy there. He who is of a complexion to be surly because another man is called my Lord, while he is plain Mister; she who frets because another woman may go to court, while she may only queen it at home, can easily find occasion there to grumble or to pine. They whose chief aim is to rise in life do find there, not barriers indeed, but obstacles; to overcome which they must have *can* and *will* largely in their composition, as it is thought that they should have who rise. But they who are sufficient unto themselves, and who can take what life and the world offer without a thought of what others may be thinking about them, may find in England the means and conditions of a sound and solid happiness. I never met a well-educated, well-bred Yankee, who had lived in England long enough to become familiar with the people, who found himself at all out of place, or who was dissatisfied with any of his surroundings. As to Philistinism, the chief mark of distinction between the people of the two countries, one becomes used even to that, and finally forgets it. I confess, as I bid farewell to thee, Philistia, dear motherland, that while I was within thy borders I, a Yankee of the Yankees, felt at times as if I were a Philistine of the Philistines.

Richard Grant White.

JOHNSON'S GARRISON, AND OTHER BIOGRAPHIES.

THE younger generation is practically ignorant of the real historical character of the antislavery movement. They look on that cause through transforming childhood and boyhood memories of the civil war, and see it as a cause in triumph. Mr. Johnson, who gave it many years of self-denying service, remembers most vividly its abasement, and in this book,[1] which is a valuable contribution to the history of the period, he tells in a plain-spoken, vigorous, and manly fashion what he himself saw in those earlier days, when the upholders of order

[1] *William Lloyd Garrison and His Times; or, Sketches of the Anti-Slavery Movement in America, and of the Man who was its Founder and Moral Leader.* By OLIVER JOHNSON. With an Introduction by JOHN G. WHITTIER. Boston: B. B. Russell & Co. 1880.

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struck hands with the incendiaries of disorder, forgot the inviolability of freedom of speech, and imperiled the lives of the reformers. In these pages church, state, and society, college and press, present themselves ignobly; but, from the congregated forces of evil, the church is here singled out for signal condemnation that derives its sting and fire from the facts. No part of the story has so fallen into oblivion as this; for it is the native habit of the mind to regard the church as the champion of moral causes, and therefore, though the evidence be adduced as it is in this volume, young men will feel something of Garrison's incredulity when they are told that the church was against the slave.

At all times the church, as the most conservative institution in society, has been on the side of the established order. The American church was not singular in this; but it was singular in the darkness of its mind and the venom of its spirit. Ignoble the times were, throughout the nation, and the church held the most ignoble place. The attempt has lately been made to reverse the record, but no attempt can succeed in accrediting organized religious bodies with what was done by the few, who, though in the church, remained faithful, and performed services that the hostility of their fellow-Christians made heroic.

"The moving finger writes, and, having writ,
Moves on; nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

It is true that the church would not pray that the slave might go free; it is true that it based slave-holding on the Word of God; it is true that it denounced abolition as a silly and an infidel cause. The reproach cast by the pagans on the early church that it was made up of slaves was forgotten, as well as the glorious boast of that church that it freed the slaves. The spirit of Christ was subordinated to the law of Judaism and a few words of St. Paul. Fortunately, from the first, some kept the purer faith; and, at last, the body of the church, in spite of its leaders, was drawn into the current of the mighty forces that streamed from Garrison; but this fact does not blot out what went before. Commerce may plead that in ordinary human life the legally secured rights of property and the prospects of trade (both of which would have been disturbed by immediate emancipation) are controlling motives; politicians may find some excuse, perhaps, for discountenancing the objects and methods of the agitators in that politics is woven of compromises, and that the master of the art, dealing with present possibilities, must judge of objects to be aimed at by the forces at his command, and of methods to be adopted by their apparent efficacy; but, when brought before the bar, that church, which had met with bitterness and denounced with hatred a movement made necessary by Christian thought and grounded in conscience, must stand with the shame of its obloquy upon it, unless, indeed, it borrows for defense the shielding garment of Garrison, through whom it was at last forced, when the shadow of war fell upon the nation, to make some atonement for its long desertion.

How brightly over against this degradation of the institutions and leaders of the country shines the inbred integrity of human nature! For, next after the position of the church, what will most strike those of the younger generation who may chance to read this volume is the number of obscure names it chronicles. Once more is it proven that man is better than any institutions he can create, and the voice of his heart clearer and truer than the voice of any whom he can exalt to speak for him: in this fact lies the hope of real progress as distinguished from that change of civilization which is a mere adaptation to varied external circumstances. The antislavery movement was a step of such real progress; youths and women, the poor,

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the unrespected, the nobodies, as they were then often called, began the agitation, brought on the conflict, and secured the triumph. Unawed by the consecrated anathema of the pulpit, unperplexed by the puzzles of politics and trade, they clarified the confused brains and cleansed the vitiated consciences of their fellows, until, after many days, the restoration of the Union with slavery became impossible. This is not a detraction from the rightful fame of the great leaders whom the movement afterward produced, for they were borne forward on a tide of popular feeling that nameless persons had let loose from its sources as by the stroke of the prophet's rod; the statesman's fame will not suffer, though due honor be given to these unknown men, who, meeting by the dozen in the cities, by twos and threes in the villages, without the shelter of a name like Brougham's or of a genius like O'Connell's, enlisted in a righteous cause while it was held in despite and hedged about with peril.

Nevertheless, these, too, are forgotten; one name survives, — a Luther, a Hampden, a Wilberforce; the rest perish. So Garrison survives, the shining example of the men he quickened. In this book he is the principal figure, as he needs must be: the facts of his life are set down, for they were the facts of the movement; but it is yet too early to draw his portrait, either as a man in his individuality, or as a leader absorbing into himself the totality of a great movement. The promised biography of him by his sons must be waited for. Meanwhile, truth has nothing to take away from Wendell Phillips's words (eloquent even for him) spoken over Garrison's body, though it may be that truth will have much to add thereto. There is no need to restate here that admirable estimate; what is recorded in this book bears out every word of it. Throughout these pages Garrison appears as the soul of the cause, the inspiration of the great plea then made before the conscience of America. His insight revealed the way, his forethought avoided the danger; his courage tempered the weapon, his conviction drove home the steel. As it was from him that the movement had being, so he preserved it in vigor and ever refreshed it with fuller life. The great personal traits, however, which as a moral reformer he displayed both in supplying resources and resisting hostile powers, are perhaps less impressive to the ordinary mind than the vastness of his achievement within the limits of his own life. Seldom does a great man's work tell so immediately upon mankind. Measure the distance between the mob of Boston hunting him to the jail walls and the breakfast at St. James Hall, where what was noblest, wisest, and most refined in England met to ascribe to him his rightful praise; or, better, measure the distance between Baltimore, with the unfriended boy there imprisoned, and Charleston (the newly unfurled flag then floating over Sumter), with the old man there standing, the gift of flowers in his hands, amid thousands of the freed blessing him: by such marvelous contrasts the imagination gathers some faint conception of the work he did. Ever as the antislavery movement recedes into the past, it becomes more plainly the cardinal fact in the spiritual life of this people; in giving freedom to all mankind within our borders Lincoln was the hand, but Garrison was no less the heart, of the regenerated nation.

Dr. Hodge, the eminent Princeton divine,[1] by common consent the protagonist of the Presbyterian church, was one of the men who threw their influence against Garrison. His position was logical, — nay, it was (which means much more) theological. He writes, "If the

[1] *The Life of Charles Hodge, D. D., LL. D., Professor in the Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J.* By his son, A. A. Hodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

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Scriptures under the old dispensation permitted men to hold slaves, and if the New Testament nowhere condemns slave-holding, but prescribes the relative duties of masters and slaves, then to pronounce slave-holding to be in itself sinful is contrary to the Scriptures. . . . The doctrine that slave-holding is in itself a crime is antiscriptural and subversive of the authority of the Word of God." He recommended the reform of the slave laws, and thought that this would result in freeing the slaves; but, meanwhile, slave-holding was not wrong, and the abolitionists were "silly." He was thus, in opinion, contemporary with Seneca and Justinian, although he seems behind the former, at least in sentiment. There is no need to dwell upon this; it is referred to only as a passing illustration of the truth of the foregoing remarks.

Dr. Hodge was led to take this position by his regard for the Bible, which was for him the last court of appeal both for doctrine and conduct. "Nothing that the Bible pronounces true can be false; nothing that it declares to be false can be true; nothing is obligatory on the conscience but what it enjoins; nothing can be sin but what it condemns." That was his creed, and it explains not only his opposition to emancipation, but his whole theory of life and his whole body of doctrine. He declared that marriage with a deceased wife's sister was wrong. But, not to make too long a catalogue, let this single searching ray suffice to throw light on all his opinions at once: "It is as much contrary to our allegiance to the Bible to make our own notions of right or wrong the rule of duty as to make our own reason the rule of faith." So blank a denial of the rights of private conscience it would be hard to find outside of Catholic writings. Those who wish to know what was the theology which Dr. Hodge extracted from the Bible can read it in his *magnum opus*, Systematic Theology, which, although not free from errors of statement and not corrected by an exhaustive knowledge of the schools opposed to him, has taken high rank among works of its kind; it is enough to say here that he was an Augustinian, and, more narrowly, a defender of that special form of Protestantism which — although the name has lost much of its propriety — is termed Calvinism. In dealing with this theology, Dr. Hodge was conservative; the word hardly expresses the thing, but its meaning is indicated by the fact that, as editor of the Biblical Repository and Princeton Review for over forty years, he boasts, "It is believed to be true that an original idea in theology is not to be found in its pages from the beginning until now" (1868); and, again, as a founder of the Princeton Seminary and a controller of its policy throughout his active life, he says, "A new idea never originated in this seminary." His son also writes, "He had precisely the same doctrines in his age as in the early controversies of his youth, and the same principles as to the relation of government to moral and religious questions and as to temperance and slavery after the war as he did years before." Certainly, in Emerson's words, he "obeyed the voice at eve obeyed at prime."

Holding the Bible thus as good Catholics hold the Pope, treating it in the same spirit as ultramontanists treat the papal prerogatives, Dr. Hodge did such work as was to be expected. The most distinguished quality of his mind was the logical power that has characterized many American divines. He also possessed in an eminent degree the quality of piety; partly from his natural temperament, and partly, perhaps, in consequence of his early association with Tholuck and other Germans of the same pietistic school. Beside these intellectual and emotional qualities, he was marked by a third that is rare among theologians: he was amiable. The most pleasing revelation made in this biography is

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his relations to his family and friends; the connections he formed were ardent and life-long, and his strong affections, which easily mastered him and were openly expressed, won return from those intimate with him, and so tempered his nature with friendliness that he gained the kindly regard of his pupils and of passing acquaintances. This personal feeling, let us hope, accounts somewhat, in connection with other obvious reasons, for the fulsome eulogy to which he listened for hours on the fiftieth anniversary of his being installed professor, on which occasion many distinguished men and representatives of educational institutions in flattering him piled Pelion on Ossa. He said that they seemed to him to be talking of some other man. We confess to having felt the same impression.

Dr. Hodge deserved praise, but not after this indiscriminate fashion. He apparently utilized all his mental vigor and acquired learning, and, in spite of long-continued and painful illness, he accomplished a vast amount of work; he put his mark on the Princeton Review and the Princeton Seminary; he influenced much the theology of his day by drawing it toward older interpretations and defending it from novelties. What he did and wrote will, no doubt, long continue to be valued, at least by that sect to which he gave his life. But the laic mind in general, so far as it remembers him, will look on him as a man who, with great mental powers and with remarkable benevolence of nature, holding a position of great authority and controlling important influences, was the unalterable and often bitter foe of every liberal movement of his age, from the establishment of unsectarian public schools to the union of the kindred branches of the Presbyterian church.

Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin,[1] was, like Dr. Hodge, a great theologian, an Augustinian, and the leader of his church. The Irish prelate, however, offers a strange contrast to the Protestant divine. Born in Ireland in 1786, he was educated at the university of Coimbra in Portugal, where as a youth he received offers which might well have tempted him to remain in that country; preferring, however, to serve God in his own persecuted church, he returned home and joined the Augustinian friars. His abilities and acquirements attracted notice, and in 1813 he was appointed professor in Carlow College, where he won such distinction that, six years after, at the remarkably early age of thirty-three, he was made bishop. In that office he performed the illustrious services for his church and his country by which he eclipsed all his brother prelates.

He began his career with a vigorous effort to reform the discipline of the clergy. During the long period of persecution that was then approaching its end, although the nation, exemplifying most marvelously the vitality of Catholicism, had remained in the faith, religion had suffered; carelessness had crept into the routine of church duties, and looseness into the habits of the country clergy. But the farming and horse-racing priest soon felt the rod of the bishop, the tippling and slovenly mended their ways, decorum was restored to religious observances, and the service of the church increased in dignity as the clergy in sober living. Rigorous and watchful the bishop had to be, but as he was the first to undertake this task, so he succeeded the best; and if he here showed the severest aspect of his character, the impression is softened by his conduct and tone toward the faithful priests and the religious associations under him, and especially by the attractive

[1] *The Life, Times, and Correspondence of the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin.* By W. J. Fitzpatrick, LL. D. New edition, greatly enlarged and enriched. Two volumes. Dublin: James Duffy and Sons, M. H. Gill and Son. 1880.

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spirit of his letters to the nuns under his care. He did not, however, limit his activities to his sphere as head of a mere ecclesiastical organization. In his care for his fold he was exemplary: by continual visitation he became acquainted with the conditions and needs of his people; he addressed them in simple, direct, and elevated pastorals, and frequently by sermons from his own lips, teaching them the gospel of a clean and orderly life. They heard him with thanksgiving and joy; sometimes, too, with terror, if, by joining any of the secret organizations that have been the bane of Ireland, they had fallen under his wrath. Toward these societies the bishop was a bitter foe. In dissuading the people from uniting with them, he employed all the arts of lucid explanation, of entreaty and denunciation; he even went so far as to excommunicate. In these eloquent appeals he appears singularly impressive, as if he were one of the earlier fathers who held all spiritual power in their hands. More than once he turned the tide; but he could not affect the conditions of life out of which the Blackfeet and Whitefeet sprang, and at last, it is said, the failure of his efforts to bring about any permanent change in this direction shortened his life. "Men of the Queen's County," he said, erect and awful, "my blood is upon you!" And again, toward the end, standing at the altar before the gray-coated peasantry, and supporting his trembling frame on the crozier, in his clear, solemn, slow, and hollow tones, "Ah, my people, you have broken your bishop's heart!" While his strength remained, he also discharged with great ability the duty of defending his faith against the intermingled insult and argument of the Established Church. Here he appears, perhaps, most able, and his extraordinary theological learning, his knowledge of history, and his close reasoning made more than one Protestant mitre bow before him.

Though he exhibited such fidelity in all his pastoral duties, it is not as the bishop that he claims attention from the world at large. He was, perhaps, even a better patriot. The letters and volumes he published from time to time to stir up and maintain agitation would have gained honorable remembrance for a man who did no more; but he exercised his most powerful influence by the examinations that he underwent in Parliament between 1825 and 1833, before the committees upon the Catholic Relief Bill, the education inquiry, the tithes inquiry, and the inquiry into the state of the Irish poor. The volumes that contain this evidence are treasuries of historical fact in respect to the condition of Ireland, of clear exposition of its causes, and of wise suggestion for its remedies. He was well fitted to speak on these topics: he was no stranger to the mother sitting without food by the father who ate to work; to him the peasant losing to the tithe-collector the last support from his store, the clothes from his back, and the blanket from his bed, and all the oft-told scenes of wretched Irish life were a vivid reality. He knew ignorance and its danger, oppression and its iniquity, poverty and its misery; he had daily before his eyes the habits of character engendered by the state of law and life in Ireland, and the revolution smouldering in suffering. He was competent, too, not only to bear witness, but to defend and advise. Familiar with the history and the constitutional and legal principles involved, he discomfited even the law officers of the crown. These examinations were the most powerful single cause of the reforms effected; they instructed the public mind of England in the actual state of affairs, and removed much misapprehension in respect to the belief of Catholics and their relations to the temporal power. The ministers sought the bishop's counsel, and often fixed his ideas in legislation. In his life-time, it is true, he saw only a

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portion of his plans consummated; he was obliged to see O'Connell, whose hands he had held up, oppose him in his projects to relieve the poor, as he opposed, or rather did not aid, O'Connell in his agitation for the repeal of the union; but the event has now justified him. The cause of education, especially, he had at heart, and, although he saw little profit from his work, he did not labor in vain. Thackeray, writing in the Irish Sketch Book of Carlow Cathedral, states the truth: "Bishop Doyle, the founder of the church, has the place of honor within it; nor, perhaps, did any Christian pastor ever merit the affection of his flock more than that great and high-minded man. He was the best champion the Catholic church and cause ever had in Ireland; in learning and admirable kindness and virtue the best example to the clergy of his religion; and if the country is now filled with schools, where the humblest peasant in it can have the benefit of a liberal and wholesome education, it owes this great boon mainly to his noble exertions and to the spirit they awakened."

The bishop's personality, also, was striking. He was tall, erect, and large in build, of impressive presence, and dignified in demeanor; imperious, perhaps, at times, as such men are apt to be; inclined to pride, too, from his consciousness of strength, but ever striving to be humble; capable of tenderness, even, and able to be a good companion. Marked by these main traits, we see him grow old in daily life; for the biographer, notwithstanding the interminable detail and explanation necessary in an account of such varied and important activities, has yet had the skill to keep the man always before us. It must not be forgotten that the scene is laid in Ireland; the book savors of the soil. Anecdotes strew these pages, and the footnotes often hide a good joke in their nutshell of wretched print. The humor, however, only plays about the bishop: the laugh does not interfere too rudely with the main impression we have of him as the youthful prelate holding confirmations where none had been held for a score of years, gathering gray-haired men and children by hundreds into the church; as the able disputant writing by the candle that glimmered the night through, year after year; as the faithful pastor exercising his office amid scenes almost mediæval in character, in the collieries and the country fields, among picturesque surroundings of shadow, group, and garb, stirring the rough peasants into the transports of heartfelt repentance, and calming them into peace; or, lastly, as the patriot meeting with dignity and persuasion the enmity, distrust, and bigotry of Parliament. In such deeds his life was soon eaten away; the cheek grows pallid, the flesh shrinks, the muscles are unstrung; we see him going from the swoon to the pulpit, grasping it with both hands that he might not fall, preaching, like St. Augustine, until the death. "We must preach, brethren," he began, "and woe to him that does not preach." It was the final effort of a dying man. When the moment comes, he remembers how Christ died on the hard cross, and asks to be taken from his straw mattress and laid upon the floor; there he expired. The disposition of his mind toward penance is revealed in this last request; to him life seemed given for the laceration of the flesh; this is the heart of Catholic piety. His work was but half done; he had dreamed of reconciling the Anglican to the mother church, but in this, as in most other of his plans, he hardly made a beginning. His learning, even, he had no time to embalm in books. His life alone is left: as the exemplary bishop he enforces respect; as the sincere, fearless, and wise patriot he stirs a warmer feeling.

Mr. Murdock has selected passages from his lectures, and put them together in a somewhat disconnected way, but

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he has made an entertaining and really valuable book.[1] Acting is the most perishable of the arts; indeed, it might almost be said that actors have no biographies. A few anecdotes of them remain, some reminiscences of their striking traits, an echo from the applause of their great nights; but probably the imagination never succeeds in gleaning sufficient material from what is recorded of them to reconstruct the outward gesture, much less to inform the hollow shape with tone and glance. The tradition of their style lives on in their pupils and imitators only; but Mr. Murdock, by attempting to give some account of this tradition and of his own observation, particularly with reference to their modes of speech, does present to us something of the reality of their acting. The portion of the volume that treats of the management of the voice is the most important, but it is not unduly large; the rest is filled with reminiscences, and with critical quotations relative to acting and plays, which are as rich in sense as the anecdotes often are in wit and humor. So good a general view of the English and American stage could hardly be got elsewhere in the same space.

Mr. Congdon served his apprenticeship to journalism in his native town of New Bedford, bustling with its earlier whaling business, and in Providence, where he edited the organ of the agitators of the Dorr rebellion; his active years were spent in the editorship of the Boston Atlas just before its adversity, and afterwards on the staff of the New York Tribune. If what Horace Greeley wrote of him be true, that "in the protracted, arduous struggle which resulted in the overthrow and extinction of American slavery" it was "he who most skillfully, effectively, and persistently wielded the trenchant blade of satire," Mr. Congdon has deserved no little gratitude for his service to his day and generation. He saw the rise and establishment of American journalism as a liberal profession, and he gives to young aspirants for its honors much good advice; but one looks in vain for any philosophic account of the causes and character of the new power that has so markedly changed the conditions of political life in this country. Mr. Congdon seems to have no philosophic bent; he writes in a light and colloquial manner of what he has seen, as a cultivated reporter would do. His reminiscences[2] fall into two divisions: those that deal with older town life in Southern New England and New York, and those that deal with the notabilities of the region and with the few great men of the country whom he met or heard of, clergymen, scholars, journalists, actors, and statesmen. Of the latter, however, he does not increase our knowledge, but gives his own estimates, always moderate, usually just; although, perhaps, the coldness with which he treats Webster might better have tempered his warmth toward Seward, and personal feeling colors his portrait of Horace Greeley.

It will be seen that this volume is a side-light only, the flash of a passing lantern upon events and the actors in them. Of himself the author tells next to nothing, but he had the fortune to live amid minor circumstances that are of interest to all who take pleasure in the remembrance of the New England life already traditional, and to be in the immediate presence of a great period of history which will be of absorbing interest to men unto a distant future; the knowledge and impressions that he has recorded are therefore of value, and they are, moreover, entertaining.

[1] *The Stage; or, Recollections of Actors and Acting from an Experience of Fifty Years.* A Series of Dramatic Sketches. By James E. Murdock. With an Appendix. Philadelphia: J. M. Stoddart & Co. 1880.

[2] *Reminiscences of a Journalist.* By Charles T. Congdon. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1880.

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Mr. Wikoff's book[1] is an unfinished autobiography. It is fitly entitled, for it is filled with commonplace and small talk, and is sometimes really gossipy. Its interest lies in what it tells us of the distinguished people whom the author saw; but, as he seems to have been intimate with none except Edwin Forrest, he adds little to our knowledge; an agreeable caller, which is the part he apparently filled, even at Lady Blessington's, can have nothing new to tell after this lapse of time. The letters from Mrs. Grote and Lady Bulwer will not increase the reputation of either; the glimpses of Countess Guiccioli form the pleasantest part of the book.

The series of biographies[2] which Mr. Adams has written, though he has mingled with it a strand of literary criticism, is designed to instruct our youth in good morals; this is of course a very laudable purpose, and perhaps it is furthered by placing before them great examples of wickedness as well as of virtue. The essential requisite of the best literary criticism, and of all valuable criticism of life whatever, is, it is needless to say, sympathy; and an author can hardly be expected to show much sympathy with men whose example he is holding up as a warning to all youth well disposed toward morality and orthodoxy. The easiest charge for an unsympathetic critic to make is that of insincerity. Mr. Adams thinks Burns was insincere in his love of highland lassies, and Heine in his love of freedom. The most natural conclusion for such an author is that the "wrecked" man did nothing worth doing; so Mr. Adams, writing of Swift (after defending him from the "organized hypocrisy" that Thackeray puts upon him by saying that he was a skeptic, and yet "his was a reverent and pious spirit; he could love and could pray") remarks, that "he has contributed nothing to the world's treasures of love and truth and wisdom." And, again, Mr. Adams unhesitatingly asks, respecting Heine, "Has he furthered the progress of any good and great cause? Has he given to the world any thoughts for which it is the better or the happier?" Indeed, Mr. Adams leaves the impression that the result of Burns's life would have been better had he followed the plow-tail, a sober peasant, without any poetic vagaries of fancy. There is something so irrelevant as to be funny in his criticism of Poe's line, "'a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore,' — which, by the way, the angels would certainly *not* do." The statement that Savage was probably happiest during his last few weeks at Newgate, because he was relieved from anxiety for the morrow, and that the same poet might have lived on £50 a year, would be, were it not for Mr. Adams's seriousness, the grimmest satire. There is something ludicrous in the following sentences about Heine: "If he did not make a very good Christian, it seems certain he would have made a worse Jew. . . . He was too indisposed to observe the commonplaces of life. . . . A young man of erratic habits, and, I fear I must add, of loose morals. . . . There was a good deal of Bohemianism in him," etc., etc. The obviousness of these remarks is not against them, but their tone is supremely ridiculous. To make one more extract from a rich field, this defies characterization: "that world of fashion and excitement, whose temptations Johnson shrunk from essaying, *perhaps because he was doubtful of his strength to resist them.*"

But though one may find amusement in such criticism of life and in the results of such absence of the imaginative faculty, which rebuilds the house of circumstances and summons its old guest

[1] *The Reminiscences of an Idler.* By Henry Wikoff. New York: Fords, Howard and Hulbert. 1880.

[2] *Wrecked Lives; or Men Who Have Failed.* By W. H. Davenport Adams. First Series. Second Series. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. New York: Pott, Young & Co. 1880.

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to live there once more, it may be doubted whether the volume reaches the standard of sound teaching, or rather follows sound modes of inculcating good morals. On finishing the perusal one has an impression that charity is no longer to be reckoned among Christian virtues. Take for a crucial instance the essay upon Chatterton. The story, the most touching tragedy in the history of English men of letters, we all know. The precocious boy, misled into a literary imposture by the success of a clever joke, freeing himself from his apprenticeship by injurious devices, went up to London to make a name. There was no impurity in his life, no instability in his aim or weakness in his will. The most that Mr. Adams can say of him (and he takes a slight provocation to say it) is, "It is painfully evident that Chatterton's want of intellectual and moral discipline had given free scope to the meaner passions of his nature, to his petulant arrogance and diseased vanity." But at London he did his best to earn his bread, and when, at last, he could no longer obtain the single stale loaf that was his whole week's food he retired to his room, where, the next morning, were found the torn and scattered manuscript, and the dead body. Surely, if in days of weak suicide any one has left life in the "high Roman fashion," it was this boy. He had worked with enthusiasm, diligent to sleeplessness, resolute and frugal, and he quitted the field only when there was nothing left for him but to starve. Is it fit to recall his memory, which has far different lessons, in order to place him among the rogues of a Newgate calendar for the edification of the Sunday-school? As with him, so with the rest: the fault of these volumes is that they disregard the temptation offered to poetic natures, with the greater susceptibility of which no greater force of will is given; that they disregard the debt of gratitude the world owes these great men of letters, and refuse the charity of silence; and, most of all, that they present some of the finest natures in English biography in an ugly and repulsive phase, and thus falsify them. The youth who is taught to look on Burns mainly as a drunkard, on Chatterton mainly as a forger, on Heine mainly as a libertine, on Poe mainly as a debauchee, receives no good lesson, especially when the reason of their failure is reduced to the simple formula of the lack of orthodoxy. He may by later knowledge come to know the truth about these men, but meanwhile the direct influence of these sketches of them is to breed in him the arrogance of uncharitable piety, and to lead him to the self-pluming of moral mediocrity.

THE LAST STATE OF ENGLISH WHIGGERY.

THE Early History of Charles James Fox,[1] by Mr. Trevelyan, is a disappointment. Those who hoped for good biography are disappointed because there is really little about Fox in the book, which is mostly given up to a sketch of a society which is tolerably familiar to the reading public; while as an historical essay it is commonplace to the last degree.

Moreover, the patience of an American reader is somewhat tried by that obtrusive worship of Parliament in which Englishmen of the type of Mr. Trevelyan delight. Doubtless, Parliament

[1] *The Early History of Charles James Fox.* By GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, M. P. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

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is, and has been, one of the most striking and important institutions in the world; but nevertheless its history is not the history of human civilization, nor even of the British empire, and there are other matters quite as well worth attention as parliamentary divisions and debates. To know what took place in the Commons is very well, but it is not well for an author to have his mental horizon bounded by the gossip of Westminster. In a word, Mr. Trevelyan is an old-fashioned, conventional whig, crammed with whig opinions and prejudices, and fully convinced that the traditions of his party are authentic and philosophical history. Indeed, his faith in the old dogmas is sometimes almost comical. He is firmly persuaded that English liberty was put in dire peril by the machinations of George III. and the party of the "king's friends." There is something curious in the mental condition of a man who at so great a distance of time can take so distorted a view of past events.

When Strafford held power, when the Star Chamber flourished, and when Eliot was imprisoned, liberty did indeed tremble in the balance. When, at a later time, the charter of London was declared forfeited by the courts, when Scroggs and Jeffries sat upon the bench, and when the bishops were sent to the Tower, the free constitution was attacked, though the enemy fled without a blow at the first onset of the people. But these evil days were long past when George III. was crowned. However firmly he may have believed in divine right, or however arbitrary his temper, he could no more have governed against a majority in the Commons than he could have held London single-handed against the mob. He could, indeed, use the royal patronage to influence votes in Parliament, but had the whig party been united in resistance, or had the body of the nation been seriously alarmed, it would have been simple work not only to have checked the king but to have reformed the system of representation. In point of fact, however, the whig party was not in earnest. They had no wish to abolish sinecures or pensions, or to secure a fair representation of the people. On the contrary, their object was to divide the spoil and to control the boroughs. No whig ever objected to the corruption of Walpole or of Newcastle, when corruption benefited whigs. But they declaimed against the king for organizing a corrupt party to drive them from office, in the same way they used money and influence to keep in power. It seems strange, after the lapse of a century, for a writer of reputation to maintain gravely that the liberty of the English people was seriously menaced by a man like Lord Bute, who did not dare to face a stormy debate, or by a parliamentary majority that was ignominiously routed by the mayor and aldermen of London. Yet to Mr. Trevelyan the squabbles between the king and the whig factions, and between the House of Commons and Wilkes, have all the dignity and interest of the grand remonstrance, or the stamp act. To the general public, however, who do not belong to the whig communion, the parliamentary history of the early years of George III. is lacking in interest. There was no principle at issue on which men divided. The contest between the crown and the people was ended. That struggle had torn the nation for more than a century. But the party of divine right that was shattered at Naseby had its death-blow at Culloden, and from that day onward no man had doubted or disputed the triumph of the principles of the Revolution of 1688, or the predominance of Parliament in England. But although the wrangles at Westminster during these years are rather dreary reading for us now, they were years which, in another point of view, are full of deep interest; for it was during them that the world was pre-

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paring for those tremendous revolutions which were so soon to sweep away the old social system, and establish that which now exists. It was indeed time that the existing order of things should perish, and the statesmen of that day must be judged by their appreciation of the awful crisis in which they lived. The first object of government being to keep order, it is obvious that the making and execution of laws must be in the hands of the strongest power in the nation, or there will be anarchy. What the strongest power is at any particular time is a matter of fact that can only be settled by an appeal to force: in feudal times it was the nobility, in periods of centralization it is the crown, in an age of popular intelligence it is generally the people. It is the shifting of power from class to class, and the effort of the new force to assert itself, that causes revolutions. Thus in the last century the power had passed from the few to the many, the centre of social gravity had shifted, the whole social fabric was rotten, and was doomed to fall with a crash, because the feeble were in authority, and the weak cannot control the strong.

Privilege was the basis of mediæval society; free competition is the foundation of modern. The Reformation was a struggle for individual freedom of thought; the principle at stake in both the American and the French revolution was the right of individual freedom of action. In the last century the system of privilege, which was an inheritance from the Middle Ages, still flourished; that system was antagonistic to modern civilization, and had to be destroyed, and the reason why it was antagonistic is sufficiently plain. In barbarous ages, when the central authority was weak, men had to look elsewhere for defense. The peasant looked to his lord for protection, and he paid for this protection in services. He was necessarily hardly more than a chattel that passed with the land. So as towns grew, the burghers could only protect themselves and obtain the means of carrying on trade by organizing into a society or guild, and buying from their lord the right to tax themselves, to hold fairs and markets, to elect a mayor, in a word, to do anything else. In this way towns became corporations, whose membership, as time went on, tended to become hereditary and exclusive. Thus it came to pass that men did not vote for members of Parliament as men, but because they belonged to a corporate body that had the right, among other privileges, of returning a member to the House of Commons; so voting, like everything else, became a monopoly. The position of the mechanic or the trader was the same. There was a time when all the men following a craft were forced to form a guild, in order to secure for themselves the immunities and the protection without which they could not carry on their trade. In the beginning, of course, these guilds were popular bodies, and included all the craftsmen in each town; but as it was clearly impossible for the guild to regulate the trade without it could control the tradesmen, one of the first privileges generally obtained by the craft guilds was to prevent any man from exercising a craft unless he was a guild member; and thus guild membership became a valuable privilege, to the hereditary and exclusive, and trades grew to be monopolies.

Foreign commerce fell beneath the same general influence. In early times an English merchant trading in Flanders, or a German merchant trading in England, was in almost as much danger as a European is now who has a factory in Arabia or the wilds of Africa. The only resource was for all the Englishmen who traded in any particular country — in Flanders, for example — to form a company for mutual protection. Together they were able to buy permission to establish fortified houses in foreign

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cities for the safe-keeping of their goods, to obtain the right of choosing officers whose duty should be to attend to their interests, and of holding courts in which they could obtain a fair hearing for their causes. In this way the great trading companies grew up, of which the most famous was the East India Company. They, too, were monopolies, and their members were privileged. With the progress of civilization, however, and the improvements in police, these bodies, which were once necessary to protect the life of commerce, became intolerable fetters on its growth. And although the strictness of these ancient usages was continually relaxing with the passage of time, yet men were still hampered at every turn: the peasant could not farm his land, the mechanic could not practice his craft, the merchant could not carry on his trade, without constant interference from antiquated customs or laws, or from paternal governments, as antiquated as the laws themselves.

People were willing to submit to feudal dues when their safety depended on a warlike baron, who was able and willing to fight all comers; or to put up with the exactions of guilds and trading companies, which stood up for their rights against domestic or foreign enemies, and in whose courts they could obtain justice for their wrongs. But it was quite another thing to pay hard-earned gains to fellow-subjects, whose duties toward them were confined to standing by and taking away their property. The whole intellectual movement of the age was a rebellion against this injustice. The principles of political economy were beginning to be understood, the many demanded that all should have an equal chance, and the great doctrine of modern times was being preached, — that all men have an equal right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, or, in other words, to make the most of themselves in free competition. The practical question, however, still remained to be settled, whether power had passed to the many, or still rested with the few. In England, it is true, this movement had comparatively little force, because the English, in their isolated position, and with their impatience of restraint, had worked themselves tolerably free at a somewhat early period; but restraints which Englishmen would by no means tolerate themselves they were quite ready to impose on others. The English revolution was fought out in America.

The position of the American colonists was as different from that of the common people of Europe as it well could be, yet the principle upon which they rebelled against the mother country was the same that underlay the French Revolution. They had always managed their own affairs, they had fought their own wars, they had made their laws, they had imposed their own taxes, and they would not submit to be interfered with. They would not admit the principle that the English had the right to impose burdens on them for the benefit of England. They contended that their hands should be free to make the most of themselves and their country, without paying toll to any one. And to the successful establishment in the American Revolution of this great social principle of individual freedom of action we owe, more than to any other thing, not only the greatness and the prosperity of this nation, but the greatness and prosperity of all English colonies.

The French Revolution, on the contrary, was not a popular rising in defense of the existing order of things; it was a crusade against it. The principle at bottom was the same in France as in America, but the manner in which it was asserted there was offensive, not defensive, as it was here. The French Revolution was not the rising of the scum of society against property; it was not a rebellion against despotism; it was the

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movement of the mass of the people. The men who wanted a day's pay for a day's work, and could not get it; the men who asked to be allowed to earn their living by selling their labor in the open market, and found the market closed; the men who demanded a fair field and no favor in the race of life, were the men who crushed the ancient monarchies of Europe like egg-shells, and who made the modern world a fact.

The violence and cruelty of the French Revolution may be a subject for regret, but no one now can doubt that it has wrought unmixed good to mankind. Since the commotion that attended the outbreak has subsided, and society has settled itself firmly on its new foundation, the properity of the civilized world has been something that has surpassed the wildest dreams of former times. It would not be hazarding much to assert that the increase of wealth in Europe and America has been greater during the last eighty years than during the seven preceding centuries. The main reason for this prosperity is the earnest desire which every man feels to better his condition.

No obstacles now stand in his way, all paths are open to him, the money he earns is his own, and the only limit to his success is his own capacity; and it is precisely in those nations in which these social conditions have been longest and most thoroughly established that the material prosperity has been greatest and most rapid.

The French aristocracy perished, and rightly perished, because they were cumberers of the earth and did no useful work whatever. They had neither courage nor sagacity. They knew neither when to yield nor when to fight. They were simply dawdlers at the court and oppressors of the people. The glory and the strength of the English aristocracy have been its great statesmen, — men who could understand and grapple with a political convulsion, and who could both lead the people and protect their own order. Among the greatest of these was Charles James Fox. He was gifted with the marvelous political instinct that marks the statesman. Hampden had it, and Chatham and Washington and Lincoln. At whatever crisis Fox might have lived he would have surely sided with that party whose success would have meant progress, and whose defeat would have been a disaster to civilization. In 1640 he would have opposed the king, in 1688 he would have joined Prince William, in 1830 he would have voted for the reform bill, just as in 1775 he struggled for the cause of constitutional liberty in America, and in 1793 fought for it in England. Brought up, as Fox was, in an atmosphere in which principles were derided and office-holding was regarded as the legitimate end of political ambition, it was not surprising, it was almost inevitable, that he should have made such errors of judgment as the coalition with Lord North; and it was by such mistakes that he wrecked his success. But when it comes to dealing broadly with great questions, to looking beyond the uproar of the moment and comprehending the true bearings of the vast movement of the age in which he lived, he stands alone; his contemporaries are dwarfed beside him.

Burke would now be called a sentimentalist. He was the slave of his prejudices and affections. He was unable to see that institutions which he had grown to love must perish, in order to make way for others that the age demanded. He could defend the cause of the American colonies because he could there see that men were striving to maintain what they already possessed; but he was unable to comprehend that the people of France, in their Revolution, were only asserting for themselves the same right to life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness for which Americans had fought. He was so blinded by his passions, and so maddened by scenes of

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cruelty and tales of horror, that he, the man who spent the best years of his life in demanding justice for the natives of India, had no sympathy with the sufferings of the peasants of Europe. He could not, or would not, understand their wants or their wrongs, and he clamored without ceasing for the people of England to plunge into war, to restore the rotten aristocracy of France, and to crush the liberal movement of the world.

The life of Pitt, also, strange as it seems to say so, was a failure. Brilliant as were his triumphs, absolute as was his power, long as he continued the greatest subject in Europe, his life was a failure. By nature and education he was a liberal; he was forced by events to be a reactionist. Had he lived in earlier or later times he might have left his mark upon the institutions of his age. But he was forced into a disastrous war, in waging which he never had his whole heart; he was driven from office by a crazy king, when he insisted that tardy relief should be given to the most cruelly oppressed of his fellow-subjects; and he died at forty-seven of a broken heart, his policy brought to naught and his coalition shattered by the French at Austerlitz. It is sad to remember that the worst onslaught on the liberty of Englishmen since the abdication of James was made by the administration of William Pitt, and that the greatest triumph of the principle of personal freedom was the verdict of not guilty at the trial of Hardy for treason.

The mind of Fox was broad and vigorous enough to comprehend that there are movements among men which may be guided, but which cannot be subdued by force. He saw and felt that power had passed from the few to the many, and that it was therefore fit the many should rule. His views are those on which alone a modern commonwealth can rest, and his precepts and his teaching, rather than those of any other man, have moulded the principles and policy of that great liberal party which has carried England safely through the social revolution of the last hundred years which has convulsed every other nation of Europe.

A CENTURY OF DISHONOR.

A Century of Dishonor[1] is the significant title given by H. H. to her sketch of the dealings of the United States government with some of the Indian tribes. Never was a book more needed or more timely. Up to the present day there have been in the public mind vague ideas that the Indians have been wronged, but that they are one and all treacherous, cruel, aggressive, and incapable of civilization; that they are, moreover, dying out, and on the whole it is not much matter if they have been wronged. The Indians, on their side, have had no way to make their condition, their wants, or their capabilities known excepting through the agents of the government, and experience has shown that our government has always been unjust to them. Want of a common language and lack of free communication with whites have kept both races ignorant, in a great measure, of each other, and have been the prolific cause of hostilities and

[1] *A Century of Dishonor.* A Sketch of the United States Government's Dealings with some of the Indian Tribes. By H. H., Author of Verses, Bits of Travel, etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1881.

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all kinds of misunderstanding. At intervals the cause of the Indians has been earnestly taken up, and eloquent appeals have been made in their behalf in Congress and out of it; but no fruit has come from them. The system of the government has continued substantially unchanged; and it is a most unreasonable and pernicious system, which holds three hundred thousand human beings nominally as wards, practically as subjects, to be forcibly removed from one place to another, and cheated unmercifully, whenever it is considered "expedient" to remove and cheat them. The missionaries of many denominations have worked persistently, sometimes helped, sometimes only tolerated, sometimes interfered with, by the government; but they have accomplished a great deal in the civilization and education of the tribes where they have had the fullest opportunities for work, and have been least obstructed by wars and removals. The Indians have had no historian from among their own people; their official records are written by the white agents set over them, and those records are found scattered through the reports of the Interior Department, to which the Indian bureau belongs. These reports H. H. has diligently and conscientiously read, and from them she has made a consecutive story of seven of the tribes. She says that "to write in full the history of any one of these Indian communities, of its forced migrations, wars, and miseries, would fill a volume by itself. The history of the missionary labors of the different churches would make another volume. It is the one bright spot on the dark record. All this I have been forced to leave untouched, in strict adherence to my object, which has been simply to show our causes for national shame in the matter of our treatment of the Indians. It is a shame which the American nation ought not to lie under, for the American people, as a people, are not at heart unjust. If there be one thing which they believe in more than any other, and mean that every man on this continent shall have, it is 'fair play.' And as soon as they fairly understand how cruelly it has been denied to the Indian they will rise up and demand it for him."

Whatever can be done for the Indians by an earnest purpose, careful study, logical statements, and righteous indignation H. H. has done in this book. She has a great subject, rich in all the picturesque, dramatic, and tragic elements that tempt a writer, but she has resolutely put aside the temptation to dwell on these elements, and has confined herself with remarkable and praiseworthy reserve to the unimpeachable facts of the official records.

The Delawares are the first tribe of which a sketch is given. It was this tribe that, in 1609, when Hendrik Hudson landed on New York island, stood on the shore, and welcomed him with the words, "Behold! the gods have come to visit us!" They were a gentle and a noble tribe, friendly and peaceful when they were allowed to be, good farmers, and as long ago as 1794 reported to have flourishing villages and highly cultivated fields and gardens. They have been "removed" again and again; their rich lands have been bought for a trifle, the government, as buyer, always fixing the price, and paying or not, as it pleased; the treaties made with them have always been to their disadvantage, but that mattered little, as our government feels no obligation to keep any promise made to an Indian. Treaties and promises are only convenient means for a temporary settlement of difficulties. The Indians believe the promises and keep their part of the treaties; the whites break them whenever they please. In spite of their wrongs, the Delawares, in 1862, enlisted one hundred and seventy men in the Union army, out of a population of only two hundred males between the ages of eighteen and

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forty-five. They officered their own companies, and were good soldiers, tractable, sober, watchful, and obedient. At that time they were in Kansas, having been "moved on" so far from the Hudson River. Now what is left of them is in the Indian Territory; they have lost their name, and are Cherokee citizens. Only eighty-one, who by one of the frequent blunders made in Indian treaties were not included in their tribe, retain the name of Delaware, — that strong and friendly people to whom we long ago promised that they should be our brothers forever, and whom we have betrayed and wronged ever since.

With the Cheyennes our treaties began in 1825; and for fifty-five years they have been treated with persistent injustice, and driven into hostility, from which have come outrages, massacres, and untold misery to innocent and guilty alike. It is impossible to go into the details of the government policy, in its dealing with the different tribes. Delawares, Cheyennes, Nez Percés, Sioux, Poncas, Winnebagoes, Cherokees, — the story is essentially the same, varied with different incidents, different characters, more or less suffering, more or less rebellion and bloodshed, more or less cruelty and horror upon both sides; for brutality belongs not to the Indian race more than to the white, but to individuals, without regard to race or color; and the atrocities committed by whites against Indians fully equal in savageness any ever perpetrated by Indians, and are far worse, as done by civilized men, who assume to be the superior race. Every tribe has had in the main the same experience of the weak oppressed by the strong, and hated and maligned by the oppressor. Bishop Whipple says, "Ahab never speaks kindly of Naboth, whom he has robbed of his vineyard." And the good bishop's caustic wit gives the true explanation of the wide-spread misjudgment of the Indian character, that has permitted Americans so outrageously to use the red men that the tyranny and injustice have come to be as black a stain on our honor as ever negro slavery was. Of the 300,000 Indians in the United States, 130,000 support themselves, 115,000 are wholly or partly supported by government, and 55,000 are unsettled, living as they can by hunting, fishing, begging, or stealing. The only wonder is that so many are self-supporting. There is a great difference in the characters and the civilization of the different tribes. Many are entirely fit to become citizens at once; and to enfranchise the whole body would be a far less dangerous experiment than the enfranchisement of negroes or the naturalization of Irishmen was. One cannot read A Century of Dishonor without amazement at the progress of Indians in civilization, their patience, their willingness to work, and their acceptance of the evil conditions of their lot; or without hot indignation at the treachery, the meanness, the cruelty, of our government to its friends and its enemies alike.

To the sketches of the tribes H. H. has added the history of massacres of Indians by whites, and a valuable appendix, containing much information in reference to the present condition of Indians, and especially of the Poncas. A great many thousands are already massed in the Indian Territory, and tribes are moved there, with or without their consent. Of course, at every removal the tribe is solemnly promised that its new home shall be a permanent one; and the absurd talk about fatherly care and brotherly love is gone over with again; a treaty is made and signed, and we know that it is all a mockery. Some of the tribes are well settled, prosperous, and happy in the Indian Territory, as they have been well settled, prosperous, and happy on many other reservations; they are of those who fully accept the inevitable, and make the best of their lot. If there were the least cer-

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tainty of their permanent occupancy of this territory, there would be something to be said in favor of the government scheme of massing them there. But there is not. No pledges can be given them more solemn than those which have been broken again and again. The Indian Territory is bounded by Kansas, Arkansas, Missouri, and Texas. The citizens of those States object — as the neighbors of an Indian reservation always have objected — and with a good show of reason, to having such great tracts of land inhabited by the "wards" of the nation, who pay no taxes, who are not allowed to develop the resources of the country, and who, living on a basis entirely different from that of citizens, become a hindrance, and not a help, to free intercourse between the States which they separate. The fault is not in the citizens who complain, but in the system that the government has clung to all these years, — a system the infamy of which is equaled only by its folly and its costliness.

H. H.'s book is indorsed by Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, and President Seelye, of Amherst College, the former writing an introduction for it, and the latter a preface.

There are few trustworthy histories of the Indians; but those who care to follow out the subject will find all that H. H. says more than justified by Mr. Manypenny in his book called Our Indian Wards, published last year; and by Colonel Carrington, who has published his Indian experiences under the title of Absaraka. They all agree in denouncing the present Indian system; they all agree that unless the Indian is acknowledged "a person," and has the same legal rights that a white man has, our Indian troubles never will be settled. H. H. insists, and with reason, that the Indians will be a noble and superior race, "if civilization will only give them time to become civilized, and Christians will leave them time and peace to learn Christianity." But these constant "removals" (an innocent word covering unutterable woes) prevent all this. While recognizing the obstacles that lie in the way of doing justice to the Indians, after so many years of injustice, of even attempting to wipe out the terrible score that they have against us, and of deciding on what shall be done with them, she says, with a simplicity that has a sharp sting in it, that there is no difficulty in agreeing upon four things that ought *not* to be done; and those are cheating, robbing, breaking promises, and refusing the protection of law to the Indian. "Till these four things have ceased to be done, statesmanship and philanthropy alike must work in vain, and even Christianity can reap but a small harvest."

TWO GERMAN NOVELS.

FREYTAG'S Aus einer Kleinen Stadt[1] is a readable book, and in these dark days, when French novelists are vying with one another in diving for material into the indescribable, it is pleasant to come across so agreeable a foreign story as this one. It belongs to a series entitled Die Ahnen: the first volume, it will be remembered, was called Ingo and Ingraban, after two of the leading characters of the book. They were, if we are not mistaken, very early Teutons, who wandered about the forest slaugh-

[1] *Aus einer Kleinen Stadt.* Von GUSTAV FREYTAG. Leipzig: S. Hirzel. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1880.

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tering their foes. Whether they finally killed each other, or, possibly, became man and wife, and founded the royal family of Prussia, the writer of this notice is unable to say, inasmuch as he gave the story of their adventures as wide a berth as he would have given to the originals in their native wildwood.

Since then Freytag has written several other novels, presumably illustrative of the condition of Germany at various periods; and now, in this one, he has come down to the present century, when that country has been civilized, and partly uncivilized, too, by the Thirty Years' War, and he tells with much humor and real power the story of a little town in Silesia under the rule of Napoleon, and the brave struggles of the people against that despot.

The hero is a young physician in the nameless town, and the heroine is a clergyman's daughter in a neighboring village; the smooth course of their love is marred by wars and rumors of wars, and the fact that the heroine is saved from the insolence of some soldiers by a French officer, who asserts that she is his "*Braut*," that is to say, that they are engaged; and in testimony of this he exchanges rings with her almost by force, at least without her assent. What is the upshot of the whole business the reader must ascertain for himself, or, more probably, for herself. This part of the plot is tolerably fantastic, and the story is prolonged by a good deal of superfluous matter, in which the author seems to have had no other aim than a desire to bring into the book the disturbances of 1848.

Captious critics, who are full of sentiment, may take exception to part of the love story: when, namely, the young physician is anxious to make a present to the young girl with whom he is in love, he does it in this way: he remembers that one of his college friends, whom he had known at Coburg, had once drawn for him a picture of the castle, and he writes to him for another sketch of the same place. This he receives shortly; he has it framed, and sends it to the heroine, who probably admired her lover's artistic skill. She is not to be outdone, so she sends him a package. "Beneath the spring flowers lay rich products of domestic cookery. And although the animals which had contributed the material for these things had not been included among poetical objects, the doctor did not observe this discordance. He first put the flowers in a glass, and carried them out of the candle-light into the next room, into which the full light of the moon was shining [it is a curious astronomical fact that the moon is always shining in that country], and, gazing at the nosegay as it was lit up by the moon, stood long at the window and looked up into the night sky. But at last he recalled with joy the ham and sausages, and as he sat down with delight to sup off of these presents he could not get rid of the thought how melancholy it was that he had to eat all these things up far from their giver. So he ate and drank in delicious yearning [*heimlicher Sehnsucht*]."

This sentimental devourer of ham and sausages is elsewhere set before us after a less provincial fashion. The book is full of incident, and all the part that describes the sufferings of the people during the war, and their efforts to break loose from the tyrant, could not be better. Then, too, the whole impression of the little town, with its musty narrowness, is admirably given, and the story is, on the whole, distinctly readable. It has an air of reality about it, with the exception of the episode in 1848, which was probably inserted with an eye rather to the history of Germany than to the needs of the novel, and unreality certainly cannot be alleged against the picture of gluttony that has been given above. Freytag's reputation as a novelist is already deservedly high; his Soll und Haben and Die Ver-

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lorene Handschrift are distinctly good work, and this story will well maintain his reputation. So much may be said without in any way calling Aus einer Kleinen Stadt a great book.

Auerbach's Brigitta[1] is another story that may be warmly commended to those who read German novels with pleasure. It is in Auerbach's best style, and does not contain the discussions of the "true inwardness" of everything, which sometimes overburden his long novels. It is a short story, very much like the Dorfgeschichten, by which we are safe in presuming that this author will be remembered by future generations. Indeed, it is to be borne in mind that Auerbach deserves credit, not merely for his own delightful stories, but also for inspiring other writers with the desire to copy him. George Sand, for instance, was led by reading these village tales to write La Mare au Diable and the other stories of simple peasant life. It is not given to every man to open a new pathway in literature, and that Auerbach has done this is something which should not be forgotten. Of late years, after abandoning the tale, he has tried more ambitious flights, which have been, on the whole, less successful, so that his return to his original methods is wise.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THERE is at least one person in America besides the January contributor who has long known of Owen Meredith's literary thefts. More than twelve years ago I wrote an article called Owen Meredith as a Plagiarist, and sent it to a British quarterly review, as that public is more in need than ours of enlightenment on questions of general literature. (I may say, incidentally, that they have improved immensely in that respect within the past decade, thanks, in great measure, to Mr. Matthew Arnold and the Comédie Française.) It was not published, and perhaps never reached its destination, as I never saw it again, although it was accompanied by the due number of postage-stamps for its return; but English people were not entirely ignorant of the charges which it contained. The authoress of A Week in a French Country-House told me that she had seen an article in one of their periodicals in which pages from Lucile and Lavinia were printed in parallel columns, yet I saw the gentleman who bears the pseudonym of Owen Meredith dining, unabashed, at her table. On the appearance of his volume containing a poem entitled Gyges and Candaulus, there came out an article in the North British Review which spoke of the close resemblance of certain passages to some of the finest in Keats's St. Agnes' Eve; verses from other English poets were cited, too, which had been adapted to his own use, with very little change. The author of the article, with an urbanity rare from Scotch reviewers to British bards, alluded to this tendency of Owen Meredith's as "the unconscious sympathy of the mocking-bird." I had not felt called upon to direct attention to his unceremonious borrowing from his countrymen, although a very pretty paper might be written on that, as it would contain some of the most charming fragments of modern British poetry. I had confined myself to his liberties with French and German poets, especially

[1] *Brigitta.* Erzählung von BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Stuttgart: Cotta. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1880.

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Alfred de Musset and Heinrich Heine. In Owen Meredith's first volume of poems, published in 1858, and in Lucile, there was grand and petty larceny from them both, of which the two following instances will suffice. Compare Lucile, Part I. canto vi.,

"Tho' divine Aphrodite should open her arms
To our longing, and lull us to sleep on her charms,
Tho' the world its full sense of enjoyment insure us,
Tho' Horace, Lucretius, and old Epicurus
Sit beside us and swear we are happy, what then?
Whence the answer within us which cries to these men,
'Let it be! You say well; but the world is too old
To rekindle within it the ages of gold;
A vast hope has traversed the earth, and our eyes
In despite of ourselves we must lift to the skies,'"

with Alfred de Musset's Espoir en Dieu: —

"Que la blonde Astarté, qu'idolâtrait la Grèce,
De ses îles d'azur sorte en m'ouvrant les bras;
. . . . . .
Quand Horace, Lucrèce, et le vieil Epicure,
Assis à mes côtés, m'appelleraient heureux,
. . . . . .
Je leur dirais à tous: 'Quoi que nous puissions faire
Je souffre, il est trop tard; le monde s'est fait vieux.
Une immense espérance a traversé la terre;
Malgré nous vers le ciel il faut lever les yeux.'"

For Heine, compare his poem called Ein Weib, which begins

"Sie hatten sich Beide so herzlich lieb,
Spitzbübin war sie, er war ein Dieb,"

with Owen Meredith's See-Saw: —

"She was a harlot, and I was a thief;
But we loved each other beyond belief."

To multiply quotations would be to make myself the bore of the Club. Those who like such researches can look further for themselves; they will be rewarded in more ways than one. There is a very curious complicated bit of dishonesty, however, which they might not find out for themselves, as I discovered it by mere accident. A good many years ago, Owen Meredith, after a brief diplomatic sojourn in one of the Danubian principalities, published a collection of verses, which he was pleased to entitle Serbski Pesme. A critic acquainted with the language of Servia said at the time that the poet evidently knew nothing about it at all, but had simply asked the word for *Servian* and the word for *poems* in the original, and joined them together, without further formality. The preface to Prosper Mérimée's Chroniques de Charles IX. will throw more light on the way in which these so-called Servian poems were produced; it is well worth reading, as a sample of Mérimée's diamantine style, and an account of one of the most ingenious and impudent literary mystifications ever perpetrated.

The most striking incident in Owen Meredith's prose novel, The Ring of Amasis, is taken from the German, from one of Paul Heyse's short stories, if I remember right. But *à tout seigneur tout honneur*, which is a civil form of a simple English proverb. Owen Meredith deserves the credit, which he is too modest to claim, of a familiarity with modern foreign writers unusual in an Englishman, and a very graceful gift of translation.

— A more curious example of the confusion of *he's* than the testimony quoted from the trial for burglary, in the Club for December, was that given in an English court, and published many years ago: "He 'd a stick, and he 'd a stick, and he licked he, and he licked he; and if he had only licked he harder than he licked he, only he 'd have killed he, and not he he." The capitals and italics would certainly have done good service there.

— Now that we are at the worst of the "melancholy days," when the gardens are despoiled and deserted, the fields and woods stripped of their posies, and exotics have taken refuge in the hot-houses, I wish to offer a plea for the flowers. Between the chrysanthemums and the crocuses there is an interval of four months, a third of the year, in which we are dependent on hot-houses, green-houses, and conservatories

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for the sweetness, grace, brightness, and solace which flowers lend to existence. People need not be told — they are only asked to remember — what we owe to these angels of earth during this bleak and barren season : how a bunch of violets, or a single rose, beside the sick-bed or on the desk scents and sets off the whole room, filling our hearts with hopes and memories, calling up the associations which are a more powerful ingredient in the charm of flowers than their loveliness or perfume. How do we pay this debt? By squandering, torturing, worst of all by vulgarizing, them. It would be as foolish to assert that flowers should not be gathered for human use and enjoyment as that sheep and oxen should not be killed, but I protest against the wanton waste and abuse of them. It calls for an Association for the Prevention of Cruelty to Flowers. Consider what the lives of these unhappy blossoms are at best: they are taken from their native soil and climate, from the sunshine and the dew, compelled to accept instead the furnace, the watering-pot, the glare of the glass roof; they are often stifled with tobacco-smoke, or drenched with tobacco-juice, to destroy vermin begotten by their unnatural conditions. Notwithstanding all this, the gracious creatures put forth leaves and bloom; but instead of each bud and flower being cherished and treasured, they are cut by the dozen, score, hundred, impaled, beheaded, strangled with wire, stuck on straws and sticks, to perish in the heat and gas-light of dinner-tables, ball-rooms, and opera-boxes, or in the icy wind and dust of street corners. Anybody can see the difference between a flower's dying by these violent means and by the slow, sweet, natural death it undergoes in a vase of water, opening to its fullest, and falling in due time, as it would on its parent stem. Paul Ferroll, the æsthetic murderer, is the only advocate I know of for killing flowers by leaving them gathered without water.

Masses of flowers on a dinner-table are an anomaly; there is something almost offensive in the mingled odor of their perfume and the reek of the dishes and lights. At a ball they are not out of place and keeping for certain purposes: roses, lilies, carnations, violets, are natural adornments for a young woman, and a bunch of them in her hand, or on her breast, is an appropriate ornament, and the complement of her evening dress; but where is the fitness, the beauty, the sentiment, the common sense, when she has six, a dozen, or twenty? Are there twenty persons, or twelve, or even six, at the same time to send her flowers which mean more than if they were of wax or tissue-paper, or which have any more intrinsic value to her who carries them? Are they witnesses of love, or even of admiration? How many are sent merely to satisfy the demands of vanity? At every ball rival beauties carry bouquets sent to each by the same men. Many are sent by members of the lady's family, which takes half the significance from flowers sent by the same kinsfolk on birthdays, or in sickness, or at a time of special joy or sorrow. And what is to be said of the bouquets sent as bribes to women of fashion by men who wish to obtain their good offices? And what of those sent by a man to a woman whom he admires, not to give her pleasure, but *prestige*, — to gratify her vanity, and reflexly his own? There is an instance, well known, in one of our great cities, of one man's sending a lady seven bouquets for the same ball, to console her for a social slight; she appeared to the uninitiated as a great *belle*, and he as the belle's favored cavalier. And what of the bouquets stacked on the front cushion of a proscenium box, in the blast of the foot-lights, and flung, half faded, to a *prima donna*, to whom they are already a drug, who

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perhaps is hurrying through her part to leave town by the next train?

But I do not wish to enter upon the morals of the subject, or there would be much to say about the frightful extravagance involved in these most ephemeral displays of luxury and vanity. It is chiefly of the desecration of flowers and of their tenderest and most sacred associations that I wish to speak. All that poets have said about them becomes mere parody; Perdita and Ophelia with their gifts and interpretations are made ridiculous. There must be a new dictionary for the language of flowers: a bunch of tea-roses in January means twenty-five dollars; a spray of lilies of the valley twenty-five cents, etc. What can be more foolish than the fashion for flowers in midwinter and at grand routs, which in their homely prettiness belong essentially to rural scenes and the open air? The new mania for daisies in snow-time blots the English anthology from Chaucer to Burns. Nobody would sing now, —

> "Lilies for a bridal bed,
> Roses for a matron's head,
> Violets for a maiden dead,
> Pansies let my flowers be."

For lilies, roses, violets, pansies, and the rest have been degraded to the level of the flowers cut out of turnips and carrots to garnish a ham. Indeed, by unnatural treatment, the sweetest blossoms have lost their fragrance: it is long since forced carnations have had any odor except that of tobacco; the most lovely looking of the pink hothouse roses are entirely scentless, and the finest variety of white rose actually smells like a turnip.

As a matter of taste and feeling, the worst abuse of flowers is the way in which they have come to be used at funerals. One needs no further proof of the conventional and cold-blooded manner in which they are employed than the wire frames and stands of mortuary designs in the florists' windows, intended for funerals as much as the pall or hearse-feathers. Ingenuity, having been exhausted in making the cross, crown, star, heart, anchor, and other Christian emblems commonplace, has proceeded to destroy the last semblance of sentiment by devising floral funeral decorations indicative of the departed's vocation, — swords, ships, masonic emblems; for professors a chair! No wonder people of sensibility cry out that there shall be no flowers on their coffins, or on the coffins of those they have loved. Affection and grief have been robbed of their most congenial tributes.

Common sense and good taste have abolished many silly practices within a few years: heavy suppers at small evening parties, dancing *matinées*, receptions of the bride and bridegroom's entire acquaintance after the wedding, universal visiting on New Year's day, — these and other once-honored observances have become honored in the breach; they have been pronounced vulgar. Flowers have been made vulgar as a decoration by excess and unfitness in their use; when will they be reinstated in their true functions?

— It is a bold criticism to say that Sara Bernhardt lacks dramatic instinct; yet that is the impression left on the mind of one of her audience who has seen her in but a few parts. The first time was years ago, before she had acquired celebrity, and she was playing Dalila, in Feuillet's play of that name. There is a sentence which the cold-hearted temptress and tormentress utters to her unhappy victim, the young musician whose love and career she has blighted; when, as a final, speechless reproach, he takes the handkerchief stained with his life-blood from his lips and throws it at her feet, her sole reply is, "All artists spit blood." This is what the French call *le coup du fouet*, and it is the only point in any of Feuillet's plays at which one feels it; it needs little dramatic insight to perceive that it should be spoken in

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a way to make the whole audience wince under the lash. As spoken by Mademoiselle Bernhardt it produced no effect whatever; nobody in the house who did not know the play could have noticed it. Again, in Frou Frou, where she comes home repentant and dying, and asks for her child; he is brought, and she clutches him with a cry. After hugging him for a moment, Mademoiselle Bernhardt let him go, and he was taken up and carried off the stage; she did not hold out her arms after him, nor follow him with her eyes, nor by any other look or sign give evidence that she remembered his existence. "She behaved exactly," said my companion, "as if he had been a glass of water." Finally, in Hernani, after the famous love scene when they are parting, he to go, as they believe, to death; he says, "One first kiss," and Doña Sol replies, throwing herself into his arms, "Perhaps the last." Mademoiselle Bernhardt had already thrown herself into his arms half a dozen times during the scene. These are the grounds of my assertion. In my opinion Mademoiselle Bernhardt misses the point and neutralizes the effect of the situation in each case by want of true dramatic sense and perception. I leave to those who have seen her more often and studied her more carefully the task of confirming or contradicting it.

— In the Contributors' Club of the March Atlantic was a query as to whether Shakespeare was a racker of orthography, which was based on the comparison of a remark by Mr. Grant White, in Every-Day English, as to the pronunciation of letters in Shakespeare's day which are silent now with some of Shakespeare's own rhymes in Love's Labor 's Lost, — *doubt* and *out*, *debt* and *Boyet*, *debtor* and *letter*. These rhymes show beyond a doubt, it seems to me, that Shakespeare did not respect the practice which Holofernes advocates as to the pronunciation of *b* in the former words of these pairs. Are we therefore to infer that Shakespeare was ignorant of his own times, and made his pedant insist upon a pronunciation which existed only in his own fancy? Not so, I think. The passages in question taken together show this to have been the state of the case: There was in Shakespeare's day an old fashion of pronunciation and a new, coexisting, as old fashions and new have coexisted from time immemorial. And at a time when pronouncing dictionaries did not exist this state of things as to words was more marked and more possible than it is now. Shakespeare, neither pedant nor purist, conformed to the new fashion in this respect, as he did in most others, and ridiculed the old. That is all. In Love's Labor 's Lost we have side by side his practice and his ridicule. Was not this contributor to the Club one of those, and they seem to be not a few, who are quick to jump at an opportunity of showing that Mr. Grant White is inaccurate upon some trivial point, when perhaps the only occasion of their criticism is that he has not written all the little that he knows upon the subject in hand? A man cannot at all times go into all the details of a subject. But is it therefore treating him fairly, not to say handsomely, to hold him up — and in this case Shakespeare too — with seeming proof (conclusive to them who cannot go beyond it) as ignorant or inconsistent, or as both?

— The editor crossed his legs, and regarded me — as an able editor regards a favorite contributor who does n't contribute too often — benignly. I was saying, —

"For three hundred years, more or less, Miss Juliet Capulet has been leaning from that balcony of hers, and inquiring, 'What 's in a name?' I think Miss Juliet is a young woman of no observation whatever not to have long ago discovered that there is a great deal in a name. To be sure, that which we call a rose would smell just as sweet if

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we were to call it a turnip, but when you come to manuscript I take issue with that young woman. If your manuscript is signed with a famous name, the business is done; but when you put an obscure name at the bottom of the page, your document is always respectfully — when it is not disrespectfully — declined. A poem, however bad, by the great and well-known Stiggins finds instant acceptance; a poem, however good, by the unknown Stiggins" —

"There you are all wrong!" exclaimed the able editor. "The unknown, the unworked, the untarnished Stiggins is precisely what every live editor is yearning for. There is no end to the foolish misconception touching the unfledged contributor; he is always seriously considered, and nearly always reluctantly rejected. Reluctantly, for the future existence of the magazine depends upon him, — the fresh man, the coming man . . . who comes so slowly. Every editor in the land is on the lookout for that mysterious, precious person. So great is the editor's dread lest he should let a born genius slip through his fingers that he frequently seizes and holds on to the wrong man. A new writer, allow me to inform you, is a favored being. If he display the slightest ability, the public stands ready to laud him to the skies. The fine work of an author of long-established reputation often passes unhailed; his excellence is so much a matter of course that the general reader scarcely pauses to recognize it. Every month one or the other of our elder writers publishes a poem or an essay without attracting the faintest perceptible attention; yet if this poem or this essay bore the name of a *débutant*, it would make his fortune. I tell you, the fresh man has all the chances. The sympathies of the public are all on his side. The stream of appreciation unfreezes and flows again for him. As for the appreciation which lies in wait for the veteran, he could skate upon it. *Le roi est mort! Vive le roi!* And up go all the hats."

"I admit that the world likes novelty, and that the new man, when he has managed to get himself heard, is listened to with willing ears; sometimes he is even allowed to drown the voice of his superiors. It was not many years ago that a young Scotchman by the name of Alexander Smith overshadowed Tennyson and Browning. For nearly a twelvemonth no poet was talked about in England except the author of the flashy piece of absurdity entitled A Life-Drama. What does that prove, except that England does n't know a true poet when she sees him? She snubbed John Keats and crowned Smith. Alexander came, and saw, and conquered; but it was quite by accident. The derision which overwhelmed Keats was not all accidental. It was a part of the regular method of that class of men who 'resent more fiercely what they suspect to be good verses than what they know to be bad morals.' It is awfully hard for a nameless man to get a foot-hold in literature. Will you let me tell you a little story?"

The able editor, who could not very well help himself, assented.

"A few months, or years, ago, — it does n't matter which, — a certain friend of mine took it into his head to make a curious experiment. My friend is a distinguished man of letters, whose manuscript is as good as gold at any publisher's counter. Though a writer of books, he is an experienced magazinist, and it was in connection with the magazines that he proposed to test the value of a name. He prepared an article with all the skill he knew, had it copied by his daughter, and sent the copy to the editor of the leading literary magazine in the United States. After a delay of six weeks the manuscript was returned to my friend, who promptly dispatched it to another chief magazine. The nameless contribution was again returned to

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the author. No, it was not 'some poor little prose sketch;' it was a little masterpiece. To cut a long and dismal story short, five American magazines refused (and in two cases very curtly) to print a paper for which any one of the five editors in question would have been glad to pay ten times its weight in gold, if he had known who wrote it. My friend enjoyed the matter immensely. He took especial delight in a note which accompanied one of the declinations. This note was written by a sub-editor, presumably a young man, who saw so much 'promise' in the essay submitted to him that he proceeded to give my friend a few general hints on the subject of literary style."

"That manuscript never came into my hands," said the able editor.

"My dear fellow, you were the first man to whom it was sent."

"And I rejected it?"

"After six weeks."

"Well, I'm glad I did!"

"And so am I, for it braces up my theory that there is a great deal in a name, and one does n't like to have one's pet theory toppling over."

— May I have a little space in your columns to say how good were the lectures Mr. Fiske gave in Boston in December last? They were only three in all, — the same he had given at the Royal Institution of London six months earlier, — yet they contained an amount of material that, if diluted to the customary consistence of lectures, would have been the basis of a very long course. The subject treated was one of interest to every one of us: the first expounded the town-meeting system of New England, and showed its later development throughout the country; the second explained the federal system, showing how impossible the system was to Greece and Rome, and how the same things that made it impossible in those cases wrought the ruin of both countries; and the last lecture spoke of the future of the English race. This bald statement gives no idea of the great scope of the lectures, which were full of learning, nor yet one of the philosophic spirit in which the subject was handled. What Mr. Fiske did was to exhibit the relations of things, not to range facts in order, like beads on a string; and the way in which he grouped together cause and effect, and reciprocally dependent incidents, was a beautiful example of the modern methods of investigation as applied to familiar studies.

I think to every one who heard them these lectures must have been what the Germans call epoch-making. It was a real privilege to sit and hear the lecturer interpret what we all knew as a congeries of facts, to follow him as he revealed the animating spirit of different generations. Lectures like these throw light where all was dark; they do not bury us beneath a disorganized mass of new information. Students and scientific men have accumulated a great many new facts in the last half century, and along with the facts has come renewed interest in their interpretation. Moreover, Mr. Fiske, albeit he is accustomed to deal with difficult subjects, has a most lucid style and singularly clear mind, so that he carried his audience with him without effort of theirs.

There is one more thing to say. In London these lectures were listened to by the leading men of the day; in Boston there was a scanty handful to hear them. The reason is plain: the public here is not trained to the scientific study of history. The lectures are in advance of the general thought. In London the barometer that would measure intellectual interest would be high; here there is an area of depression. Mr. Fiske is delivering these lectures in other parts of the country, and his hearers may feel sure that they are receiving the ripest fruit of modern thought. In time this will be generally acknowledged.

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— Without having any sympathy with the ire roused in your contributor's mind by the rhyming of *history* and *mystery*, I wish to call attention to a bit of Mrs. Browning's work, at which, as it seems to me, even the most lenient of critics has some right to remonstrate. The lines referred to occur at the beginning of a little poem entitled Sleeping and Watching, and read as follows: —

> "Sleep on, baby, on the floor,
> Tired of all the playing;
> Sleep with smile the sweeter for
> That you dropped away in!
> On your curls' full roundness stand
> Golden lights serenely;
> One cheek pushed out by the hand
> Folds the dimple inly;
> Little head and little foot
> Heavy laid for pleasure;
> Underneath the lids, half shut,
> Slants the shining azure."

— The native New Englander with a jackknife in his pocket is a possible artist; with the same knife and a shingle in his hand the possibility is realized. But that about the knife which is of interest here is its name. How did it get its title, and what does it mean? We can understand easily enough how its diminutive brother came to be called a penknife, and how it will continue to bear that name centuries after the pen is made of material so hard that the knife would be useless to mend its point and give it proper flexibility. But how the jackknife came by its name is not so evident. Doubtless it dates back to the time when the two came into common use, for otherwise the name pocket-knife would have distinguished either with sufficient clearness from its fellow of the belt or of the table.

A clue to the origin of this name may be found if we observe that the knife has it in common with the jack-plane, the jackscrew, and numerous other contrivances for doing the hardest and the coarsest kinds of work. Now the symbol and the very prototype itself of every such appliance to the ready service of mankind in doing drudgery has been and is the donkey all the world over, and the problem is reduced to this, — to find how this patient creature of all work came to receive the now opprobrious epithet, but once pet name, of jackass. It seems to have come incidentally and in a blundering way — as so many other words have come to us — through the French. In that language the word *genêt* is a name applied to the finer Spanish or Moorish horses, though it is said originally to have belonged rather to the rider, and to have been given him from the peculiar suit of armor which he wore. However this may have been, it is certain that genêt did mean a fine horse. The English, in borrowing the word, disregarding its gender, which is masculine, and giving attention solely to its sound, seem to have confounded it with Jeanette, and so the word was written, *Anglicé*, "jenny." At once began a process of differentiation. Jenny was feminine, and its corresponding masculine name was Jack. Such seems to have been the way in which the name arose and its application came about; but no one, unless he felt a sort of heraldic interest in the name, would care to dogmatize upon this point.

As soon as the name became familiar, by a simple law of association it was carried out into a wider field of usefulness. It was emphatically a horse-name, made to do unusual service in our vocabulary. Any contrivance for lifting heavy weights would be a jack, pure and simple. The plane that went ahead and did the roughest and the hardest work was the jackplane, and the knife that was destined to minister both to the service and the amusement of its owner was the jackknife. On the other hand, any more delicately constructed and adjusted machine, designed to do work which had for all time been thought the fitting employment of female hands, would take the name of jenny; and so we speak familiarly of a self-operating spinning-jenny. But this invention is

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perhaps as often called a spinning-mule, and this circumstance lends probability to the account already given of what is in the name.

— The reviewer of Mr. Aldrich's fiction in the November Atlantic is pleased to condemn in authors what he calls the "vice of confidential comment." Now that is the very thing that many of us would encourage in our favorites. It was said of Pope that even when he conversed with a friend he was always thinking of the printer, which of course made Mr. Pope less agreeable than he might have been. Now we, the thousands of Mr. Aldrich's readers and friends, have prized in his story-telling his seeming forgetfulness of printer and critic, and the certain comradeship he has allowed us; dropping into an occasional aside, *sotto voce*, independent of his personations, provoking our laughter in the midst of serious episode and high-stilted conversation by a covert wink, a sly thrust at the personages on dignified parade. If a novelist weakens his work by every good thing that he says in his own person, what shall we say for Dickens and Thackeray? Metaphysicians talk of "clear cold truths." Are we to have some day, as a perfection in authorship, a "clear cold novelist"? Are you, the critics, bound to transport our idols to an isolated Ultima Thule, — Mr. Aldrich with the rest? There are famous books with "no more facial expression than an orange," and perhaps the coming generation will demand their increase; books "icily regular, splendidly null," to us who like Dickens and Thackeray and Aldrich; books in which the authors hide behind their creations; but they are not Mr. Aldrich's stories, and his will not belong to them until he loses his genial hospitality for his readers. Then, in the revised edition of The Bad Boy, we shall find Tom Bailey eliminated.

— Anything which helps the cause of international copyright deserves the sympathy of every fair-minded person, and I do not therefore grudge the attention given to the cheap libraries in this connection. But it seems to me that their social influence has not been sufficiently considered, for in this field they have produced changes more important, because more generally felt, than are the pecuniary losses of author and publisher. Formerly, we bought comparatively well-printed books, or, if we did not choose to buy them, we had the use of such from a public library. Now, we buy three-column nonpareil pamphlets, read them in the cars and by bad light, and read, or skim, three books where we used to read one. The eyes of the present generation of Americans are weak, and require great care. Think what those of the next generation will be! Damage to the eyes is probably the most important result of this literary phenomenon; but it is by no means the only one.

There is nothing, for instance, so often appropriate as a gift to gentlemen as books are. You can still, of course, give picture-books, but these are rarely suitable; and if you buy your brother or uncle a copy of Trevelyan's Fox, or McCarthy's Own Times, you are sure to find, to your chagrin, that he had purchased a copy at a corner news-stand a month before, and had been reading it at his office, or carrying it about in his ulster pocket. With light literature the case is still worse, though in a different way. Formerly, when your neighbors, A, B, and C, wanted a novel, they went to a lending library for it. They frequent this institution no longer. They assume that their friends buy all the good ten-cent novels as they appear, and constitute them at once keepers of free libraries and literary tasters. "I've come in for something to read; haven't had a new novel for a week. Do let me see your last Franklin Square." Or, "Mother has a headache, and has read everything there is in the house; so I

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came to see what you had." It is so much more easy and sociable to bother your friends than to patronize a public institution!

— What peculiar magic is there in the hunting for books, as there is also in "fishing with an angle," which lends a charm to the style of those who indulge in either pursuit whensoever they take pen in hand to set forth its merits? The lover of books and the angler are alike in more than one respect, and in none more than in quiet and quaint geniality of the literature made for them and about them. Dibdin's many tomes and Walton's one appeal not seldom to the same taste. Perhaps the untiring effort with which the book-hunter runs to earth the volume he has got scent of is another form of patience with which the angler drops his line for the fine fish he has espied. The pleasant and gentle style which is common to both classes of writers is to be seen again in the latest book about books, The Enemies of Books, by Mr. William Blades, the author of the Life and Typography of William Caxton. In the successive chapters of this little volume, which is now in its second edition, and of which the nucleus appeared first in the Printer's Register, the monthly magazine of the English typographers, Mr. Blades considers, in turn, fire, water, gas and heat, dust and neglect, ignorance, the bookworm and other vermin, bookbinders, and, finally, the collectors of portraits or title-pages or printer's devices, who take what they like out of a book, and leave the rest to its fate. From this list we may notice the omission of borrowers, perhaps on the ground that they are the enemies of owners of books rather than of the books themselves; but this distinction is over-subtle, for he who is too careless to return a volume is too careless to protect it. The borrower recks little of the fate of the volume he has borrowed so soon as he has sated his idle curiosity, and when it chances to be destroyed by neglect the borrower is an accessory before the fact. How easily books may be injured by neglect Mr. Blades plainly shows; and with the simile of a true book-lover advises us that "the surest way to preserve your books in health is to treat them as you should your own children, who are sure to sicken if confined in an atmosphere which is too impure, too hot, too cold, too damp, or too dry. It is just the same with the progeny of literature." (Page 32.) Of all the enemies of books, perhaps the bookbinder is nowadays most dangerous, and Mr. Blades very properly animadverts upon his misdeeds. Those who appreciate the beauty of "gilt tops and uncut edges" should be thankful to Mr. Blades for his protest against the remorseless "plow" which gives the bookbinder the "shavings" he values. Mr. Blades's own little volume is sent forth with ample margins untouched by the knife, and adorned with seven plates "intended to show some of the various ways in which books can be illustrated," and including "specimens of etching, wood-engraving, woodbury type, lithography, and photo-typography." Of the artistic quality of the three etchings it is best to say nothing; they are avowedly the work of an amateur needle. Most interesting of the illustrations is the woodbury type, showing two pages of a Caxton destroyed by bookworms. Mr. Blades's essay is clad in the vellum-paper cover familiar to all who know the books of M. Lemerre and M. Jouast, or who have been delighted at the American attempt to rival their work in Mr. Stedman's Poe and Mr. Aldrich's Poems. But, alas, in the typography of the cover and of the text itself there is an efflorescence of British eccentricity which would make the French printers tear their hair and rend their garments. There is an affectation of quaintness and a tawdriness of display in the most elaborate bad taste. There are *culs-de-*

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lampe constructed of vulgar typographical devices, in the style of a ball programme printed by an ambitious job-office in the country. But Mr. Blades has deserved well of all book-lovers, and there is no need to dwell viciously on his vagaries. The Enemies of Books is an interesting and an instructive little volume, full of pertinent disquisition and anecdote.

— Good and amiable, but stupid, people have their uses in the world: the usefulness of their goodness being of course apparent, and their stupidity, as I have come to think, being designed as a means of grace to others who are less stupid and less good. It is easy and true enough to say that their amiability has its source partly in their dullness; they are no quicker to perceive offense than to perceive anything else. But the fact remains that they are amiable, and that amiability is an admirable and useful thing; so that the quicker-witted person, vexed with their stupidity, and beginning to make inevitable proud comparison of intellects, is at the same moment checked by the reflection that if he is less dull he is also less gentle and patient than those who fret him. I say the superior mind reflects thus; perhaps it does not, but it ought to, for the reason that it is superior. It may pursue reflection further, and recognize the fact that there are people who are both sweet-tempered and clever. These delightful persons are none too numerous, but they exist. The longer one lives in this odd, but interesting, world of ours, the more one learns, I think, to value both a capable intellect and an amiable disposition; not, perhaps, equally, for, if we had to make choice between them, we should be wise to prefer the latter.

In different ways they both contribute to the comfort of existence, and if it is obvious how a good heart promotes peace and harmony in the various relations of life it is almost as plain how a clear head helps in the same cause. Your stupid person, for all his goodness, takes needless offense, at times, and it requires all the innocent offender's tact, as well as patience, to make the matter plain and save the dull one's feelings. Such a wearying expense of words it takes to explain a simple thing to these well-meaning imbeciles; and, after all, they are convinced less by force of reason than by mere reiteration and a tardy perception of your good intention. One would rather disagree with a quicker-tempered and quicker-witted person. The exact force of words is something the dull man rarely comprehends, and he fancies himself to be expressing his mind and entering into yours when he is as far from it as possible; and the necessity falls upon the acuter intellect of divining the thought of his interlocutor, as well as of making clear his own. Again, the dull-minded person's own nature and disposition is apt to be his or her only guide to the understanding of that of others, and where that fails he is completely at a loss, and gives up the puzzle in hopeless wonderment.

Is it true that goodness and stupidity go together oftener than stupidity and wickedness? It may seem so; but is not the cleverness of the wicked often apparent and superficial, rather than real? It strikes me that the truth may frequently be this: that in certain cases, where an end is to be attained, or a difficulty overcome, one of two equally stupid persons may choose a means not morally admissible, which the other stupid-head sees also, but will not make use of; whence it results that the dull bad man is thought clever, because he succeeds in doing what, but for his scruples, the other might just as well have accomplished. It is not so much his talent as what may be called his immoral courage that raises the worse man's intellectual reputation.

— It is a pity that The Head of Medusa is not a worse book or a better

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one; if it were worse it might be passed by with indifference, while as it is one is conscious, in reading it, of a certain irritation. To condense my objections, in a word, the book is to me wanting in sense, its sentiment verging on sentimentality, and its pathos, consequently, considerably out of place. Although the theme of the book is not new, there are some oft-repeated tales we continue to find interesting, and the story of a good girl throwing herself away on an unworthy man, however familiar it may be, will always stir the sympathies. But for some reason, in this case they fail to be moved very profoundly, or, rather, another feeling is waked that hardens us against compassion. We become aware that an excessive demand is being made upon our sensibilities. We are asked not only to admire the generous nature of the heroine, but to believe that her misfortunes arose from her uncalculating warmth of self-devotion. It is true that but for her good qualities, her loving temper and idealizing tendency of mind, Barbara might not have fallen a victim; but it cannot be denied that this same tendency, when loosely indulged, becomes weakness, and that to imagine the young Italian, sulkily sick of life because he was thrown out of an active part in it, an object of admiration and of pity to the extent of marrying him was not so much a display of nobility of soul as of simple girlish foolishness. That she should fall in love with a handsome, persistent young man, her first lover, is perfectly natural and intelligible, and if that were all we should be ready to pity the girl, and to respect her conduct after her fate becomes fixed. But the words "self-sacrifice" and "renunciation" are so constantly in the author's mouth that we are obliged to ask what is their particular relevancy to the case in question.

If every one who marries in haste to repent at leisure becomes thereby a notable martyr spirit, of course this enthusiasm is not out of place, but I fancy the many poor women who have made unfortunate marriages have not found consolation in that thought. It irritates me, I confess, to have great words cheapened! But the explanation of much lies in a sentence or two towards the end of the book, where another of the victims of circumstance strives to solace himself with the reflection that, if he suffers, at least he is not deluding himself with the hope of alleviation for his pain from the "gentle anodynes" which Christianity offers, but only from the heroic remedies of positivism. He flatters himself, apparently, that no one ever has or can suffer as a positivist can, and seems to derive great self-satisfaction from the belief. This odd self-complacency serves him instead of a hope in a continued personal existence, under happier conditions, after death. It does not occur to the author, it seems, that there have been women as good as Barbara who have made equally woful mistakes in life, who therefore must have endured an equal suffering, and that pains of this extreme kind are not cured nor greatly soothed by gentle anodynes. The great positivist teacher, recording the trials of Dorothea, that rare creature, the type after whom more than one feebler heroine has been fashioned, nowhere makes it a part of her mission to throw contempt upon that which for so many ages has brought comfort and aid to thousands of unhappy women. The great writer does not spare to make clear the weaknesses, as well as the noble unworldliness, of character from which people suffer. But something must be allowed, perhaps, to the unwise ardor of new-fledged disciples. It is the man or woman of genuine sentiment, not the one of no sentiment at all, who is most displeased with its counterfeit. I would not be thought, in spite of what I have said, to question that the author of The Head of Medusa does possess this genuine sentiment. The descriptions of natural scenery are full

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of it; they are the most charming things in a book of much literary merit, and what one remembers best after it is read.

— Has every one read Uarda, and is it too late to recommend it as a book affording more and better entertainment than most of the novels lately issued? Historical romances are, for the most part, such dull reading that if we happen to fall in with a really good one we enjoy it the more for the agreeable surprise it offers. The Germans have not excelled as novelists, so that I came to the reading of the learned Dr. Ebers' work doubly prepossessed against it; but weighty as the learning may be that went to laying its foundations, there is no heaviness in the tale itself. There is no reason, of course, why the human nature that existed at Thebes thirty-three hundred and odd years ago should not be interesting to us of the latest civilization, and Dr. Ebers has the tact not to make tedious our progress through his tale by leading us over dry wastes of description, or afflicting us with stony little facts flung upon the pathway. He possesses imagination, the essential qualification for this sort of writing, and has learned a good deal of the inside of human nature in general, as well as of the manners and customs of Egyptians in their day. The author seems well assured of the truth that humanity is in essentials the same in all ages, and shows in the person of the physician Nebsecht that the spirit of scientific inquiry was then, as ever, an unfettered and daring spirit. The experienced novel-reader will not find the plot exciting, but his interest will be gently stimulated, and kept up without flagging to the end. All the characters necessary to this sort of romance are there in abundance: the wily intriguer, the more daring villain, the sorceress, and other sub-plotters; we have met them under different dress in Scott's and other romance writers' tales; we are well acquainted with them, and know beforehand what their ultimate fate is to be. Yet with this inevitable conventionality in many of the types, there is considerable freshness and vividness of characterization. The figures of the frank and noble princess and the more gently feminine Nefert are very successfully drawn, and our learned author notes how the characteristic differences of the two women were evidenced in the aspect of their private apartments. Uarda is a less important personage in herself than as being the cause of involving the fortunes of many others. But she is a charming little creature, painted with a very delicate touch. What seems to me the highest stroke of the author's imagination, however, is the story of Uarda's mother, told by the girl's father. Both in what is said and in what is left unsaid it is a piece of real art, and almost a little poem in prose.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Biography. The Life and Letters of John Howard Raymond, whose name is closely connected with Vassar College, of which he was the first president, has been prepared by his eldest daughter. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) The last third of the book contains the account of his life at Vassar, but the previous years had been mainly given to education. — Mr. Moses King, the publisher of the Harvard Register, has collected in a neat pamphlet several tributes to the memory of Professor Benjamin Pierce. — Rev. Dr. Abel Stevens, who has been for some time recruiting in Switzerland, has employed his leisure well in preparing Madame de Staël, a Study of her Life and Times, The First Revolution and the First Empire, in two volumes. (Harpers.) He has had the advantage of working in the midst of Madame de Staël's associations, and his book is encyclopædic in its fullness. —

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A second volume of Anecdotes of Public Men has been prepared by Mr. John W. Forney. (Harpers.) Mr. Forney's long connection with public affairs has given him the opportunity of seeing and hearing many things. It belongs to every man, with or without opportunity, to see with his own eyes and hear with his own ears. The real thing is to have the proper sort of eyes and ears.

Fiction. Gustave Flaubert's Madame Bovary (Petersons) enjoys the singular praise in the translator's preface: "The work is not immoral in its tendencies, nor detrimental to the morals of its readers." The work needs all the moral support it can get. — The Lost Casket, translated by S. Lee from F. de Boisgobey (Putnams), is the latest issue in the series of transatlantic novels. — Prince Fortune and Prince Fatal is the title of a three-volume novel by Mrs. Carrington. (London: Sampson Low & Co.) — The latest issues in the Franklin Square Library (Harpers) are The Posy Ring, by Mrs. Alfred W. Hunt, Better than Good, a story for girls, by Annie E. Ridley, and Asphodel, by Miss Braddon. — The Steam House is an invention of Jules Verne's, which we will whisper to the reader was a mechanical elephant, and the first part of the extravagance under this name, The Demon of Cawnpore, translated by A. D. Kingston, has been reprinted by Scribners. — In the No Name Series (Roberts), the latest issue is Don John; the authorship by Jean Ingelow was announced in England about the same time that the publishers here were beginning to excite the curiosity of readers. — Lenox Dare is the title of a novel by Virginia F. Townsend. (Lee & Shepard.) — The Black Venus, a tale of the Dark Continent, is translated and adapted from the French of Adolphe Belot by George D. Cox. (Petersons.) She was as terrible as she was black. — Mr. Black's new novel, Sunrise, a Story of these Times, has been added to Harper's list.

History and Antiquities. Mr. Gustave Masson, a competent workman, has prepared an abridgment of Guizot's Popular History of France, under the title of Outlines of the History of France from the Earliest Times to the Outbreak of the Revolution, reprinted here by Estes & Lauriat. It has some of the illustrations from Guizot, and convenient apparatus of chronological and other tables, and sources of historical study. — Mr. Anthony Trollope has written the Life of Cicero, in two volumes (Harpers), and makes no secret of his admiration; he desires to restore to him honors which he thinks the critics have one by one taken from him. — The History of Saint Augustine, Florida, by William W. Dewhurst (Putnams), is a summary of the full narratives of the early Spanish and French settlements in Florida relating to this interesting old town. The concluding chapters touch upon its fortune since it became a part of United States territory, and notice briefly its claims as a health resort. — Mr. Henry Coppée has taken a fresh and very attractive topic for his History of the Conquest of Spain by the Arab-Moors, in two volumes. (Little, Brown & Co.) His interest in the subject has been that of all intelligent students, so that he has made the history a study of the civilization which under their influence became a part of European history. — The fourth volume of Mr. George Punchard's History of Congregationalism (Congregational Publishing Society) follows the previous ones at a long interval. It begins the narrative of Congregationalism in America, and the completion is promised in the volume to follow. Mr. Punchard has died since the work was ready for the printer, and his work remains as a monument of patient, persevering, and faithful toil, built under many disadvantages. — The first volume is published of a History of the United States of America under the Constitution. By James Schouler. (Washington: W. H. & O. H. Morrison.) It covers the period of 1783–1801, and is strictly a political history. — Those readers who draw back from Alison and Russell will look with more satisfaction upon a History of Modern Europe, by C. A. Fyffe, M. A., the first volume of which, from the outbreak of the Revolutionary War in 1792 to the accession of Louis XVIII. in 1814, has just been published by Holt. The making of the map of modern Europe is the theme of the history, which will be completed in two more volumes. — A History of Greece from the Earliest Times to the Present, by T. T. Timayenis, in two volumes (Appletons), has a special interest from its conception of an unbroken nationality, though the period after the fall of Constantinople is treated as briefly as the reader's interest will demand.

Criticism. Mrs. A. S. Richardson's Familiar Talks on English Literature (Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.) is a thoroughly sensible book. Mrs. Richardson gives a manual of literature which is indifferent to the trivial personalities of the writers who make English literature, but alive to the work which they have done. In a word, it is an almost affectionate and eager introduction of young people to the great course of English literature down to Walter Scott. — The latest volume in the series of Foreign Classics for English Readers (Lippincott) is Cervantes, by Mrs. Oliphant, an admirable subject. It is agreeable to see with how true sympathy Mrs. Oliphant apprehends Cervantes's conception of Don Quixote. — Robert Oppenheim, Berlin, sends us the fifth volume of Karl Hillebrand's Zeiter, Völke, und Menschen, entitled Aus dem Jahrhundert der Revolution. — The first American from the third English edition of Edward Dowden's Shakspere, a critical study of his mind and art, has been issued by Harpers. Mr. Dowden is one of the freshest of introducers to Shakespeare, and one of the most rational. How he comes by his occasional affectations is difficult to say.

Poetry and the Drama. The versatile John Stuart Blackie, of Edinburgh, has issued a second and revised edition of his Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece (Edinburgh: Blackwood), the revision consisting of the exclusion of what, in the previous edition, did not properly come under the title. — Poems, by Robert K. Weeks (Holt), is a collection into one volume of the most significant of the author's work, originally presented at intervals, in three volumes. Both the promise and per-

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formance of the writer have endeared him to many readers. — Bernice, by J. H. Pearce (London: Charing Cross Publishing Company), is called by its author a Tragic Triology. The scene is laid in pseudonymous lands, and the author confesses that he had some thought of creating a new language for his characters. He should be content with the manufacture of triology, and with the introduction in a scene of such rests as "a long delicious silence," which follows a very osculatory passage. — Fragments of Essays, and other verses, is printed for the author, C. A. Buskirk, by W. H. Evans, of Princeton, Indiana. It is a pamphlet collection of snatches of satire, fable, and lyrical pieces. — The Hermit Minstrel, and other Poems, by Alfred and Felix Ellison, has fifty pages of verse, and is printed in Anderson, Indiana. — The Origin of the Building of Solomon's Temple, an Oriental Tradition, by John Barnard (Boston: Howard Gannett), is a versified legend, with notes, which has a half Sunday-school connection with the obelisk. — The Vision of Nimrod, by Charles DeKay (Appletons), is a series of symbolic poems held together by the author's thought.

Geography and Travel. The Isles of Summer or Nassau and the Bahamas, is the record of a so journ, by Charles Ives, of New Haven, who also publishes the book. Besides the account of his life there, there is considerable sentiment and loose writing.

Politics. Mr. Terence McGrath's Pictures from Ireland (Holt's Leisure Hour Series) is a bundle of familiar sketches of the various typical persons involved in the current struggle. His sympathies appear to be mainly with the Protestant landlord. — A subject nearer home is found in H. H.'s A Century of Dishonor: A Sketch of the United States Government's Dealings with some of the Indian Tribes. (Harpers.) A Preface by Bishop Whipple, and an Introduction by President Seelye, of Amherst, are in accord with the spirit of the book, which is an appeal to the Christian principle. It would be worth the reader's while to examine with this book an able paper by Mr. Canfield, in a recent number of the American Law Review, treating of the legal aspects of the Indian question. — Chinese Immigration, by Geo. F. Seward (Scribners), is treated under its social and economical aspects, but the questions regarding it are largely political. The volume is very timely, and it would be well if legislators, and all others disposed to discuss the Chinese question, were, either willingly or under compulsion, to read the book before advancing any further views. — The Civil Service Reform Association, with its head-quarters in New York, has issued the first of its publications in a pamphlet, defining the purposes of the organization.

Fine Arts. The choiceness of the mechanical execution and the high character of M. Lalange's etchings in illustration lead us to place in this section the new edition of Don Quixote, by Paterson, of Edinburgh, of which the first two volumes have appeared, and are imported here by Mr. Bouton in New York. The translation is by Motteux, and the edition is quite preferable to Jarvis's, the most accessible of the illustrated editions. The external charm of the book ought to persuade new readers to this humorous classic. —Gleanings in the Fields of Art, by Ednah D. Cheney (Lee & Shepard), consists of a collection of essays, general and particular, ranging from art to a running sketch of American painters and their works. It is the book rather of an amateur than of a professed critic. — Mr. Bouton sends Les Pensionnaires du Louvre, by Louis Leroy, which is especially interesting for the amusing and vigorous character sketches, by Paul Renouard, a work which we believe has been appearing in L'Art. All possible variations of the young and old women who copy pictures seem here to be presented. — The same agent sends the first three parts in folio of La Renaissance en France, by Leon Palustre, the illustrations under direction of Eugène Sadoux, the publishers being A. Quantin & Co., of Paris. The entire work is to be completed in thirty parts, arranged geographically. Those already issued constitute a section by themselves, under the subtitle of La Renaissance dans le Nord et dans l'Isle de France. The illustrations are etchings, printed sometimes with the text, sometimes as separate plates. The subjects are architectural and monumental, and the entire work promises to be of a high order. The price of the parts is marked at twenty-five francs each. — The same publishers send through Mr. Bouton a portfolio of Dessins de Décoration des Principaux Maîtres, containing forty plates; some of the artists represented are Delacroix, Le Brun, Huet, Poussin, Regnier. The text is by E. Chesneau, and the illustrations under the care of Ed. Guichard. The selection is exceedingly interesting, and one may approach it from either the historical or the æsthetic side. Brief biographical notices are given of the several artists drawn upon.

Social Science. Mr. Frederick Law Olmstead's A Consideration of the Justifying Value of a Public Park, which was read before the meeting of the American Social Science Association at Saratoga, has been issued as a pamphlet (Tolman & White, printers, Boston), and ought to have a wide circulation for the guidance of communities, many of which are quite ready to see his wisdom, and able to profit by it. — The fifty-first annual report of the Inspectors of the State Penitentiary for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania for the year 1880 is printed by McLaughlin Brothers, Philadelphia. It illustrates the development of the solitary system into the individual-treatment method. — The Servant-Girl Question, by Harriet Prescott Spofford (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), contains a series of essays upon domestic service. Mrs. Spofford seems to hint that her hope lies, as a last resort, in China. She does not appear to touch on coöperation or labor-saving machines as helping to solve the problem. — Perhaps an accompaniment to Mrs. Spofford's book will be found in What Girls Can Do, by Phillis Browne (Cassell), a book of advice and suggestions in the direction of household work, entertainment, and gaining a livelihood. It professes to be a book for mothers and daughters, and to have the most practical inten-

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tion. What the mother does not know, this book knows. — The Easiest Way in Housekeeping and Cooking, by Helen Campbell (Fords), is the work of a writer who has had practical experience in the conduct of a training-school amongst a class requiring much general knowledge not only of domestic economy, but of related scientific laws; and the book is more than a cook-book, and only less than a treatise on the art of sound living. — Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, has printed the address which he gave in Atlanta, in October, 1880, for the promotion of an international cotton exhibition. (A. Williams & Co.)

Ethnology. Dr. Edward H. Knight, whose researches in the curiosities of barbarous or semi-civilized nations will be recalled by diligent readers of The Atlantic, has made a Study of the Savage Weapons at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, which is printed in the Smithsonian Annual Report for 1879, and published separately as a monograph. This study may be taken as a supplement to his series of articles. — The Chinese, their Education, Philosophy, and Letters, by W. A. P. Martin, D. D., LL. D. (Harpers), is a collection of essays, by a competent hand, relating to a phase of Chinese life which takes precedence of merely commercial considerations. The book had previously been printed in China.

Education and Text-Books. Mr. Hudson's School Shakespeare includes now King Henry IV., Part II., and King Henry V. — No. 4 of Circulars of Information of the Bureau of Education connected with the Interior Department is occupied with a treatise on Rural School Architecture, by the architect, Mr. T. M. Clark, of Boston. The treatise is practical and in detail. — No. 5 of the same series is a report on English Rural Schools, by Mr. Henry W. Hulbert; the report deals with facts, and makes little or no effort to apply them to American conditions. — A First German Book, after the natural or Pestalozzian method, has been prepared by Prof. James H. Worman. (Barnes.) The book has been used in the Chautauqua classes.

Music. Music-Study in Germany, from the home correspondence of Amy Fay (Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.), will recall to many readers of The Atlantic the lively sketches by A. F., which appeared a few years ago, — the familiar relation by a young lady of what she saw and heard in Tausig's conservatory, with Kullak, with Liszt, and with Deppe. — The modest lover of music need not be dismayed by the size of Edmund Gurney's The Power of Sound (London: Smith, Elder & Co.); for the author is not only fresh and readable, but in kindly sympathy with the man or woman of average musical knowledge. His book, with all its comprehensiveness, is not severe, nor is it sentimental, but the animated presentation of a subject which has been hidden under technic and drowned under rhapsody.

Science. The Power of Movement in Plants, by Charles Darwin, assisted by Francis Darwin (Appletons), has for its chief object to describe and connect together several large classes of movement common to almost all plants. — To the Darwin literature must be added Mr. William Denton's question, Is Darwin Right? or, The Origin of Man. (Wellesley, Mass., Denton Publishing Company.) In his preface there is an odd conjunction of science and politics, as represented by Mr. Denton and President Garfield.

Medicine and Hygiene. Dr. W. A. Hammond, well known for his special attention to nervous diseases, has issued On Certain Conditions of Nervous Derangement (Putnams), a new and enlarged edition of his Spiritualism and other Causes and Conditions of Nervous Derangement, published four or five years ago. His treatise covers cases of somnambulism, hysteria, and other forms of nervous derangement, and deals practically with so-called miracle-workers, like Louise Lateau and others.

Philosophy and Religion. The Story of Philosophy, by Aston Leigh (London: Trübner), is an attempt at giving in familiar phrase a condensed history of philosophy before the Christian era. The writer intends the book chiefly for those who are repelled by the severer histories and dismayed by the philosophical terminology.

Books for Young People. Among books intended for children must be placed Life and her Children, by Arabella B. Buckley. (Appletons.) It gives "glimpses of animal life from the amœba to the insects." We do not inquire into its scientific correctness; but we question the wisdom of giving children so much of the interior organization of animals, and of introducing them at once into the philosophy of natural selection.

Literature. The Classical Poetry of the Japanese, by Basil Hall Chamberlain (London: Trübner), will have an interest for students if, as the translator declares, native poetry is the sole exception to imitativeness in Japanese art. — A pretty edition of Addison's Essays, in a selection made by J. R. Green, has been published by Macmillan. Mr. Green's introduction is interesting for its clear statement of the meaning which lies behind the appearance in English history and literature of the Spectator; in his selection he has sought to avoid Addison's merely critical and political papers, and to give those which are intrinsically and not historically interesting. — Pearls of Thought, by Maturin M. Ballou (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a little volume of significant passages from literature, classified under topics arranged alphabetically.

Bibliography. The Harpers have published an admirable index to their magazine, covering the sixty volumes which closed with the number for June, 1880. The compiler is Mr. Charles A. Durfee, who has shown excellent judgment in making the whole index to consist of one alphabetical list. It is an analytical index; and articles may be found under titles, topics, and author's name.

Bricabrac. Browsing among Books, and other Essays, by Abba Gould Woolson (Roberts), is a little volume containing a score of half-idle monologues upon as many topics which have suggested themselves to a bright woman. — Parlor Varieties, Plays, Pantomimes, Charades, by Emma E. Brewster. (Lee & Shepard.) There are parlors and parlors.

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